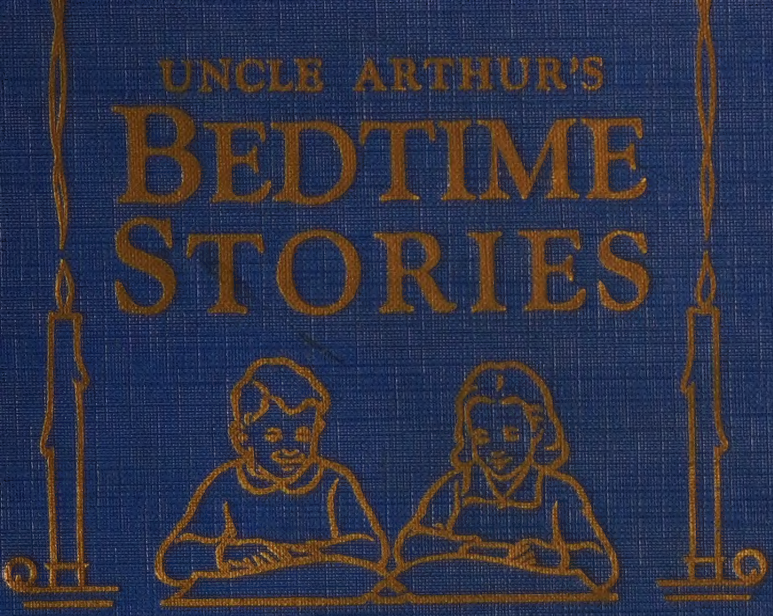
UNCLE ARTHUR'S

BEDTIME STORIES



VOLUMES 5–8

3/104

UNCLE ARTHUR'S
BEDTIME STORIES

Fifth Series

With Every Good Wish

To Yone

From Mama

July 30th / 48

V5A1

After Müller, Artist

Jesus Born in Bethlehem

Uncle Arthur's
BEDTIME STORIES
(*FIFTH SERIES*)

By ARTHUR S. MAXWELL

"Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."
Matthew 18:14.

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PREFACE

WELL, mothers and children—and fathers too, of course—here we come to see you once again. Ever so many thanks for all the kind letters you have sent us about the other Bedtime Stories in Series One to Four.

Since the first few copies were sent out in 1924, the books have been translated into several languages and printed in England, Norway, Sweden, Argentina, Panama, Canada, besides, of course, the United States. We have rejoiced in the privilege of dedicating these little volumes to such a world-wide ministry to the children of men.

Now here is Number Five. In one respect it differs from those that have gone before. In the story of "Doreen's Jewel Box:" we have endeavored in a somewhat novel way to arouse the interest of the children in the study of the Bible. If we have succeeded, much good, we believe, will result.

That this new volume of stories may bring great blessing to parents and children alike the world around, is the sincere prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

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CONTENTS

Teresina - - - - - - - - - - - 7
Pearlie's Pennies - - - - - - - - - 15
How Toby Made Peace - - - - - - - - 23
Agatha's Apple - - - - - - - - - 29
Selfish Sandy - - - - - - - - - - 35

Doreen's Jewel Box

Chapter 1. Five Minutes to Ten - - - - - 41
Chapter 2. Ten o'Clock - - - - - - 43
Chapter 3. Seeking Goodly Pearls - - - 47
Chapter 4. Diamonds and Rubies - - - 50
Chapter 5. Emeralds - - - - - - - 53
Chapter 6. Searching for Sapphires - - - 57
Chapter 7. Jasper and Onyx Stones - - - 61
Chapter 8. More Jewels Discovered - - - 65
Chapter 9. Gathering Chalcedonies - - - 69
Chapter 10. Prayer Jewels - - - - - - 73
Chapter 11. Rich Gems for Children - - - 77
Chapter 12. A Locket of Love - - - - 81
Chapter 13. A Necklace of Sympathy - - - 85
Chapter 14. A Coronet of Hope - - - - 91

Anne Shriber, N.Y.

"Oh, This Needle!"

Teresina

A CHRISTMAS STORY

OH, this needle!" said Dorothy. "It simply won't thread."

"Never mind," said Sylvia, sewing away gaily, "think of Christmas, when all the dresses will be finished, and we can take Marguerita and Roxana out in their new carriage."

"And Teresina," said Dorothy. "She would have to have the best place. Do you know, I don't believe there ever has been a doll so beautiful as my Teresina. She has such lovely hair. And her face is so pretty I could just keep on kissing it."

"Yes," agreed Sylvia, "she is very beautiful. You are lucky to have her. I wish Auntie would send me one like that."

Teresina listened carefully from her seat on the floor, and felt very much pleased with herself.

"You know," added Dorothy, "one reason I can't stand that Kitty Larson is that she will pass remarks about Teresina when I see her."

"What can you expect?" said Sylvia. "Her people are very poor. What has she said to you lately?"

"Oh, nothing much, but she makes me mad. Why, you remember that it started to rain when I was shopping yesterday? Well, she happened to pass, and said to a girl she was with, 'If that were my doll, I would look after it better than that!' Just as though I don't look after my dolls!

I wish she would just mind her own business and love her own dolls."

"I don't see how she can," said Sylvia, "poor, dirty, one-legged little things. I'd throw them in the garbage can if they were mine."

"So would I," said Dorothy.

Just then the front door banged.

"Must be mother coming back," said Sylvia.

It was, and a few moments later mother burst into the room, all excitement.

"Oh, girls!" she said, collapsing into a chair, "we nearly lost baby brother just now."

"Why, whatever happened?" cried both together.

"I was crossing Princess Street, pushing the baby in his cart, when someone cried, 'Look out!' and I stopped still right in the middle of the road. A car swerved round us, skidded, and knocked down a child. I do feel dreadfully about it."

"Poor Mother," said Sylvia, "you must lie down at once."

"Perhaps I'd better," said mother. "Look after brother won't you? and put him to bed."

The girls agreed, and mother went to her room for a rest.

All thought of dolls and dresses was driven out of the girls' minds by this exciting news. How glad they were that baby brother had not been hurt! Poor Teresina felt quite put out when she saw the way they cuddled him.

"I do hope the child that saved you isn't badly hurt, baby dear," said Sylvia.

"I hope he isn't," said Dorothy. "And imagine its happening just before Christmas. How sad!"

Early the next morning mother started off to the hospital to find out how the child was getting on. She was gone a long time, and the girls began to wonder what could have happened to her. They were watching for her out of the window and were just beginning to get anxious when footsteps were heard coming up the garden path.

"I've been to the hospital, and I've been around to see the child's mother," she began.

"Is he badly hurt?"

"Not very; and it is not a boy, but a little girl. She just had a bad cut on her head, but will be all right again in a few days. She says she was so afraid baby would be killed that she forgot all about herself and just shouted for all she was worth."

"What's her name?" asked Sylvia.

"I think she said it was Catherine," said mother.

"What a name!" said Dorothy.

"Never mind," said mother, "she is a good little girl, and you should see her home! We really must do something for them. There are several children, and the father is out of work. They don't seem to have any money, and the poor mother just broke down and cried when we talked about this new trouble."

"What can we do for them?" asked Sylvia.

"I've done one thing already," said mother.

"What's that?" asked the girls together.

"Why, when the poor mother told me how things were with her, and that she couldn't hope to give her children anything for Christmas, I invited them all up here to a party."

"What a good idea, Mother!" said the girls.

"Yes, and I told the little girl that she could invite half

a dozen of her best friends as well. So we shall have a lively time."

"I should think we shall," said Dorothy, "And we must get things ready for them—presents and bags of candy and nuts and fruit, you know."

"And couldn't daddy dress up as Santa Claus?" said Sylvia.

"That would be splendid," said mother. "I think we shall have a wonderful time. And shall we pack a nice big basket for them for Christmas morning?"

"Oh, let's do!" said Sylvia. "I should love to help get it ready."

And so the preparations began. There was not much time before the party, which was to take place two days before Christmas. Dorothy and Sylvia began making a list of presents they would need, and, oh, what joy they had going downtown looking for them in the stores! Of course, mother had to help a good deal with the money, but they put in some themselves out of their own savings boxes. As the days passed, they became more and more excited about it and thought of all sorts of things they might do for their poor little guests.

"You know," said Sylvia one evening, "I've been wondering whether we shouldn't give away Marguerita and Roxana to two of the little girls."

"It would be dreadfully hard," said Dorothy, "but I think I should like to do it. Of course, I wouldn't think of giving Teresina away. I couldn't think of that."

"Oh, no," said Sylvia. "But we could make Marguerita and Roxana two special presents."

"I will if you will," said Dorothy.

"All right," said Sylvia, and the gifts were planned.

"Meanwhile the little girl was discharged from the hospital. Returning to her home, she found it full of excitement over the wonderful and unexpected invitation that had been given them. Of course, they all did their best to make themselves as clean and tidy as possible for the great occasion. The little girl herself went around to six of her best friends, and told them to get ready to go along too. In every case it came as a great surprise, because they all belonged to quite poor homes, and it had seemed as if Christmas were going to be very ordinary for them this year.

At last the great evening arrived. A car came to pick up the poor children, and wasn't it a gay little company inside on the way up to the house where the party was to be held! Mother was on the doorstep ready to greet them, and she gave a specially tight hug to the little girl with the bandage round her head, leading her to her place at the big table.

Dorothy and Sylvia were still upstairs dressing when the party arrived, but they soon came tumbling down, all excitement and anxious to see what their little guests were like. They shook hands all around, giving the children a very jolly welcome.

"But where's the little girl that saved baby brother?" asked Sylvia.

"In the dining room with mother," said someone.

Dorothy and Sylvia rushed in with all the other children at their heels. The girl with the bandage was at the other end of the room.

Suddenly they stopped.

"It can't be," whispered Dorothy to Sylvia.

"It is, I'm sure it is," whispered Sylvia. "But we must make her welcome."

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"Will Kitty Larson Please Stand Up?"

"Come, girls," called mother, "do come and speak to the little girl who ——"

She did not finish, for the girls had now recognized one another.

"If it isn't Kitty Larson!" said Dorothy out loud. "Why, Mother, we have often seen her before. And you never told us that this was the little girl! I thought you said her name was Catherine."

"So it is," said the little girl. "But they call me Kitty."

"Well, we're so glad you are here," said Sylvia, "and thank you ever so much for shouting just in time to save baby, and perhaps mother, too."

Then they started eating, and what rollicking fun they all enjoyed while it was going on! The poor children had never had such a good time in their lives before.

The only person who did not seem to be enjoying herself very much was Dorothy. Presently she quietly left the table and went into another room for a few moments. When she returned, she was looking much happier.

Quickly the evening passed. At last there came a loud knock at the door, the lights were turned down, and in came "Santa Claus" with a big bag of presents over his back. What shrieks of delight as he began to pass around the lovely gifts that Dorothy and Sylvia had prepared!

"Now," said Santa Claus, as he took the one last bulky package out of his bag and began to open it, "this is a special present for a special little girl. Will Kitty Larson please stand up?"

Kitty stood, and her eyes opened wide.

"Stop him!" whispered Sylvia to Dorothy. "There's been a mistake. Stop him before it's too late."

"No, it's all right," said Dorothy. "I simply couldn't help it. I changed them just now during supper."

They were interrupted by Kitty.

"Oh, thank you, thank you ever so much," she said. "Can you really spare her?"

"She is yours, with all our love," said Dorothy with a brave smile, though she felt like weeping bucketfuls of tears.

It was Teresina.

Pearlie's Pennies

PEARLIE was one of those lucky little children who live by the seaside. Her home was only ten minutes' walk from the beach. Almost any time she wished she could walk along the sea front or go and dig in the sand. No waiting for months and months while daddy saved up enough money to take her there. The sea and the sand were almost at her doorstep. Wasn't she a fortunate little girl!

One would think that, having so many good things, Pearlie would have been the very best little girl in the world. Surely a little girl living so close to the sea could never be naughty! But alas! if the truth must be told, she could—when she felt like it—be the most disobedient child you ever heard of.

Pearlie had a dear, kind mother, who did all she could to please her and make her happy. If anything, mother was too good to her, and let her have her own way too much. But Pearlie somehow didn't seem to appreciate it.

One day her uncle came to visit them. While he was there, Pearlie was the nicest child on earth, and "butter wouldn't melt in her mouth," she was so good. Uncle was so pleased with her that he gave her a whole dollar and ten bright pennies all for herself, and went away thinking that no uncle had a nicer little niece anywhere.

But when he had gone! Dear me! Mother asked her to lay the supper table.

"Don't want to lay the supper table." said Pearlie.

"But you must help mamma sometimes."

"Don't want to help you. You're always asking me to do something."

"But aren't you going to have supper as well as the rest of us?"

"Yes, but I never get any time to myself; you are always making me work."

"Don't be foolish, Pearlie. Lay the table at once."

Thinking she had gone about far enough, Pearlie began to lay the table, but with a sulky face and her lips pouting out almost beyond the end of her nose.

At suppertime there was another scene over the money uncle had given her. Mother suggested very nicely that she had better put it in her savings box so that she could buy something special on her next birthday.

"Don't want to put it in my box," snapped Pearlie.

"But what do you want to do with it, then?" asked mother.

"Buy candy with it. Uncle said I could do what I like with it."

"But mamma is here to tell you what is best."

"And you always say I have to put it in my box, and I never have any pennies to spend, and—and——"

Pearlie began to pout worse than ever, and sat back in her chair so far that she seemed almost to disappear under the table.

Mother took her upstairs and put her to bed, but it didn't seem to make any difference. All next day she was the same. By dinnertime mother was so tired of her that she said she had better go for a walk by the sea, and let the wind blow the crossness out of her. Pearlie agreed to this suggestion quickly, thinking it would save her from helping mother dry the dishes.

"Good-by, dear," said mother. "And do come back good. You can walk along the front as far as the pier and back, but, mind, no farther, and don't go on the pier or on the breakwaters."

"All right, Mamma," said Pearlie; "good-by."

And away she went.

Gaily she trotted along the promenade, watching the waves roll up on the shore, and stopping now and then to talk with other children who were playing on the beach. After a while she reached the pier.

She had often been on the pier with her mother, and enjoyed it very much indeed. She could never understand why she was not allowed to go on it by herself, and as she came up to the entrance this time, the thought came to her; Why not go on now? Mamma will never know, and I shall have a really nice time all by myself. I wonder how much it is?

She looked about and saw a notice: "Entrance 4 cents. Children half price." She felt in her pocket. Hurrah! She had brought all her pennies and the dollar as well. Of course she wouldn't spend that, for she really did want to buy something nice with it from the store, but the pennies, well—no one would know what she had done with them. She decided to go on.

Once through the gate she felt safer. Mother would never be able to find her now, she thought, so she could spend her pennies just how she liked. Soon she saw a chocolate machine and decided that one penny should go in there. She felt very proud of herself as she pulled out the little red packet of chocolate, and how nice it did taste!

Then she saw a weighing machine, and thought it would be nice to feel what it was like to be weighed. She put in

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In Went Another Penny

her penny and something went wiggly-woggly in front of her and that was all, except that she heard her precious penny drop down somewhere inside. It was rather disappointing.

Then she spied a machine that had a little gun inside. "This looks exciting," she said to herself, pushing her penny into the narrow slit. She pulled the trigger, but nothing happened. She pulled it again and banged the machine with her hands, but to no avail. Then she noticed a slip of paper inside with the words, "Out of Order."

Her next penny she tried in a machine that offered to tell her fortune. Out came a dirty slip of paper with a lot of tiny print on it which she could not understand.

"Horrid old machines!" she said, getting as angry with them as she had been with her mother the night before. "You've taken six of my pennies and I've only four left!"

How she wished she had not been so foolish! But it was no use crying; they were gone. She put her hand in her pocket for the others. She could not feel them. A fear came into her little heart that she might have put them all into the machines, the dollar as well.

Desperately she pulled everything out of her pocket. Out came the chocolate wrapper, a piece of string, a glove, a paper bag, another glove, and lastly her handkerchief.

As she pulled out the handkerchief there was a tinkle on the wooden boards of the pier, and away went the pennies and the dollar in different directions.

The pennies did not get very far. Pearlie watched them go into a crack in the boards and fall through into the sea. Then her eyes caught sight of her precious dollar rolling toward the side of the pier, where there was nothing to prevent it from leaping after its copper brothers.

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"Something Went Wiggly-Woggly in Front of Her"

"My dollar, my dollar!" cried Pearlie, half mad with disappointment, and running after it as fast as her little legs would carry her.

On went the dollar and after it went Pearlie. Nearer and nearer it rolled to the edge, where only a chain, eighteen inches from the floor, stood between the little girl and the water far below.

"I've got it!" she cried, stooping down and stretching out her arm.

But no, it slipped out of her fingers and slid over the edge. Grabbing at it again, Pearlie lost her balance and slipped under the protecting chain.

Splash!

* * * * *

When Pearlie woke up she found herself in her own bed at home with a hot water bottle at her feet and a nice fire blazing in the room. Mother was sitting beside her bed.

Pearlie began to remember things, and put out her hand. Mother took it in hers.

"I'm so sorry, Mamma dear," she whispered. "I'll never, never, never be so bad again."

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"A Strange, Determined Look Came Into His Eyes"

How Toby Made Peace

NOW look here, children," said daddy, bundling Paul and Barbara out of the living room into the garden. "I simply can't stand it any longer. You stay outside until you can learn to stop grumbling and be more polite."

And with that daddy went back into the living room, sat down in his easy chair, put his feet up on the fireguard, and went to sleep.

Paul and Barbara knew they deserved their fate, and soon began to feel sorry that they had been so perfectly horrid to their dear daddy.

For a little while they did not know what to do, and wandered aimlessly up and down the garden path in silence.

"Ah, here's Toby coming!" cried Paul, "Toby, Toby, Toby! Good old Toby, where have you been?"

Toby wagged his tail, as if to assure them that he had been a very good dog all the time he had been away.

"And you haven't been chasing any cats?" asked Barbara.

Again Toby wagged his tail, as if to say that he wouldn't think of doing any such thing, although, if the truth must be told, there was nothing that so stirred Toby's wrath as the sight of a pussy's whiskers.

"I've got an idea," said Paul.

"Tell us," said Barbara.

"Let's give Toby a bath; he hasn't had one for a long time and he's getting quite dirty again."

"I think that would be fun," said Barbara. "It's better than doing nothing. You get the tub out of the shed, and I'll slip into the kitchen quietly and get a towel and some soap."

"Right!" cried Paul. "And won't that be nice, Toby? Toby have a bath. Dear old Toby."

Again Toby wagged his tail, though it was not quite so happy a wag as before. He was not overfond of being bathed, and sometimes objected to it very strongly. He looked very suspiciously at the tub as Paul brought it out of the shed, and decided to take a short walk down the garden.

Barbara soon returned, bringing a towel and a kettle of warm water.

"Where's Toby?" she asked.

"Run off," said Paul. "We shall have to catch him."

"Toby, Toby!" called Barbara.

But Toby was a wise old dog and guessed why he was wanted. He walked a little farther on. Paul and Barbara followed him, and after an exciting chase caught him in a corner by the greenhouse.

"Bad Toby! Bad Toby!" said Paul as he dragged him by the collar up toward the shed. "Toby mustn't run away from us anymore. Toby's going to have a nice bath."

Toby didn't appreciate the last remark at all, and by this time his tail had stopped wagging and a strange, determined look had come into his eye.

It was quite a job to get him into the bath. Paul lifted his front legs and Barbara his back legs, and together they got him in. But it was quite another matter to keep him in. For a moment or two he stood quite still while Paul

sponged his ears. Then he began to kick and jump and splash the water all over the place.

"Hold him, Paul," cried Barbara, "or he'll jump out!"

"Can't you see I'm holding him as hard as I can?" said Paul. "You go on washing him."

Barbara started, while Paul tried to keep Toby in the bath. She got as far as covering the whole of him with a good layer of soap, when something happened.

For a moment Toby became very still. He seemed to forget that he was being bathed. His eyes had caught sight of something down the garden. His back stiffened, his tail stood up, and with a loud "Yap, Yap," he shook his collar free, leaped from the bath, and dashed away at top speed.

"Stop him!" cried Barbara helplessly, wiping the water from her dress and ankles.

"You'll never stop him!" said Paul. "Can't you see there's Mrs. Tomkin's cat!"

"Oh dear!" cried Barbara. "I do hope he doesn't hurt her."

There was no fear of that, for this particular pussy had often been chased by Toby, and knew every possible hiding place in both the garden and the house.

"Oh, look!" cried Barbara, as dog and cat raced hither and yon, across the flower beds, and in and out among the trees and bushes. "What a dreadful mess Toby will be."

She was right. By this time Toby's soap-covered body had gathered up mud, leaves, and bits of twig, until he looked as if he had never had a bath in his life.

"I only hope daddy doesn't look out the window until we've got him cleaned up," said Paul.

"You're right," said Barbara.

But there was no need for them to worry about daddy; he was still sleeping soundly, quite unconscious of what was going on outside.

"Now you can catch him," said Barbara, as pussy did

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When Toby Was Good

a sudden turn and came rushing up the garden toward them. "Grab him as he goes by."

But it was easier said than done. Paul made a grab, but his hand rested upon a greasy mixture of soap and mud, and away went Toby faster than ever.

"Look!" cried Barbara. "Look where the cat's going."

They might well look. Growing tired, and seeking a place of safety, pussy had spied the half-open window of the living room.

With a mighty spring she leaped onto the window sill, dropped down inside, and dived under an armchair that was drawn up near the fireplace.

Paul and Barbara held their breath. Would Toby follow? Could he possibly jump so high?

"Toby! Toby!" they both shrieked, hoping to call him away.

It was in vain. With a jump such as he had never made before, Toby got his paws upon the window sill and scrambled over. He was in the living room. Dirty, muddy, soapy Tobby was in the living room!

All that happened next in the living room had better not be printed. Suffice it to say that Toby, forgetting the object of his chase in the presence of his master, jumped up, in his usual friendly way, upon the sleeping form in the armchair. Waking with a start, daddy found his hands clasping a strange, warm, wriggling, soapy mass upon his knees.

"What *shall* we do?" said Paul. "Daddy will be awfully cross with us."

"There's only one thing to do," said Barbara. "We had better go right in now and say we're sorry."

"All right," said Paul. "I'll come with you."

And away they went. As they reached the living room, the French doors opened and out came Toby, a little more quickly even than he had gone in. Daddy stood inside. He looked very stern. As for his clothes, they were a terrible sight.

"We are dreadfully sorry," said Barbara. "We never dreamed he would do it, and we'll clean up all the mess and brush your trousers and everything. Do please forgive us—there's a dear daddy."

Daddy looked at the two children and then down at his clothes. Then the least bit of a smile began to curl about the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, you two terrible children!" he said. "But I suppose I shall have to forgive you once again."

And Paul and Barbara put their arms around his neck and hugged him "ever so tight."

Agatha's Apple

NOW you will be good while I am out, won't you, Agatha?" said mamma. "I must run down to the store just for a few minutes."

"Yes, Mamma," said Agatha. "May I push my doll's cart down the garden?"

"Certainly," said mamma. "Good-by, dearie; mamma won't be long."

And with that mamma was off, and Agatha began to fix her dolls in her cart ready for their stroll down the garden.

Now it happened that there were four very fine old apple trees in Agatha's garden. They had been there for years and years, and no one really knew who had planted them. They were great big trees, almost as high as the house, and every year they bore heaps of apples.

Most of the apples had been picked this year, and either sold or put upstairs in the loft to store through the winter. On one of the trees just a few had been left to finish ripening. They were great big, rosy apples, very sweet and juicy inside.

As Agatha reached this particular tree with her large family of dolls, her eyes caught sight of the apples.

"I thought mamma had picked all the apples," she said to herself. "She must have missed some of them by mistake."

Then she told her dolls about them. "Look at the lovely apples," she said. "Aren't they pretty? Would dolly like one to eat?"

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Reaching for the Apple

Of course, by "dolly" Agatha really meant herself, for the more she looked at those big red apples, the more she thought she would like to taste one.

Standing by the tree was a very tall stepladder, and Agatha began to wonder whether it would be safe to go up it.

"It will be all right," she said to herself. "Mamma won't know anything about it, 'cos I can eat apples very quickly."

She put one foot on the ladder, then another. Slowly she climbed upward, holding on tightly to the sides. Soon she was up among the apples. Then she turned round to find the biggest one that she had seen from the ground. Ah, there it was. What a beauty! She really must have that one.

The apple was rather a long way off for her little arms, and Agatha had to let go of the ladder and hold on to a branch of the tree with one hand while she tried to loosen the apple with the other.

For some reason or other the apple did not come off so easily as Agatha had expected. Perhaps it was not yet quite ripe. At any rate she had to pull very hard. In doing so she leaned rather too far forward and the apple suddenly broke off and dropped to the ground. Agatha, overbalancing, fell forward into the tree, and slid down a branch until she was caught in a fork about six feet from the ground.

You should have heard the noise! Of course the poor little mite was very much frightened, thinking that perhaps she might fall again and hurt herself, and also that mamma might be very cross with her when she returned.

"Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!"

Mamma was halfway down the street when she heard the screams coming from her back garden, and she ran the rest of the way home as fast as she could.

Imagine her surprise when she saw one of her special rosy apples on the ground and another sort of apple hanging up there in the middle of the tree with a pink dress, two waving arms, and two kicking legs.

"Whatever are you doing up there, Agatha?" she cried.

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" replied poor little Agatha. "Take me down, take me down!"

Of course mamma quickly brought the ladder across and lifted Agatha gently from her rather uncomfortable resting place.

"I'm so sorry—boo—hoo—hoo!" wailed Agatha. "I didn't mean to. I was only smelling the apples—boo—hoo—hoo! You won't spank me, will you, Mamma? You won't, will you?"

Mamma didn't spank her, because she was so glad her little girl hadn't fallen down and broken her back, but she did take her indoors and tell her that there is a verse in the Bible which says, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Agatha listened very quietly while mamma talked about it, and was very much interested as she told of all the trouble that had come because, once upon a time, another "little girl" had been tempted to take a lovely fruit in the Garden of Eden.

When mamma had finished, they both knelt down, and Agatha prayed this little prayer: "Dear Jesus, thank you for keeping me safe when I fell off the ladder, and help me not to try to take apples off the tree any more, and help me always to do what mamma says, and make me a good girl, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then they kissed each other and each ate half of Agatha's apple that had fallen from the tree.

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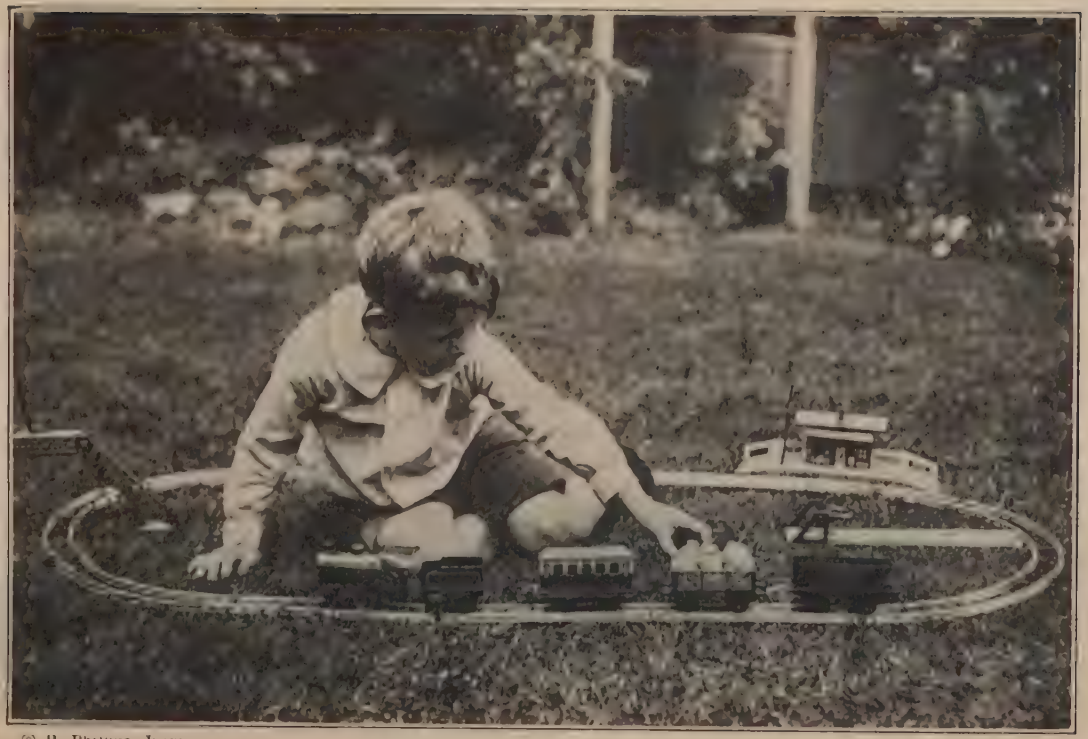

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Playing With the Train in the Garden

Selfish Sandy

SANDY McFARLANE had just one big fault. He was the most selfish little boy you could imagine. He always wanted to be first in everything, and if he didn't get the best of everything, he made a terrible fuss about it. And when it came to playing with toys—well, of course, Sandy kept them to himself as much as he could, and quarreled with everybody who played with him.

Birthday time came around. Sandy had let it be known that what he wanted was a clockwork boat and a new railroad engine with rails and trucks, a station, signals, and all the rest.

On his birthday morning Sandy found two fine big brown paper parcels by his plate at breakfast. Opening them with great glee, he discovered the very things for which he had asked. There wasn't a happier boy in the whole town.

Then he noticed a letter inside one of the parcels.

"Perhaps dad has given me some money as well," he said to himself.

Tearing open the envelope, he read the following message:

"MY DEAR SANDY,

"I hope you will have a very happy birthday. Here are some things that you wanted. I have bought them for myself, but I am lending them to you to play with for a little

while. Look after them well, as I may want them back someday.

"With fondest love from

"DADDY."

Sandy couldn't quite see what it all meant. He thought it was a joke. "Fancy daddy's saying he bought these for himself! Just as if he would take them to the office with him!"

He soon forgot all about the letter and took the precious toys out into the garden. Filling a washtub with water, he quickly had the clockwork boat sailing round and round in it. Then he fixed up the rails, and set the engine going. He was enjoying himself immensely when Tony, his baby brother, turned up on the scene.

"Don't touch that boat, Tony," he said.

Tony didn't take very much notice, and proceeded to push the boat to and fro in the water.

"Didn't I tell you NOT to touch my boat!" said Sandy angrily.

Still Tony didn't take any notice.

Sandy walked over and slapped his little brother on the face. "There," he said, "now you'll know not to touch my things!"

Poor little Tony ran indoors screaming.

That night, when daddy returned from his work, he heard all about the affair in the garden.

"So he has started again, has he?" said daddy. "Well, we will see what we can do. Pack the things up for me, will you, Mamma?"

Next morning Sandy wanted his toys. They were nowhere to be found. He began to get frantic.

"Mamma, where is my boat? I can't find it anywhere. And where's my train?"

"Oh, I should have told you," said mamma quite calmly. "Daddy thought he would use them today. It's quite all right, dear."

"He can't have taken them," said Sandy. "What would daddy do with a train and a boat at his office? I am sure they are here somewhere. Anyway he wouldn't take my things like that."

"Oh, but you mustn't forget they are his things. He bought them for himself. I think he only lent them to you, didn't he?"

Sandy's face fell. Was this, then, the meaning of that letter in the parcel?

All unknown to Sandy the toys were still in the house, packed away carefully in the cupboard under the stairs. But during the day six interesting little invitations had been sent out to six little boys in the neighborhood whom daddy knew quite well.

The next afternoon, while mother kept Sandy upstairs busy with some little job, six little boys arrived in the back garden, and under daddy's supervision, began to enjoy themselves with a railway train and a clockwork boat. Daddy left them after a while, and what fun they did have together! Shrieks of laughter and yells of delight filled the garden.

"What's that noise outside?" said Sandy.

"Noise?" said mother. "Sounds like boys playing, doesn't it? I shouldn't bother, if I were you."

But Sandy's curiosity had been aroused. Rushing to the window of the back bedroom, he looked out into the garden.

"Mamma, look!" he cried. "They are using my engine.

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The Boat in the Washtub

Stop it, you children! Leave it alone at once! You wait till I come downstairs!"

With that he left the window and dashed down the stairs three at a time and out into the garden.

Running to the railway lines, he picked up the engine and trucks and the station, and began making toward the house. On the way he ran into daddy.

"What are you doing with my engine and trucks?" asked daddy. "You had better put them down at once."

"But these children are playing with them, and they'll break them," said Sandy.

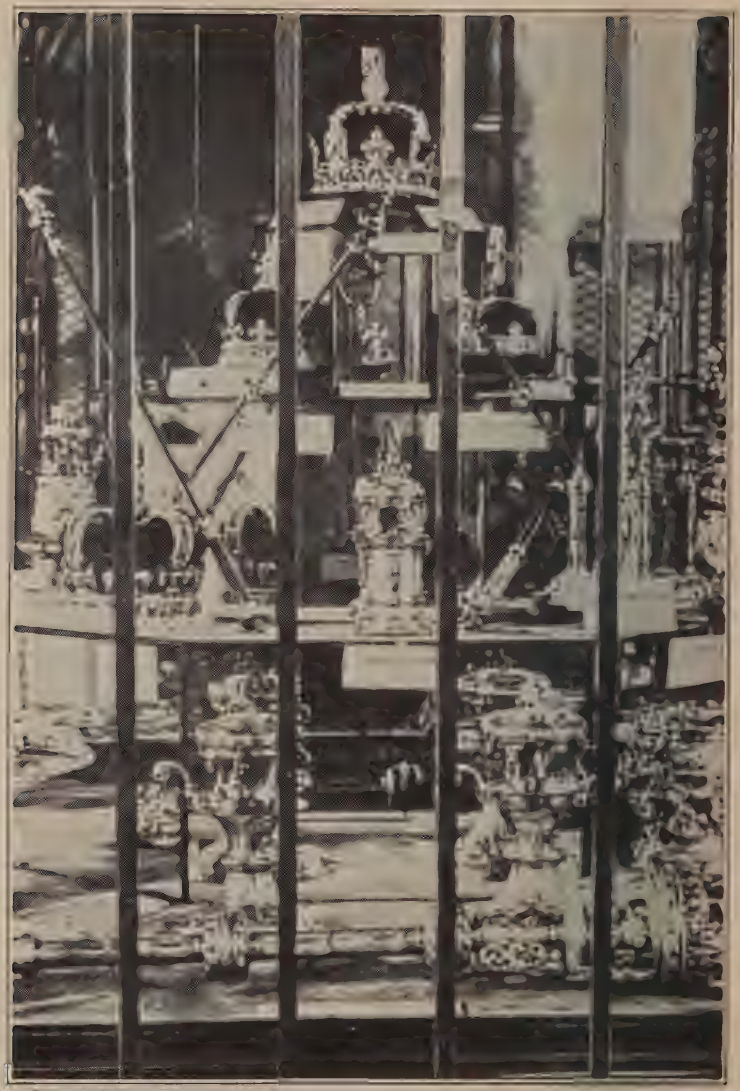
"That doesn't matter at all," said daddy. "I have invited them to come here, and they are my little guests. I want you to be polite to them."

"But they are my trucks and my engine," wailed Sandy.

"I beg your pardon," said daddy, "but you are quite mistaken. I only lent them to you for a little while. If you had not been so mean and selfish over them, you might have kept them always. But they are still mine, and I am going to give them to some little children who can play with them happily without quarreling."

And so saying daddy gave the engine to one boy, the station to another, the trucks to a third, the boat to another, and so on until everything had been given away. Then he bade them all good-by, and sent them away rejoicing over their unexpected gifts.

Poor Sandy was heartbroken. He went upstairs to his bedroom and wept for a long time. But the lesson his daddy taught him that day was never forgotten, and "Selfish Sandy" gradually—after a good long time—became known "Sandy the Great-hearted."



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The Crown Jewels in the Tower of London

Doreen's Jewel Box

Chapter 1—FIVE MINUTES TO TEN

JUST one more week, and it would be Doreen's birthday. To think of it! She would be ten years old. Mamma said she was just "five minutes to ten."

Doreen felt she was now quite grown up, and that it was time she had some "grown-up" presents. Indeed, she was not at all backward in saying out loud what she was expecting.

"You see, Mamma," she would say, "my tricycle is much too small for me now, and I really ought to have a small lady's bicycle."

Then a little later, "Mamma, when I'm ten I think I should have a doll's house big enough to get inside; you know, the kind you open at the front, with real stairs and fireplaces and electric light."

And then, "Oh, yes, Mamma, and I simply must have a new outfit of clothes for my big doll—all silk this time."

To all of which mamma listened patiently, explaining that she really hadn't any money this year, and that it took all she had to buy food and clothes for the family.

But Doreen didn't seem to hear.

"You know, Mamma," she went on, "when I'm ten I should like a pretty jewel case with some pearls in it."

"Whatever next!" exclaimed mamma, looking up from her knitting. "Whoever put that idea into your little head?"

"Well, Kittie Naylor's got a whole string of pearls that

she wears at parties, and big people wear them, and princesses."

"But it isn't the jewels that make people princesses," said mother. "And as for Kittie Naylor's pearls, they are made of paste."

"Then they can't cost very much," said Doreen.

"That may be," said mamma, "but my little girl surely does not want to go about wearing a sham. There's nothing makes a girl look so cheap as imitation jewelry."

"Well, then, can't I have a string of real pearls?"

"My dear Doreen! They would cost more than everything in this house. Pearls are very expensive. But apart from the expense, people who really love Jesus do not wear pearls."

"Why not?"

"Because the Bible tells us not to." 1 Tim. 2:9.

"Oh dear!" sighed Doreen. "It seems as if I can't have anything now. I wish I weren't going to have a birthday at all."

"Oh, don't say that," said mamma. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if something would turn up between now and then."

"My new cycle?" cried Doreen eagerly.

"I don't think it could be that," said mamma. "It would cost too much. But, let me see, if you are very anxious for a jewel box, I might talk with your daddy about that."

"Oh, do!" exclaimed Doreen. "I should love one so much."

"Well, we'll see," said mamma with a smile.

Doreen's Jewel Box

Chapter 2—TEN O'CLOCK

DOREEN pushed down the bedclothes, sat up, and rubbed her eyes.

It was still quite dark, but she was awake enough to know that the great morning for which she had been longing so much had come at last.

She peered around the room. There was no bicycle and no doll's house. "Downstairs, perhaps," she said to herself.

She put out her hand and felt for the chair beside her bed. Ah, what was this? A flat, brown paper package tied up with string. She drew it into bed, her heart beating faster at every rustle of the brown paper.

Lying down again, Doreen decided to enjoy the "feel" of the parcel until it should be light enough to open it. Meanwhile she tried to imagine what might be inside.

She felt sure it must be the long-desired jewel box. It was just the right size and shape. She pictured a very handsome case filled with sparkling diamonds and emeralds and gleaming jewels of many shapes and colors. Shaking the parcel, she expected to hear the stones rattle together. But there was no sound. "Of course," she said to herself, "how stupid I am! If they are beautiful stones they will be wrapped up in tissue paper, or set in golden rings on velvet cushions."

Morning dawned at last. Jumping up, Doreen put on her clothes, with one eye all the time on the brown-paper

parcel. She had decided to keep the pleasure of opening it until she went downstairs.

Dressed at last, she went down to the dining room. There was no cycle nor doll's house there. Evidently mamma had spent all her money on the jewel box, thought Doreen.

Snip! snip! went the scissors, and off fell the string and the first sheet of brown paper.

There was some writing on the next piece of wrapping paper. Doreen's eyes opened wider than ever as she read the words:

"DOREEN'S JEWEL BOX"

"Hurrah!" she shouted, hastily tearing off the next sheet of paper. Underneath was a beautiful cardboard box of a mottled green color. "How pretty!" she exclaimed, slowly and very carefully lifting the lid. She peeped inside.

Then something happened.

"Oh!" cried Doreen, stamping her little foot and flinging the box across the room. "It's not a jewel box! It's not a jewel box!"

Crash! went a flowerpot from the window sill.

"Whatever is the matter?" cried mamma, running into the room.

"It's not a jewel box! It's not a jewel box!" sobbed Doreen, "and you said it was a jewel box. It isn't. It's just a horrid, nasty, ugly old book, and I don't like books, and I don't want a book—and you said it was a jewel box, and it isn't, and—and——"

"Now come, come, Doreen," said mamma. "You mustn't take on like this. You must have got out of bed on the wrong side this morning, and on your birthday, too!"

"But you said I should have a jewel box——"

"And we have given you one," said mamma.

"You haven't; it's only a nasty, horrid, ugly old book!"

"No, no, Doreen. Have you looked inside it yet?"

"No."

"Then you have cried too soon. You will find that it is a most beautiful jewel box, packed full of the richest gems."

Doreen began to dry her tears.

"Daddy and I," said mamma, "have spent lots of money on this jewel box, and if you look after it, you will have it all your life. It is very beautifully and very strongly made, and when you are an old, old lady, if time should last that long, you will still be telling people about the lovely jewel box you were given on your tenth birthday."

"But where are the jewels?" asked Doreen.

"You must go and look for them," said mother. "I will help you find some of them later on."

Doreen's curiosity was aroused, and she walked across the room to pick up the mottled green box.

"I'm sorry I knocked your plant over, Mamma," she said.

"Yes, that is too bad," said mamma, "but I will sweep up the mess this time if you will start looking for those jewels."

Picking up the box, Doreen kissed mamma and went upstairs to her room.

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Diving for Pearl Oysters

Doreen's Jewel Box

Chapter 3—SEEKING GOODLY PEARLS

WHY, it's a Bible!" said Doreen to herself as she carefully lifted the Book out of the box. "And to think that I threw it across the room like that!

"And what a beauty it is!" she went on. "Look at the gold edges with the red shining through! And what thin paper and lovely leather! It's just like a jewel box, anyway."

Inside, on the first blank page, Doreen read her name and the following message:

"To our darling Doreen on her tenth birthday from Mamma and Daddy."

Underneath that was a text:

"Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee. Receive, I pray thee, the law from His mouth, and lay up His words in thine heart." Job 22:21, 22.

Doreen ran downstairs. "Mamma dear, have I found the first jewel?"

Mamma smiled. "I believe you have," she said.

"But how can I find some more?" asked Doreen.

"Why not look for a string of pearls?" said mamma. "And while you are looking for those, you may come across diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones."

"But how shall I find them?" asked Doreen.

"Oh, you won't find them all at once," said mamma, "but put them down on a piece of paper as you come across them. Keep on the lookout for beautiful texts and sentences beginning with 'P.' They will do for pearls. Those beginning with 'R' will do for rubies, 'E' for emeralds, and 'D' for diamonds. See?"

"Yes," said Doreen, "what a lovely idea!"

"I can think of a pearl," said mamma.

"Tell me," said Doreen.

"It is in the fourteenth chapter of John," said mamma. " 'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you.' John 14:27. Then there's another beautiful pearl: 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' " 1 John 4:18.

"I think I know one," said Doreen. " 'Praise ye the Lord!' "

"That's right," said mamma. "There's a whole string of those pearls in the Psalms. You must see how many of them you can find. Open your jewel box about Psalms 112 or 113."

Very carefully Doreen opened her beautiful new Bible, turning the thin leaves as if they were made of gold. "Yes," she cried eagerly, "I can see two, three, four pearls all at once!" Then a moment or two later, "And I have found another. Listen, Mamma; this is a beautiful jewel."

"Read it to me," said mamma.

" 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.' " Ps. 116:15.

"Yes, that is a beautiful pearl indeed," said mamma, "and I have just thought of another: 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into his harvest.' Matt. 9:38. That means that we should always be asking Jesus to send out more and more missionaries to

help tell the black boys and girls of His love for them."

"Tell me where I can find some more pearls," said Doreen.

"Let me think," said mamma. "I know. Read carefully through the sixteenth chapter of Proverbs and tell me if you can find any there."

"I will," said Doreen. There was silence for a little while, then a cry of delight. "I have found a ruby!" she said.

"Have you, dear? What is it?" asked mamma.

" 'Righteous lips are the delight of kings.' "

"Splendid," said mamma. "And that means that Jesus is pleased when we speak the truth, for He is a King, too. Now look for some more."

"Here is another pearl," cried Doreen. "This chapter is a little jewel box all to itself. Isn't this a beautiful one: 'Pleasant words are as a honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones'?"

"Yes," said mamma. "That is beautiful indeed. And don't you think that this sort of jewel box is really much more lovely than one filled with just ordinary pearls and diamonds? They would sparkle and shine and seem very pretty while we looked at them in the box, but we would have to shut them up and put them away. But these jewels from this wonderful Book we can carry about with us all day long, and they become more and more beautiful the longer we look at them."

"Yes, Mamma," said Doreen, "they sort of go on sparkling in our heads afterward, don't they?"

"I believe you are right," said mamma with a smile. "That's just what they do."

Chapter 4—DIAMONDS AND RUBIES

OF course Doreen had to go to school the next day, and it was not until evening that she was able to spend any more time looking for the precious stones in her jewel-box.

"Shall we try to find some other jewels tonight?" she said to mamma. "I think I would like to look for some more rubies. You must help me, for I don't know where to start."

"Oh, yes, you surely know where to find one," said mamma. "Don't you know one verse that begins with an 'R'—'Re—mem—' "

"I know," cried Doreen. " 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.' "

"That's right," said mamma. "And can't you think of another 'remember'? The minister spoke of it at church the other day."

"Do you mean, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth'?"

"Of course, that's the one," said mamma. "What a lot of beautiful rubies we are finding! I can think of another. 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.' " James 4:7.

"What does that mean?" asked Doreen.

"That means that when we are tempted to do anything that we know to be wrong, we are to say No! very firmly, just as if we were speaking straight to the great tempter

himself. And if we say No! like that, he will run away from us, and we shall be sure to do right. But now for some more rubies. I think you will find some in Psalms 37."

Doreen opened her Bible again and began to read this beautiful psalm. Almost at once she cried, "I have found a diamond. Listen, Mamma: 'Delight thyself also in the Lord; and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.' "

"That is a glorious diamond indeed," said mamma, "and if you will read the margin of the next verse you will find that this diamond is set in a ring with a ruby."

Doreen had never bothered to look in the margin before, but this time she quickly saw what mamma meant. "I see," she cried. "In the margin it says, 'Roll thy way upon the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.' "

"Yes," said mamma, "we should never have any worries if we always remembered that we possess these two precious jewels. One look at them would drive all our fears away. Here Jesus tells us that we are not to carry any burdens ourselves, but that we are to roll them all off upon Him."

"Why, here is still another ruby in this same chapter!" exclaimed Doreen, reading on. " 'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.' What does that mean, Mamma?"

"Almost the same as the other texts," said mamma. "Jesus does not want us to worry about anything. If we do not get all that we think we want immediately, we are not to fret and pout about it, but to leave it with Him and trust Him to give us what is best for us."

"Does that include bicycles and dolls' houses, too, Mamma?" asked Doreen with half a smile.

"Why, yes, of course it does, darling. And, really, it's the quickest and best way to get anything we desire. If we will just tell Jesus we want it ever so badly, He will see

that we get it just as soon as He sees it will be good for us. That is what it means to 'rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.' Sometimes it means waiting a long time, but if we continue to *rest* in Him, the time will soon pass. Then afterward, when we at last have what we desired, we shall be ever so glad that we didn't have it any sooner."

"Well," sighed Doreen, "this certainly is a wonderful chapter to have two rubies and one diamond all in seven verses."

"I should think it is," said mamma. "It is one of my favorite chapters in the whole Bible."

J. Sant, Artist

Doreen's Jewel Box

Chapter 5—EMERALDS

"TONIGHT let us look for emeralds," said mamma, as she sat down comfortably by the fire with Doreen after supper. "Can you think where to find one?"

"Oh, no, Mamma," said Doreen, "that's too hard. You will have to help me search for them."

"Think hard," said mamma. "Don't you remember a beautiful verse about eyes and ears?"

"Oh, yes, I know that," said Doreen. "You mean 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard'?" 1 Cor. 2:9.

"Yes, is not that a glorious emerald?" said mamma. "It tells us that Jesus is preparing a home for us in heaven more beautiful than anything we have seen or heard of or even imagined. We can think of the most lovely places where we have been for our holidays—by the seaside, with cliffs and caves, mountains and valleys, trees and flowers—and then know that heaven will be ten thousand times more beautiful still. This glorious emerald gives us just a tiny glimpse of what Jesus is planning to do for us by and by. Now let us find another. I can think of one, can you?"

"No, do tell me yours."

"You know it well; it is very much like the other: 'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above.'" James 1:17.

"Fancy your remembering them so well, Mamma!"

"But you must remember them, too," replied mamma.

"You should be writing down where all these precious jewels are found, so that you will be able to find them again someday."

"I am," said Doreen.

"And that last emerald we thought of is one we should wear every day, for it reminds us that all the good things we enjoy—home, food, clothing, sunshine, fresh air, and good health—are all given to us by Jesus. So we should be very thankful to Him and tell Him so in our prayers every night and morning."

"Isn't there a text which begins, 'Examine me, O Lord'?" asked Doreen.

"Yes," said mamma. "That is another emerald, and you will find it in the Psalms. It is a little prayer that God may look into our hearts and tell us if there is anything there that He does not like. You have exams at school every few weeks, but we should ask God to examine us every day."

"Do you think He would give me an A grade?" asked Doreen with a little smile.

"Sometimes," said mamma, "but not every day, I am afraid. Now we have already found the emerald that has to do with our eyes and ears. Can you think of one that refers to our knees and tongues?"

"No, I can't," said Doreen.

"Oh, you know it very well. You will find it in the middle of a verse that begins with an amethyst—that's another precious stone. Open your Bible to Romans 14, verse 11. Do you see it?"

Doreen obeyed. "I think I have it," she said after a little while spent turning the pages. " 'As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to Me, and every tongue shall confess to God.' "

"That is a very wonderful jewel," said mamma. "It gives us a picture of that great day when all the good people and all the bad people who have lived on the earth will be gathered around the throne of God for the last judgment. Then even those who have never loved Jesus at all will have to bow down before Him. And for us who do love Him —we shall be happy to worship Him on His glorious white throne, shall we not?"

"Yes," said Doreen. "What a lot of things these jewels do make us think about!"

"You are right," replied mamma. "Just as real jewels flash and sparkle with light, so these promises of God bring us all sorts of messages from Him. And the more we look at them the brighter they shine, and the more truth we can see in them. But now for just two more emeralds. There is one in Proverbs, chapter 30, I believe; but I'm not sure of the verse. Will you look it up?"

Doreen began to search again. She had not read many verses before she cried, "Here it is, Mamma!"

"Read it then, dear."

" 'Every word of God is pure.' "

"That's the one," said mamma. "Now read Psalms 12, verse 6. That is not an 'emerald,' but it throws a beam of light on the one you have just found, and makes it gleam still more brightly."

Another little search for Doreen. Then she read: " 'The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.' "

"Now we can see how we can make our words as pure and lovely as the words of God," said mamma.

"But Mamma, I don't understand what you mean," said Doreen. "Please explain."

"Well, we should put all our thoughts through a fiery furnace seven times before we speak once."

"Oh, my! We couldn't say very much then."

"Perhaps not," said mamma. "And that might be all the better for us. But shall I tell you how we can do it?"

"Yes, do," said Doreen.

"First of all, before we speak we should ask ourselves, 'Is it kind?' That is the first time through the fire. Then, 'Is it necessary?' That will burn up a lot of words. Then, 'Is it truthful?' After that, put it in the fire again and ask, 'Is it courteous?' If it is still not burned up, ask, 'Is it friendly?' Then, 'Is it helpful?' And then, if there is still anything left, ask, 'Would I like someone to say it to me?' "

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Doreen, "I'm sure I could never remember to ask all those questions every time."

"Perhaps not," said mamma, "but it would be a good thing to ask as many as you can before you speak. It would save many heartaches and tears. Don't you think so?"

"Suppose so," said Doreen.

"Now I see it's getting quite late," said mamma. "There's one other emerald I would have liked you to find, but it would take too much time. Look it up in the morning. It is found in the middle of a verse in Jeremiah 51, and begins with the word 'every.' It is a most precious jewel, as you will see when you find it. Now kiss me good night, dearie. Tomorrow night we will start searching for sapphires."

Chapter 6—SEARCHING FOR SAPPHIRES

"I THINK I have found that emerald in Jeremiah 51," said Doreen at breakfast next morning. "I started looking for it as soon as I woke up, and it was quite a big job."

"I thought it would be," said mamma, "for it does not start with the beginning of a verse like most of the others. But the promise is there just the same, and it is very precious."

"Shall I read it?" said Doreen. "It is in verse 29: 'Every purpose of the Lord shall be performed.' "

"That's right," said mamma. "I think you did very well to find it so soon. And you see what it means? It tells us that all that Jesus has planned to do will be done. He is planning to come back soon, and He will come. He is planning a beautiful home for us, and He will surely take us there if we are good. He is planning to wipe all tears from people's eyes, and take away all sickness and death and everything that makes people cry, and He will surely do it. 'Every purpose of the Lord shall be performed.'

"But now for the sapphires. There are scores of them hidden in our wonderful jewel box. Can you think of one in the twenty-third psalm?"

Doreen thought for a moment or two, trying to recall the words of this "shepherd psalm."

"Yes, I remember," she said. "You mean the last verse: 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.' "

"That's the one," said mamma. "Lend me your Bible a minute, and I will show you another close to it. There it is, in Psalms 20, verse 7: 'Some trust in chariots and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.' Isn't that beautiful? You will find still another in Psalms 90, verse 12. I am sure you know that one well: 'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' "

"Oh, yes, I know that one," said Doreen, "but I'm not quite sure what it means."

"It is very simple. We each have just so long to live, and nobody knows just how long that may be. So God says to us, 'Make the most of each passing day.' If we are at school, He wants us to study hard to get ready for the work He may have for us to do afterward. He doesn't want us to idle away any time in daydreaming or foolish talking. He knows we shall be much happier if we keep busy and use every minute as if it cost us a lot of money."

"Look, Mamma," interrupted Doreen, "here's another sapphire that has just caught my eye. 'Seven times a day do I praise Thee because of Thy righteous judgments.' " Ps. 119:164.

"Yes, that is another beautiful jewel, and there are heaps and heaps more. Lend me your Bible a moment, and I will show you some in the book of Isaiah. Here is chapter 53. You know that one by heart, don't you?"

"Nearly," said Doreen.

"Well, now that you have a new Bible you must learn it again. But look at the glorious sapphire sparkling in the midst of it: 'Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.' That tells us again how much Jesus has done for us. Now look across the next page to chapter 55. Here

is verse 6. How I love this jewel: 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.' So we might go on finding these sapphires. But now just one or two from the New Testament. Think hard, and tell me if there were any sapphires in the jewels that fell from the Saviour's lips."

"Suffer——"

"Yes, that's right."

" 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.' " Mark 10:14.

"I will tell you another," said mother. "You remember the words, don't you: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you'? And we might call this 'sapphire corner,' for packed right close up to this is another: 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' And just across the page is yet one more: 'Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.'

"So you see, dear, the whole Bible is strewn from end to end with these precious jewels. And we have scarcely begun to find them. Tomorrow night we shall seek for jasper and onyx stones, and we shall have a bigger surprise still."

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Searching for Gold in a Stream

Chapter 7—JASPER AND ONYX STONES

THERE are two precious stones whose names begin with 'J,' " said mamma, when she and Doreen were ready for the next treasure hunt. "One is the jacinth, a blue stone, clear and brilliant; the other is the jasper, the stone of which the walls of the Holy City are going to be made. So when we find a 'J,' we can think of it as a jacinth or a jasper."

"I know one," said Doreen, " 'Jesus wept.' "

"That is a very sad one, isn't it?" said mamma. "But it is a very precious jewel all the same, for it tells us that Jesus is so very much like ourselves. Great and wise as He was, He was not too big to cry. But now think of all the verses that begin with 'Jesus said.' There are so many we could not look them all up tonight, yet every one of them is a jasper or a jacinth. Every time He spoke, His words were like precious jewels dropping from His lips. No wonder people 'wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth.' " Luke 4:22.

"What a lot of jasper stones there must be in the Bible!" said Doreen.

"Yes, I have often wondered how many jewels of each kind there are, but I don't suppose anyone has ever counted them."

"Are there any other jaspers besides the words of Jesus?" asked Doreen.

"Oh, yes," said mamma. "I can think of one now:

'Justice and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne.' Ps. 89:14. Then there are those words of the redeemed on the sea of glass: 'Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints.' Rev. 15:3. There is another in the seventh chapter of Matthew, but it is time you looked up one yourself."

Doreen turned to Matthew 7. "It's in the very first verse," she said.

"That's right," said mamma. "Read it out loud."

" 'Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged.' "

"That means we are not to say unkind things about other people," said mamma. "If we do, then those unkind thoughts will gradually spoil our own lives, and give other people good reason to say unkind things about us. But more than that, all our words and actions are written down in God's great book in heaven, and if we are unkind to any of His children and do not ask their forgiveness, then He will not allow us to come and live in His beautiful home. He couldn't possibly have any cross or sulky people there; they would upset everything and spoil all His beautiful plan."

"Now let us look for the onyx stones," said Doreen. "I wonder if there are as many of these jewels as jaspers."

'There are heaps and heaps of them," said mamma. "The Psalms alone are just dotted all over with them, and yet, even though there are so many, every one is exceedingly beautiful. Some of them we can think of as opals, for there are two jewels that begin with 'O,' just as there are two that begin with 'J.' Open your Bible to the Psalms."

Doreen did so. "Whereabouts?" she asked.

"Let's start with the eighth psalm," said mamma. "Look at the first verse: 'O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy

name in all the earth!' Turn over a few pages to Psalms 33, verse 20: 'Our soul waiteth for the Lord: He is our help and our shield.' Now look at Psalms 34. There are two close together: 'O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. O fear the Lord, ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear Him.' " Verses 8 and 9.

"I think these are the most beautiful stones of all," said Doreen.

"Yes," replied mamma, "somehow every one of these jewels seems the best when we stop to look at it and think about it. But let us peep at a few more. Turn over to Psalms 43, verse 3: 'O send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles.' Over another page brings us to that happy little verse: 'O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.' Ps. 47:1. On we go again, and we find two more stones set close together in Psalms 50: 'Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined. Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence.' "

"There are so many I think I can pick them out myself," said Doreen. "Psalms 60 begins with 'O,' and so do 63 and 74 and 88 and ever so many more. Why, there are three eautiful jewels all together which say, 'O sing unto the Lord.' Then here are several more which say, 'O give thanks unto the Lord.' "

"And when you get to Psalms 107, you will find it is crowded with five onyx stones, four of them with those beautiful words written upon them: 'O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!' "

"I wonder if the other books have as many in them?" asked Doreen.

"I don't think so," said mamma, "although Isaiah and some of the other prophets have a great many. Look at the twenty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. That begins with the beautiful words: 'O Lord, Thou art my God; I will exalt Thee, I will praise Thy name.' And then over in the forty-eighth chapter we find: 'O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.' So you see how these precious jewels are mixed up in the Bible like plums and raisins in a Christmas cake. You simply cannot open it anywhere without finding several of them."

"I don't think I have ever read so many lovely verses in such a short time before," said Doreen. "Looking for these precious stones has made the Bible very interesting. Are there any other stones we could look for?"

"Oh, yes," said mamma. "We could look for the amethyst, chalcedony, topaz, and several others."

"Shall we find these tomorrow night?" asked Doreen.

"If you like," said mamma, "and then, after that, I have another idea. I believe we could find still more beautiful thoughts from this wonderful jewel box, if we started to make up some jewelry with some of the most beautiful of the stones we have found."

"How shall we do that?" asked Doreen.

"Well, we shall have to wait and see," said mamma. "Just now I think it is time for bed."

Chapter 8—MORE JEWELS DISCOVERED

I WANT to begin making that jewelry," said Doreen with a smile, as she and her mother sat down by the fire once more.

"We can start that tomorrow night," said mamma, "but first let us find some more different kinds of jewels. First of all, amethysts. I believe we found one of these before. Can you think of another?"

"Let me think," said Doreen, "A-a-a-a-a; oh, I don't know any. There's 'Abide With Me,' but that's a hymn."

"Yes, I know," said mamma, "but it is a text as well. Don't you remember the words of Jesus, 'Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me'? John 15:4. By that Jesus meant that we cannot do any good thing unless we live with Him day by day. So we must think often about Him, and never forget to say our prayers. Then He will help us to be good all the time and make sunshine everywhere we go. Now have you thought of another amethyst?"

"Yes, I've got one," said Doreen. " 'Ask, and it shall be given you.' "

"Very good," said mamma. "That is just what I have been telling you. If we keep asking Jesus to help us in our work and play, life will be so much happier. I know boys and girls who have even asked Jesus to help them do their

sums and write their examination papers, and somehow Jesus does help them. Now, open your Bible to the last chapter of Matthew, and you will find another amethyst sparkling there at the end of the chapter. It will tell you why it is that Jesus is able to answer all our prayers."

Doreen turned to Matthew 28 and after a little close searching discovered that glorious amethyst in the eighteenth verse: " 'All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth.' "

"Now I see what you mean, Mamma," she said.

"All right," said mamma. "Now let us find a topaz. Can you think of some beautiful verse beginning with 'T'?"

" 'There is a green hill ——' " began Doreen.

"O Doreen!" exclaimed mamma, "that's a hymn."

"Of course it is," said Doreen. "Well, then, I can't think of one."

"I know one that every girl and boy should look at every day," said mamma. "And if it were a real topaz, I would say they should carry it around with them all the time."

"Where is it?" asked Doreen.

"You will find it in the book of Job," said mamma. "I think it is in chapter 6. Let me look for it. Ah, yes, there it is in verse 24. You read it."

Doreen blushed just a little as she read it: " 'Teach me, and I will hold my tongue.' I don't think that means me," she said, with a curious little smile.

"I don't know," said mamma. "I know a little girl who answers back sometimes when mother tries to teach her. What a peaceful world it would be if all children would hold their tongues when they were being taught!"

"Now let's look for another topaz," said Doreen, who seemed to be in rather a hurry to pass on.

"There are hundreds of them in the Psalms," said mamma, "but we will find only one or two tonight. Here is one in Psalms 27, verse 11: 'Teach me Thy way, O Lord.' The same beautiful little prayer is also found in Psalms 143:10: 'Teach me to do Thy will; for Thou art my God.' "

"I can see one," cried Doreen. "It's on the same page: 'Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.' "

"Yes, that is a wonderful topaz," said mamma, "and there are many, many others just like it. The nineteenth psalm is studded with these jewels. Look for a moment. I can see six all at once."

They looked through the psalm together and picked out the jewels. As they turned the pages, still others flashed out. "Why, look!" said Doreen, "even the shepherd psalm has a topaz at the beginning of it—'The Lord is my Shepherd.' "

"Of course," said mamma. "This jewel box of ours is becoming more wonderful and more precious the more we dig into it. I had thought we might finish our search tonight, but the clock says we shall have to leave our hunt for chalcedonies until tomorrow."

Some Colored Boys and Girls in East Africa Who Are Being Taught by the Missionaries to Love Jesus

Chapter 9—GATHERING CHALCEDONIES

"WHAT is a chalcedony?" asked Doreen the next evening, as the treasure hunt was begun once more.

"In Bible times it was a small green stone, something like an emerald, dug from the mines of Chalcedon," said mamma. "It is going to be used in the foundations of the New Jerusalem, so we may be sure it is a very lovely jewel."

"I thought of one this morning," said Doreen. "It is the one hanging on my bedroom wall: 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.' "

"That is a very good one to start with," said mamma. "There is another just like it: 'Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.' 1 Peter 5:7. These two tell us that we need never worry about anything. We are to remember that Jesus loves us always, and will help us in every trial. If we are teased at school, we are to 'cast cur care' upon Him. If we are laughed at by the other children because we are trying to do right, we are to tell Him all about it, and then not worry any more."

"And when the milk boils over, or the clothes fall off the line—" began Doreen, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Yes," said mamma, "of course it applies to mothers just the same."

"Isn't there another verse that begins with 'cast'?" asked Doreen. "Something about casting bread."

"Oh, I know," said mamma. "You mean, 'Cast thy

bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.' " Eccl. 11:1.

"Yes, that's the one. What does it mean?"

"Well, in the old days in Egypt, when the river Nile overflowed its banks, the people would throw their grain on the water as the tide was going down. It would then sink into the mud and start to grow. After a while it would yield a rich harvest, and so the 'bread' would come back 'after many days.' But this beautiful chalcedony means for us that whenever we do a kind deed or speak a kind word, it is never lost, but will come back to us afterward in a rich harvest of friendship."

"I believe a man used this text in church the other day when talking about the collection."

"Maybe he did," said mamma. "Week by week we give our pennies to Jesus, and they are taken and used to send missionaries out to Africa and India and other places where people have never heard about His love. We may never hear any more about our pennies, but 'after many days,' when Jesus comes back, we may discover that many a black boy and girl is in the kingdom of God because of our little gifts."

"I see," said Doreen; "now let's look for some more of those lovely jewels."

"All right," said mamma. "There are two very beautiful ones in the Psalms. You remember how we found so many jewels already in Psalms 19. There is still another in verse 12: 'Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.' And there is another prayer just like it in Psalms 51, verse 10: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.' Now please turn to the first chapter of Isaiah."

Doreen did so, and began looking down the verses to discover the chalcedony. She soon found it.

"I have it," she said. "It is in verse 18: 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' "

"I think," said mamma, "that is one of the most precious jewels in the whole Bible. It has been put there to let us know that if ever we do wrong, Jesus is ready and willing to take us back and put His arms around us the very minute we start to feel sorry. He says that He won't scold us, but that He will just talk things over like a loving friend. And even if we have been ever so wicked, so that our sin is as scarlet, that will not make any difference with Him. Just as soon as we are sorry, and want to come back, He will be waiting for us, ready to make us 'white as snow' once more."

"I think Jesus must be as kind as you are, Mamma dear," said Doreen, "for you always forgive me as soon as I say I'm sorry."

"Oh, Jesus is much more kind than any mother can be," said mamma. "He says that He loves us with an 'everlasting' love. That means that He never gets out of patience with us and never gets angry with us. His love lasts forever and ever, always the same. But now for one more chalcedony. This one also begins with 'Come,' and I am sure you know it by heart. Turn to the eleventh chapter of Matthew."

"I know the one you mean," said Doreen. "It is, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' "

"Yes, you have it," said mamma. "And doesn't that fit in wonderfully with all that we have just been talking

about? Jesus is never too busy nor too tired nor too worried to listen to us. No matter when we come to Him, we find Him always the same, always smiling, always interested in what we want to say to Him, always ready to give us just the help we need."

"But how can He listen to everybody at once?" asked Doreen.

"That is the most wonderful thing about it. We cannot understand just how it happens, but we know He answers all our prayers, don't we? And we may be sure that He would not invite everybody to come to Him if He could not give the fullest attention to each one. Someday He will make it all plain to us, and then it will seem so simple we shall wonder we never thought of it before."

"I think these chalcedonies have been the most beautiful jewels of all," said Doreen.

"So do I," agreed mamma, "and tomorrow night we must start making some of that jewelry we talked of some time ago."

Chapter 10—PRAYER JEWELS

"FIRST let us make a bracelet of prayer jewels," said mamma. "Let us imagine that we have a beautiful gold bracelet ready to be set with precious stones. What kind of stones shall we put in it?"

"Let's mix them," said Doreen. "I should like to put in a pearl and a ruby."

"Very well. And I should like to put in an emerald and a topaz and an amethyst and perhaps one or two others."

"How will the colors blend?" asked Doreen.

"I'm not quite sure about that," said mamma. "We should have a red ruby, a green emerald, a greenish-yellow topaz, a creamy pearl, and a purple amethyst. I think we should need a diamond to brighten it up a bit."

"So do I," said Doreen. "I'm afraid we shall not make very good jewelers."

"Well, you wait and see," said mamma. "First we have to sort out our jewels. Shall we find the topaz first? You will see one at the end of Proverbs 15, verse 8. Will you look for it?"

Doreen opened her Bible to Proverbs and soon found the familiar words, " 'The prayer of the upright is His delight.' "

"I think," said mamma, "that this will make a beautiful gem to put into our prayer bracelet. It tells us that

Jesus loves to hear our prayers. Just as a mother loves to listen to her baby talking to her, so Jesus delights to hear His children talking to Him. And the more we speak to Him, the happier He is. Don't you think that is a lovely topaz to begin with?"

"Yes," said Doreen. "Now let us find your emerald."

"My emerald is found in Psalms 55, verse 17," said mamma. "You will soon see how beautifully it goes with the topaz. Read it for me."

Doreen read: " 'Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and He shall hear my voice.' "

"This tells us," said mamma, "how often we should remember to speak to Jesus. Of course we always say our prayers in the evening, before we go to bed, but we should also say them in the morning, as soon as we get up. Before we speak to anyone else we should kneel down by our beds and speak to Jesus and ask Him to bless and keep us through the day. Then, besides that, we should spare just a little while at dinnertime to think about Him too."

"I don't think I could do that," said Doreen. "There's always such a rush at dinnertime."

"I know," said mamma, "but let us try hard. We shall be so much happier if we do. Now we must have your pearl. Will you read the seventeenth verse of the fifth chapter of First Thessalonians?"

"Oh, that book is so hard to find!" said Doreen, as she fumbled about with the pages. "Here it is. 'Pray without ceasing.' "

"Now our bracelet is beginning to look very pretty," said mamma. "We have learned that Jesus delights to hear us pray, that we are to pray three times a day, and now that we are to 'pray without ceasing.' "

"Well, we couldn't do that," said Doreen.

"No, I don't think we could pray all day long. It doesn't mean that. It means that when we want something very badly, we must keep on praying for it. We mustn't stop praying just because it doesn't come all at once. And we are not to let ourselves get so busy that we haven't time to pray. Now let us put in the amethyst. Can you think of one that would do for our prayer bracelet?"

"There's that one we had the other day," said Doreen. " 'Ask, and it shall be given you.' "

"That will do nicely. Nothing could fit better than that. Now for a ruby. What would you say to putting in the words of the dying thief on the cross: 'Remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom'?"

"Yes," said Doreen, "I think that's very nice, but what shall we do for our diamond?"

"We must have that," said mamma. "And I shall have to think hard to find one. Lend me your Bible for a minute or two. I think there is one in the Psalms that will be just what we want."

Mamma began to search, and it was not long before she cried, "I have it; it is in Psalms 39, verse 8. Listen: 'Deliver me from all my transgressions.' That is a beautiful little prayer to set into our bracelet. It is one we need to say three times a day, and we should pray it without ceasing. And while I think of it," said mamma, "there is another amethyst I should like to put in before we say our bracelet is complete. It is a glorious jewel in Matthew 21, verse 22. You read it this time, Doreen."

Once more Doreen turned over the pages of her precious Book. "I have it," she said: " 'All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.' "

"That is the brightest jewel we have found tonight," said mamma. "It's such a big promise. Just think of a storekeeper saying to you at Christmastime, 'You can have anything you like out of this window.' Wouldn't that make you happy! But that is just what Jesus says here. We can have anything He thinks is good for us just for the asking. The only condition is that we shall believe we are going to get it! Isn't that a wonderful promise for Him to make?"

"I think I shall try asking Him for that new bicycle," said Doreen.

"Do," said mamma, "and see what happens. Jesus loves to answer little girls' prayers."

"I will," said Doreen.

"And now our prayer bracelet is complete," said mamma. "Of course we could add many more stones equally precious, but these give us our first piece of jewelry, glittering with many-colored gems. I'm sure you did not think there was a bracelet like this in your jewel box a few days ago, did you? And tomorrow night we will try to make a jewel-studded gold ring especially for children."

Chapter 11—RICH GEMS FOR CHILDREN

"I THINK we said that we would make a piece of jewelry especially for children, didn't we?" said mamma the next evening.

"That's right," said Doreen, "and I am waiting to see what it is going to be like."

"I think you will find that it is as valuable as the bracelet we made last night," said mamma. "Of course, that was for children as well, but this ring is going to be especially for them. Now, shall we imagine this time that we have a gold ring just big enough to fit your middle finger and all ready for setting with precious stones? You see, this is going to be a ring that you can carry about with you every day."

"If I am to wear it," said Doreen, "I should like to have some pretty colors in it."

"Well, of course we must start with a sapphire, for a child's ring of this kind would not be worth anything without 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.'"

"We had that the other night," said Doreen, "but I suppose it is all right to put it in."

"Oh, yes," said mamma, "for, familiar as it is, we can never think of it too often. It tells us two beautiful things—that Jesus loves to have children come to Him,

and that if we are going to get into heaven, we must always keep as innocent and pure and happy as they are."

"I suppose Jesus was speaking of very young children —babies, you know," said Doreen, with a twinkle in her eye.

"I don't know about that," said mamma, "but I am sure His words should apply to girls of nine and ten as well, although I am afraid they don't sometimes. But we must look for some more jewels. An emerald would go very well next to a sapphire, I think. There is one in Matthew 18, verse 14. Will you read it?"

Doreen read: " 'Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.' "

"It seems to me," said mamma, "that this verse fits beautifully with the other we've just been talking about. One tells us that Jesus wants children to come to Him, and the other says that He never wants them to go away from Him. In other words, He wants them all to come and stay with Him forever and ever. If any one of them should grow up cross and rude and rebellious, and have to be shut out of His kingdom, it will not be because He wants it to happen. He will be very, very sorry indeed."

"Couldn't we put this topaz in our ring, Mamma?" interrupted Doreen. "Here is one in the tenth verse of the same chapter: 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven.' "

"Oh, certainly," said mamma. "I am so glad you have found that beautiful topaz. Every time you look at it, it will remind you that you have a guardian angel who

hovers over you continually, watching all you do, listening to all you say, and able to fly with the speed of lightning from earth to heaven to bring you help. Now I would like to set another jewel, a chalcedony, in our ring. You will find it in the first verse of the sixth chapter of Ephesians."

Doreen looked up the verse and read, " 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right.' "

"Of course we couldn't leave this out of such a ring, could we?" said mamma. "I think it is just as well to have this bright green little stone right in the center of the other jewels. You see, Doreen, if only children would always do what their parents tell them to do, right at once, it would save such a lot of trouble and tears, wouldn't it?"

Doreen sat very still and quiet till mamma had finished. She remembered that there had been several times lately when she had not obeyed as quickly as she should have done. At the first opportunity she changed the subject. "What other jewel shall we put in the ring, Mamma?" she asked.

"There's an amethyst in the Psalms which I think we should put in," said mamma. "I think it is in Psalms 127."

"I suppose you mean verse 4," said Doreen, as she looked down at the psalm. "But what a strange verse; I have never noticed it before."

"Well, read it to me," said mamma.

Doreen did so: " 'As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth.' "

"I suppose you are wondering why I want to put this in among our other precious jewels. There is a good reason. As you know, in olden times men fought their battles with bows and arrows. Now Jesus, 'the mighty Man,' has a great battle to fight with sin and ignorance in the world.

He cannot use ordinary arrows; He must take boys and girls instead to shoot at His enemies. The stronger they are, and the sharper they are, the sooner will His battles be won and His kingdom set up."

"But how can Jesus 'shoot' me anywhere?" asked Doreen.

"I can tell you," said mamma. "Suppose a number of girls at school should plan to do a mean trick on one of the other girls, and you knew about it, you would have to remember that you are an arrow of the Lord, and in a kind but strong way oppose their plan. Or perhaps some of the girls might start talking about things that are not nice. Again you would have to remember that you are fighting for Jesus, and let those girls know that you at least could not take part in such things. Perhaps they would ask you to come to a party on the Sabbath. As an arrow of the Lord you would have to say, 'Thank you very much, but I could not possibly come on Sabbath.' They might ask you to go to a dance someday, but again you would have to say, 'I'm sorry, but I cannot do that.' In all these ways, and many others, you may be an arrow of the Lord, helping to fight His battles and hasten the coming of His kingdom."

"What a wonderful ring we have made tonight!" said Doreen. "I shall have to wear it every day, I can see."

"Yes," said mamma, "and though it has only five stones in it, they are among the most valuable we have found so far. I wonder what sort of jewelry we shall be able to make tomorrow night?"

Chapter 12—A LOCKET OF LOVE

I HAVE been wondering what kind of jewelry we might put together tonight," said mamma. "We now have a bracelet for our wrist and a ring for our finger. How would you like to set some of our precious stones in a golden locket?"

"I think that would be lovely," said Doreen. "Lockets are so pretty, especially those heart-shaped ones."

"Well, we will imagine this is heart-shaped, if you like, and then we shall think we are setting all these jewels in your own heart."

"But what is the subject?" asked Doreen.

"Something, surely, that can be written on a heart," said mamma. "Here is a gorgeous amethyst to start with. You will find it halfway through Jeremiah 31, verse 33: 'After those days, saith the Lord, I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts: and will be their God, and they shall be My people.' This tells us right away what it is God wants to write on our hearts, and that is His commandments."

"But I don't see how He can write anything inside me like that," said Doreen. "I should think it would hurt."

"Doreen, dear, I thought you knew better than that. Of course God is not going to write on our hearts with an ordinary pen point. He wants to write His law upon our memories, so that we shall never forget what He wishes

us to do; and then He wants to lead us to love Him so much that we shall always desire to do His will."

"Oh dear!" sighed Doreen, as if it were too much for her to understand.

"But, Doreen," continued mamma, "you know how you love to do your work well at school. Why? Because you love your teacher. You would not break any of the school rules, because you know how sorry Miss Moore would be. You wouldn't have her ashamed of you for anything, would you?"

"Indeed not!" said Doreen emphatically.

"Well, then, that means you have the school rules written on your heart. And that is just what God wants to do with His rules on all our hearts. He wants us to keep them because we love Him and because we wouldn't have Him feel ashamed of us for anything in the world. Now do you see what that verse means?"

"Oh, yes, I see it now," said Doreen.

"Then we will put it into our golden locket. Now for an onyx. You will find one in Deuteronomy 5, verse 29. You read it to me."

Doreen found the place and read, " 'O that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear Me, and keep all My commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children forever!' "

"I love that verse," said mamma. "It shows us how we can always be sure of having God's blessing with us. If we will but love Him and keep all His commandments *always*, He will see that it is well with us and with our children forever. My mother wanted things to go well with me, so she kept God's commandments; I want things to go well with you, darling, so I try to keep God's com-

mandments; and, of course, I want to see you do the same as you grow up.

"Now, there's another glorious amethyst in the very next chapter of Deuteronomy which fits in with this, and really should be taken for our golden locket tonight. It's verse 24. Read it, dear."

Doreen read, " 'And the Lord commanded us to do all these statutes, to fear the Lord our God, for our good always, that He might preserve us alive, as it is at this day.' "

"So you see, dear, God's greatest reason for giving us the Ten Commandments was 'for our good always.' He is always thinking of our good. Fathers and mothers often have to tell their children to do certain things and not to do other things, but it is only for their good, to keep them from making mistakes that might bring them sorrow. So it is with God. He wants His children to be happy. He tells them to keep the seventh day as the Sabbath, and not to do any work on that day. He tells them not to kill and not to steal. We may not understand all His reasons for such commandments, but we can only be truly happy, and receive His full blessing, as we keep them. We must keep *all* His commandments *always* if it is to be well with us and with our children.

"But we must find a few more jewels quickly, or it will be too late to finish our locket tonight. I think we should have a topaz in it, don't you? There is one in Matthew 5, verses 17 and 18. You read it."

Again Doreen read, this time from the words of Jesus in His sermon on the mount: " 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law. . . . Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.'

"Why," said Doreen, "there are two verses with a topaz!"

"Yes," said mamma, "and they are both so valuable we must certainly put them both into our locket. It is quite clear what they mean. Jesus did not change any part of the commandments when He came to the world, and they never will be changed 'till heaven and earth pass.' So that makes it clear that Jesus still wants us to keep the Ten Commandments just as they are found in the Old Testament.

"Now, just another jewel or two, and we shall really have to finish for tonight. There is another famous topaz in the nineteenth psalm—you know, where we found so many of them before. This one is in verse 7."

Doreen found the verse and read: " 'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.' "

"The more we think about God's perfect law, and His thoughtfulness in giving every commandment for our good always," said mamma, "the more our hearts will be drawn to love Him.

"And now for that beautiful opal to finish off our locket. It is found in Psalms 119:10. Don't bother to look it up, for you must be tired. It runs like this: 'O let me not wander from Thy commandments.' That is another beautiful prayer for us to remember and to use from day to day. If only we could be kept from wandering from His commandments, how happy we should always be!"

"That makes six jewels we have put into our golden locket tonight," said Doreen.

"Yes," said mamma, "and I hope they have not only been put into a heart-shaped locket, but also into the more precious locket of our hearts."

Doreen's Jewel Box

Chapter 13—A NECKLACE OF SYMPATHY

"ISN'T it dreadfully sad?" said Doreen, bursting into the house on her return from school. "Little Joan Whittaker is dead."

"Oh, my dear, no!" exclaimed mother. "How did it happen?"

"Run over this afternoon by a truck in High Street."

"Those dreadful trucks!" said mamma. "I must run round to Mrs. Whittaker's at once."

That night they could hardly begin their making of jewelry for talking about the sad accident and all the sorrow it had brought into the Whittakers' home.

"If we make anything tonight," said mamma, "it must be a necklace of sympathy for poor Mrs. Whittaker. She is brokenhearted. Shall we try to find some precious jewels for her, and send them to her tomorrow?"

"That is a lovely idea, Mamma," said Doreen. "We must try hard to find the very best there are."

"I know one that I want to put in first of all," said mamma. "It is a wonderful amethyst in the last chapter of Isaiah, and reads like this: 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'" Verse 13.

"How do you think of such beautiful verses so easily?" said Doreen.

"Ah, we must know them so well that we can think of them any time we need them," said mamma. "Here is another jewel that is just what we want: 'Comfort ye, comfort ye My people.' Isa. 40:1. Can't you see Jesus bending over someone with tear-stained eyes, whispering those beautiful words? They sound like a mother saying, 'Don't cry any more, it will soon be all right again.' Don't you think so?"

"Yes, isn't it just like that!" said Doreen.

"And that reminds me of another jewel—a topaz this time—that we must set in our necklace of sympathy. You will find it in the first book of Thessalonians."

"The book that's so hard for me to find," interrupted Doreen.

"Not so very hard," said mamma. "Look it up, dear. It's in the fourth chapter."

"Do you mean verse 17?"

"No, begin with verse 16, where it says: 'The Lord Himself.' "

"I see. 'The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.' "

"Read the next verse as well," said mamma.

Doreen did so. " 'Wherefore comfort one another with these words.' "

"See how the 'comfort' comes in again," said mamma. "Jesus does not want His people ever to be oversorrowful, not even when their loved ones die. He tells us that He will surely come back someday and bring all the dead to life

again. Little Joan will live again when Jesus comes, and her mamma will see her once more."

"One of the girls told me that Joan had gone to heaven," said Doreen.

"Oh no. Many people think that, but the Bible does not say so. When people die, they do not know anything, and will not until Jesus comes back to make them alive again. 'The dead know not anything.' Eccl. 9:5. They just go into a deep, deep sleep."

"But what a long, long time to sleep!" said Doreen.

"Not so long as you think," said mamma. "When you are asleep, you do not notice how time is passing. In the morning it seems like just a moment since you went to bed. So it will be with little Joan. When she was crossing High Street, she was probably thinking of getting home quickly and kissing her mamma and having her supper. Then that terrible big truck came along and knocked her over. The next moment—to her—she will see Jesus coming back in all His glory, and the angels will take her to her mother, and it will seem just as if she were going home to supper after all."

"How beautiful!" said Doreen. "And won't they be happy to see each other again!"

"They will, indeed," said mamma. "And that's why I want to put these jewels in our necklace for Mrs. Whittaker. But we must have some more. There is a precious opal in the first book of Corinthians."

"Which chapter?" asked Doreen, turning to the place.

"Chapter 15, verse 55."

Doreen read the familiar words: " 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' "

"The sting is taken out of death," said mamma, "by the knowledge that Jesus is coming back again to make the

dead alive. So we must put that jewel in the necklace. And we mustn't leave out that other precious amethyst in Revelation 21, verse 4: 'And God shall wipe away all tears.' Do read it all, Doreen."

Doreen turned to the verse and read, " 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.' "

"Oh, we must put that in!" said Doreen.

"Yes," said mamma, "and what a wonderful picture it gives us! It tells us that God will come close enough to all His sorrowing children to put His arms around them and wipe their tears away. It helps us to see how much He loves us and how He understands. True, the verse speaks of heaven and the New Jerusalem, where there shall be no more death nor pain nor sorrow, but I am sure it means also that God is waiting to comfort us now, whenever we feel sad."

"If Mrs. Whittaker will look at this precious necklace, I am sure it will make her feel happier," said Doreen.

"I'm sure it will," said mamma. "But there is one more jewel I want to put into it. It is a bright red ruby of hope. You will find it tucked away in the book of Jeremiah. It is in chapter 31, verses 16 and 17."

Doreen turned to the place and read, " 'Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again.'

"Doesn't that fit exactly!" she said.

"Indeed it does," said mamma, "and it will take to Mrs. Whittaker a definite message from Jesus that '*there*

is hope' and that dear little Joan will come back again. I think she will be so pleased to know of this precious promise."

"Yes," said Doreen, "I must write it out with all the others as soon as I can. What a beautiful necklace of sympathy we have made tonight!"

William Strutt, Artist

In the Land Where All Is Peace

Chapter 14—A CORONET OF HOPE

I HAVE been thinking a good deal today," said mamma, "about that necklace of sympathy we made last night, and I want to make another piece of jewelry to go with it. We have now made a prayer bracelet, a golden ring of children's promises, a locket of love, and a necklace of sympathy. Let us crown them all with a coronet of hope."

"That sounds lovely," said Doreen. "Let us start on it right away. We must have some extra-special jewels for a coronet."

"We shall," said mamma. "Do you remember how long ago it was that Jesus lived on the earth?"

"No."

"Well, more than nineteen hundred years. That is a very long time. And if it were not for the story in the Bible, most people would have forgotten all about Him long ago. But here we have the story of His wonderful life, and it has made us fall in love with Him. He was so kind and good and noble that we cannot help loving Him. His heroic death on the cruel cross only makes us love Him all the more. His rising from the dead afterward, and His going up into heaven, were also very wonderful, and lead us to worship Him. But the best thing about Jesus is that He is still living today, waiting to come back to this world."

"How old He must be!" said Doreen.

"Truly, the years have passed," said mamma, "but I don't think that Jesus will ever grow old. Life is different in heaven. 'There is no night there'—no disease, no death, and the passing of time only makes those who live there more wise and beautiful. And that brings me to the first jewel for our coronet of hope. It is an amethyst, and you will find it in John 14, verse 3."

Doreen read: " 'And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' "

"There we have the definite promise of Jesus," said mamma, "that He will indeed return someday. He has been a long time coming, but as long as that verse is there, we may have hope that He will come back. But now add a topaz to our coronet. It is in the first chapter of Acts, verse 11."

Again Doreen turned the pages of her Bible, and read the words: " 'This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven.' "

"This promise is to strengthen our hope," said mamma. "It tells us not only that He will return, but that He will come back just the same as He went away. He will not have changed. His disciples will recognize Him at once. He will be just the same loving, friendly, helpful Saviour that He was in the old days."

"But shall we see Him coming down through the sky?" asked Doreen.

"Of course we shall," said mamma. "Just as the disciples saw Him go away, so we shall see Him come back. 'Every eye shall see Him,' we are told. Rev. 1:7. And that is a wonderful emerald for our coronet, isn't it? But

Jesus Himself said that He would come back in full view of everyone on earth: 'As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.' " Matt. 24:27.

"And that's an amethyst for the coronet," said Doreen.

"Yes, dear, and there's a jasper in Matthew 26, verse 64, that we may add as well: 'Jesus saith unto him [the high priest], . . . Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.' So there is no doubt about our seeing Him when He comes. And we shall hear Him, too, for there is that onyx we found the other night: 'Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence.' Ps. 50:3. And there's that other topaz we found, too: 'The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God.' So, dearie, we shall both see Him and hear Him when He comes. There is no danger of His coming secretly and some of us not knowing anything about it."

"But I think it will be very terrible when He does come," said Doreen. "I'm afraid I shall be very much frightened."

"There is no need to be frightened," said mamma. "You wouldn't be frightened if you knew that your best school friend was coming to supper tomorrow night, would you?"

"Of course not," said Doreen.

"Well, it's much the same. Jesus is the best friend we have, and we should be looking forward to the day when He will come back to this earth. So long as we keep friends with Him, we shall have nothing to fear about His coming."

"But what about the bad people who don't love Him?' asked Doreen.

"They will be very sorry for themselves," said mamma. "Isaiah tells us that they will go 'into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of His majesty, when He ariseth to shake terribly the earth.' Isa. 2:19. It certainly will be a terrible day for them. But we do not need to think about that. If we just keep on loving Him a little more every day, we may be quite sure that He will take care of us when He comes, and that we shall feel wonderfully happy when we are caught up to meet Him in the clouds."

"And what will happen after that?" asked Doreen.

"After that? Well, then we shall go back with Him to heaven. And after that, when He has made the earth all beautiful again, like the Garden of Eden, He will bring us here once more, and we shall live in a beautiful home by the river of life forever and ever. We shall be so happy then. As we read last night, 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.' No more toothache, dearie, no more headaches, no more heartaches. No more dreadful accidents, no more war, no more tears. Oh, it is a glorious home that Jesus is preparing for us! And that reminds me, do find that beautiful topaz in the eleventh chapter of Isaiah."

Doreen turned to the chapter and read the sixth verse: " 'The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.' "

"What a wonderful picture of peace!" said mamma. "Even the animals will have stopped trying to kill each other, and will lie down together in friendliness and safety. Best

of all, 'a little child shall lead them.' I am so glad Jesus has told us that He has a place in His beautiful home for children. He never forgets the children, Doreen, dear, and as we found once before, He wants them, every one, to be with Him there. The more there are, I think, the happier He will be."

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This Coronet Once Belonged to the Czar of Russia, and Cost $15,000,000

"It makes me want to go and see it all now," said Doreen.

"We can't do that," said mamma, "but we can hope and pray that He will come soon and take us there. Now let us add just two more jewels to make our coronet complete. The first is a sapphire, and is a message from Jesus Himself. You will find it in the last chapter of the Bible, almost the last verse."

Doreen soon found it and read the familiar words: " 'Surely I come quickly.' "

"And now give us that glorious emerald that follows it," said mamma.

"I see it," said Doreen. "It is in the same verse: 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus.' "

"What a beautiful coronet of hope all these jewels have made for us!" said mamma. "We must wear it on our foreheads every day, and let everybody know that we are longing for Jesus to come back very soon."

"Yes," said Doreen, "and what with rings and bracelets and lockets and coronets, this has turned out to be a wonderful jewel box, after all, hasn't it, Mamma? I never thought it would be anything like this."

"You are right," said mamma. "It is the richest treasure house in all the world."

UNCLE ARTHUR'S
BEDTIME STORIES

Sixth Series

With Every Good Wish

To .....

From .....

V6A4

© Autotype Fine Art Co., Ltd. W. Lance, Artist

Jesus in the Carpenter's Shop at Nazareth

Uncle Arthur's
BEDTIME STORIES
(*SIXTH SERIES*)

By ARTHUR S. MAXWELL

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Eccl. 12:1.

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PREFACE

WE must take this opportunity of again thanking the many friends in all parts of the world who have sent us kind letters of appreciation of *Bedtime Stories*. We are glad to hear from all.

Some have sent us suggestions as well as thanks, for which we are grateful. This time we have tried to please those who have asked for lots of short stories. How many more could you expect than appear in this series? We have also included by request a special section for Tiny Tots.

As in others of this series, we have adhered strictly to the original plan, that of telling stories that are true to life, each one driving home some important lesson that every child needs to learn.

We want these little books to be above all else builders of character, extolling goodness and frowning upon evil, and to this end this new volume is sent out upon its mission to the children of the world.

UNCLE ARTHUR.

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CONTENTS

The Twins' Desire - - - - - - 7
How Grandma Came for Christmas - - - 9
The Cat That Paid the Bill - - - - - 15
Reggie's Idea - - - - - - - 19
Poor Priscilla - - - - - - - 25
Gladys Greatheart - - - - - - 29
Muriel's Customer - - - - - - 33
Daddy's Discovery - - - - - - 37
Starving Mothers - - - - - - 41
Those Gooseberries - - - - - - 43
Robert's Mistake - - - - - - - 47
The Angel of the Books - - - - - 53
The Lighthouse Children - - - - - 57
Tom's Thoughtlessness - - - - - - 61
How Cross Katie Became Katie the Kindhearted - 65
Coals of Fire - - - - - - - 69
Telltale Topsy - - - - - - - 73
A Scene in the Classroom - - - - - 76

For the Tiny Tots

The Land Where the Tears Get Dry - - - 79
Teddy and the Tools - - - - - - 81
Daddy and the Ducks - - - - - - 82
The Baby a Princess Found - - - - - 83
Winnie's Watering Can - - - - - 85
The Twins' Morning Prayer - - - - - 86
The Man Who Tried to Run Away From God - 87
Mixing in the Love - - - - - - 89
The Twins' Evening Prayer - - - - - 91
Beautiful Things - - - - - - - 93

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Where Bedtime Stories Come From—"Uncle Arthur" and His Children, as They Were in 1930

The Twins' Desire

When I'm old as you, Daddy,
  I shall drive your car
Down the town and back again
  Where the sweetshops are.

When I'm old as you, Daddy,
  I shall stay up late,
Never go to bed at night,
  Till it's half past eight.

When I'm old as you, Daddy,
  I shall buy a boat,
Sail it out upon the sea,
  Get inside and float.

When I'm old as you, Daddy,
  I shall never eat
Cabbages and cauliflowers—
  Just nice things and sweet.

When I'm old as you, Daddy,
  I shall put my feet
High up on the mantelpiece;
  Choose your comfy seat.

When I'm old as you, Daddy,
  Where will you be then?
Will you love me just the same?
  Come and play again?

Uncle Arthur.

H. M. Lambert

"Isn't It Just Lovely?" Said Mona. "I'm So Glad You Like the Idea"

How Grandma Came for Christmas

AT last the day had come to open the money boxes! How long it had taken to fill them! What hard work it had meant, what careful saving, what giving up of candy and nice ribbons and special treats! To Hilda and Mona it had seemed as if they would never be allowed to open them, and sometimes they had even said it wasn't worth while putting the money in.

But at last the day had come! It was a week before Christmas, and of course everybody was wanting all the money he could find for presents and new dresses and things. How glad the children were that they had heeded their mother, and kept the boxes unopened till now! Mother was right, after all.

Click! went the key in Mona's little cash box, and there inside she saw the piles of pennies, with nickels, dimes, quarters, and one whole half dollar. What joy! She counted it all up, and Hilda counted it afterward, just to make sure it was right. Fancy! Two dollars and fifty-one cents! What a lot of money for a little girl to have!

"Now you open yours," said Mona. "I wonder who has the most?"

Hilda's was a strange-looking money box, but it certainly held money tightly. It was such a job to get it out. She had to use a knife, but as she poked it in, out came the pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and two half dollars.

"Oh!" said Mona, "you have more than I!"

"It looks like it," said Hilda. "Let's count it up. One, two, three. Why, I believe there's more than three dollars!"

And so there was. It came to $3.28. How happy they both were! Never before had they had so much money to spend all at once.

Then came the big question, What should they spend it on? Soon they realized how little they had really saved. There were so many things to buy, and most of them cost more than they had both saved together.

Mona thought she would like to get a very pretty party frock, but how far would $2.51 go? Hilda's first thought was for a beautiful handbag, the kind with two pockets in the middle and a mirror. But again, how far would $3.28 go? Then they talked of other things they would like, but try as they would, they could not stretch their money nearly far enough to cover all their desires.

"I'm getting tired of trying to decide," said Hilda. "This money is a bother."

"Do you know," said Mona, "I wonder if the trouble is that we are just trying to spend it all on ourselves?"

Hilda sat very quiet and still. "Perhaps it is," she said after a while.

"Just for fun," said Mona, "let's try to think how we would spend it on some other people."

"Mamma, for instance," said Hilda.

"Yes, or even grandma," said Mona.

"All right. You write down what you would buy for them, and I'll do the same."

So they both found pencil and paper and started to write. Hilda soon made a long list—long enough to use up her $3.28 many times over.

"You don't seem to have put down much, Mona," she said.

"No," said Mona, "but I've got an idea. I've thought of something that would be a beautiful present for both mamma and grandma."

"Come on, then, let's have it," said Hilda.

"Well," said Mona, "you know how mamma has been longing to have grandma come down here to stay with her for a while? Well, the only reason she doesn't come is that she can't afford the fare and mamma can't afford to send it to her. Wouldn't it be just wonderful if we were to send grandma her fare ourselves, and invite her down to surprise mamma?"

"Mona, you are a genius!" said Hilda. "I should enjoy that much more than a new handbag. Let's do it right now."

"Isn't it just lovely?" said Mona. "I'm so glad you like the idea. I'd much rather see mamma happy than have a new dress. Let's get a pen and some writing paper. You'll write the letter, won't you?"

"All right," said Hilda. "You tell me what to say."

So together they wrote to their grandma:

"OUR DEAR GRANDMA,

"We all want you very much to come down here for Christmas. Mona and I have been saving up for a long time to pay your fare, and you will find it in this letter. Don't lose it, and be sure to come soon. We shall expect you next week.

"With lots of love from

"HILDA AND MONA."

"O Mona," said Hilda when she had finished writing; "whatever will mamma say when grandma comes?"

"Oh, that's part of the fun. She'll just be so pleased and surprised she won't know what to do with herself."

Picking up their money and putting on their coats, the two went down to the post office, bought a postal money order for $5, and mailed it off to grandma. Chuckling all over and enjoying the secret immensely, they returned home to await events.

For the next few days the girls could not settle to anything. Every footstep made them jump, and every creak of the front gate gave them a start. They felt inside themselves that they had done something big and beautiful, not unmixed with mischief, and they just couldn't keep still. Every now and then they would burst out laughing, for no apparent reason whatever. Mamma wondered what could have gone wrong with them.

Then at last came a different knock at the door.

"Hilda, there's someone at the door," called mamma. "Go and see who it is."

But Hilda guessed that the great moment had come, and she wanted mamma to have the surprise they had planned so long. "I really can't go," she said. "Do please go yourself, Mamma."

So mamma hurried to the door, rather hot and bothered, thinking it was the baker or the milkman. She opened the door sharply—and there stood grandma, with her handbags and trunk, as if she had come to stay a month.

"Well, well!" cried mamma. "Whoever—whatever! Isn't this wonderful! But how did you come? Who would have dreamed you would be here for Christmas!"

"Why, didn't you expect me?" said grandma, equally surprised.

There was a loud chuckle in the background.

"Ah, those two young scamps," said grandma. "I guess they are at the bottom of this."

And then came the explanations, and everybody was very happy. After the excitement had died down, grandma called the children to her and opened her trunk.

"I'm not too old to use my fingers yet," she said, pulling out a couple of parcels. "Here's a little dress I've been working for Mona, and I've got a wee handbag made all of beads for Hilda."

"Never!" cried the girls together, looking at each other in amazement.

"Why, don't you want them?" asked grandma.

"Want them! I should say we do! They are just perfect," said Hilda. "But how did you know? They are the very things we were going to buy for ourselves with the money we had saved in our boxes."

"Well, did you ever!" exclaimed grandma. "Do you know, girls," she said, "I believe the good old Book is right when it says: 'He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will He pay him again.' "

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A Beautiful Prize Pussy

The Cat That Paid the Bill

THIS is a true story about two boys and a cat. It happened many years ago in the city of Bath, England. The boys, with their mother and sister, had come over from Wales to attend some gospel services in a big tent in the city.

The family was not well off, and money just then was very scarce. Not being able to afford many holidays, they felt that this trip to Bath was something very wonderful, and they enjoyed every moment.

Then one Thursday morning mother called the boys to her and told them that she could not afford to stay any longer, and that they must get ready to leave the next day.

Bertie and Willie were very much disappointed, and could not understand why they had to leave while all the other people stayed. They did not think it was a bit fair, and they pleaded with mother to let them stay. But she told them again that there was no money left, and they would have to go.

"But can't we ask Jesus to send us the money?" said the boys. "He has plenty, and surely He wants us to stay to all these meetings."

"Of course you can ask Him," said mother; and the next morning—the very morning they were to return home—they knelt down and asked Jesus to send them $5 so that they could stay to the meetings over the week end.

Then they left their lodgings and went to the big tent. Believing that Jesus would answer their prayer, they did not

tell anybody that they might have to leave that day, and they did not say good-by to anyone.

Afternoon came. The children's meeting closed, and the boys started back to their apartment. Still no money had come. It seemed that they would have to return home after all.

Now in order to reach the house in which they were staying, the boys had to cross right through the town from Beechen Cliffs to Walcot. Usually they followed the lower Walcot road, but this time departing from their custom, they turned into the Paragon, a crescent of large houses.

In those days there was a cabstand on the corner of the Paragon, and the children loved to play around it. As they were doing so, Bertie, who was ten years old, suddenly called to his brother.

"Willie, come and look at this!" he said, pointing to a notice stuck on the window of a doctor's house just opposite the cabstand.

Willie ran across and together they read the notice.

LOST

Valuable Persian Cat.

Anyone returning same to this address will receive $5 reward.

A fever of excitement seized the boys. Fancy! $5 reward! Why, that was the very amount which they had asked Jesus to send them. They could almost feel the money in their pockets. Now they could stay! Wouldn't

mother be pleased! The only difficulty, of course, was to find the cat.

"We must find it!" said Willie, all eagerness.

"We are going to find it!" said Bertie.

But where could it be? It might be anywhere in Bath, for all they knew, and they had very little time to search, as they were due to leave for home in an hour or two.

All along the street they talked about the possibility of finding this precious cat. One moment it seemed impossible, the next they almost felt it purring in their arms.

They had not gone far when a sound from a dark corner brought them both to a standstill, dumb with excitement.

"Meow! Meow!"

Willie looked at Bertie, and Bertie looked at Willie. Could it—could it be?

They peered down into the area whence the sound had come. To be sure, there was a cat at the bottom. They ran down the steps and found themselves face to face with a beautiful big Persian cat. Indeed it was so big that neither of the boys could pluck up courage enough to touch it.

"It must be the doctor's cat!" they cried together. "But how shall we get it back to him?"

"You stay here and watch it," said Bertie, "while I run back to the house."

The doctor's house was only a short distance away, and in a few moments Willie was back again with the doctor's servant. Yes! It was the cat that had been lost.

In great glee the boys returned to their mother to tell how Jesus had answered their prayer, and that they need not go home that night.

The next day they visited the doctor, who gladly handed them the reward and thanked them for helping him to find

his cat. Mother was able to cancel the arrangements to return home, and they all stayed until the meetings closed.

Isn't it wonderful what Jesus will do to answer little boys' prayers?

And can you wonder that both Willie and Bertie are missionaries for Jesus in Africa today?

Begging for Dinner

Reggie's Idea

THESE are hard times," said mamma, "and I'm afraid there will be no money for Christmas presents this year."

"Oh, you've said that every year," said Bessie.

"But I mean it this time," said mamma. "We simply can't afford it. I'm sorry, but that's the truth."

The children looked very despondent. Reggie and Bessie went out into the garden to talk it over.

"I don't mind so much," said Reggie, "although I was looking forward to getting some new tires for my bicycle. What I don't like is that little May and Flo should be disappointed. They count on getting something so much. They will cry their poor little eyes out."

"Whatever happens," said Bessie, "we must see that they get something. I don't mind if I don't get those new books I wanted, so long as the darlings get something to please them."

Both Reggie and Bessie loved their baby sisters very much indeed, and always did everything they could to make them happy. So you can guess they could not bear the thought of the little dears waking up on Christmas morning to find their stockings empty.

"Suppose there isn't any money to spend," said Reggie bravely, "that doesn't stop our making something for them. I've got a bright idea."

"What is it? Do tell," said Bessie.

H. A. Roberts

These Two Little Girls' Idea for Christmas Was Not Nearly so Nice as Was Reggie's

"I'll tell you," said Reggie. "Let us make them a fine dolls' house. They will just screech with joy at it. I can make the house and put in the doors and windows, and you can make the curtains and stick the paper on the walls."

"What a splendid idea!" said Bessie. "That should not cost us a penny. Let's start right away."

"Come on, then," said Reggie, leading the way to the woodshed.

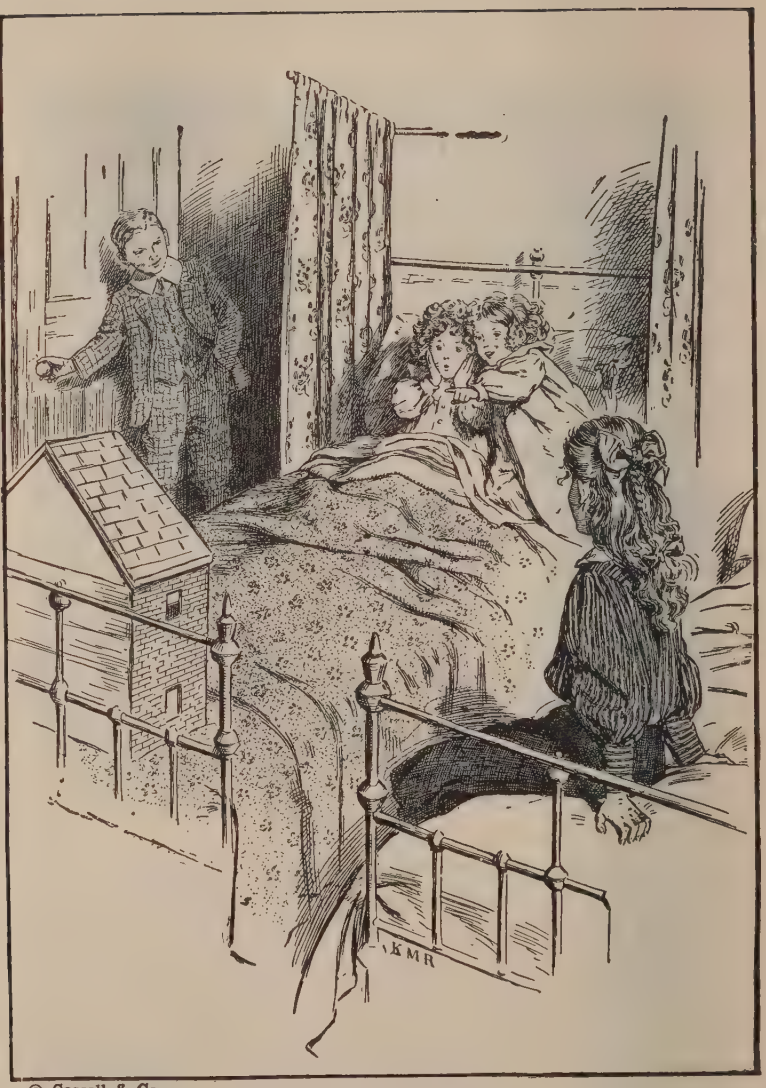
"Ah, here's a nice box," he said. "Look, the sides are all nice and smooth, and it's just the right shape. All I shall have to do is to build a roof, put a door on, and divide the inside into rooms."

"How lovely!" said Bessie. "I almost wish you were going to make it for me."

So Reggie started to work at once. He had learned a little about using tools at school, so he knew just what to do. Very soon his wooden box was looking like a house, with a nice, pointed roof. He cut two windows in each side, and made a door and four windows in the front. Of course he made the whole front to open on hinges, so that one could get at all the rooms easily. Then he painted the sides red and lined them with pencil to make them look like bricks. The top he painted gray to look like slates.

It took him a few days to finish his part of the job, and then Bessie began. In the meantime she had found some rolls of wallpaper up in the attic, from which she cut enough to cover the walls of the house. Then she had found some old pieces of cloth in a box upstairs that made fine curtains, and other pieces of thick material that did for rich-looking carpets on the floors. By the time her nimble fingers had finished, the inside of the house looked really pretty. But it was bare of furniture.

So Reggie got busy again. Out of some empty match boxes he made a chest of drawers, with drawers that really opened and closed. A piece of polished tin, cut into an oval shape with mamma's old scissors, did for a mirror. A square piece of wood and four legs soon made a table, and it did not take a great while to make some chairs to match it. Before long, indeed, Reggie had the house furnished from top to bottom, and it really did look nice. When it was



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"Oh!" Cried Little May

all done, they shut the big woodshed door and waited for Christmas morning.

It came at last. Very early, while the two little girls were still sleeping, Reggie and Bessie brought in the beautiful dolls' house and placed it on the foot of their bed. As they were doing so, one of them accidentally kicked the iron bedpost, and—up jumped little May.

She rubbed her eyes in astonishment and shouted, "Oh!" That woke little Flo, who promptly sat up in bed and yelled with delight.

"What a beautiful house!" they cried. "Is it Bessie's?"

"No, it's for you—both of you," said Bessie. "Reggie and I made it for you. Why, don't you know, this is Christmas Day, and this is the beautiful surprise we have been saving for you!"

"Oh, how lovely!" cried the little girls together as they jumped out of bed and threw their arms first around Bessie's and then around Reggie's neck.

As for Reggie and Bessie, the joy of that moment more than made up for all the trouble they had taken in making the house, and in their happiness they quite forgot that Santa Claus had passed them by that year.

They had discovered the truth of that saying of Jesus; "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Anne Shriber

Dr. Pills, Barbara, and Priscilla

Poor Priscilla

"OH dear!" cried Barbara, wringing her hands, "What can be the matter with Priscilla? I must get the doctor at once."

So, laying poor Priscilla down on her pretty white bedstead, Barbara went over to the electric light switch and pretended that it was the telephone.

"Hello! Is that you, Dr. Pills?"

"Yes, madam," came a voice from the other side of the door. "This is Dr. Pills. What can I do for you?"

"O doctor, my poor Priscilla has been taken so ill. Please do come at once."

"I will come at once," said the voice in the corridor. "My car is waiting at the gate, so I shall only be a few moments."

Barbara returned to Priscilla's bedside, and tried hard to weep some tears over her. There was a knock at the door.

"Ah, so here you are, Dr. Pills. I'm so glad you've come."

Dr. Pills, wearing father's top hat and carrying his handbag, walked over to the bed. He tried to look very serious.

"Let me feel her pulse," he said, taking Priscilla's hand.

"Ah, very fast, very fast," he murmured.

"Poor Priscilla!" said Barbara.

"Now let me look at her tongue," said Dr. Pills.

"I'm afraid she's too ill to open her mouth," said Barbara. "Do tell me what you think is the matter."

"A very serious case," said Dr. Pills. "Very serious."

"Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?" cried Barbara.

"Do?" said Dr. Pills. "There is only one thing to do. You must treat the child better. You have been feeding her wrongly. She has acute indigestion, and will probably die."

"Die, oh, dear! How terrible!" exclaimed Barbara. "What should I feed her on to make her well and strong again?"

"Ahem!" said Dr. Pills. "Let me see. This child has been eating too much candy. She has been eating it all day long and has ruined her stomach. You must stop giving her candy, except at meals."

"But she will cry so!" said Barbara.

"Never mind," said Dr. Pills. "Better cry than die. Children must not eat between meals. It is very bad for them. And, let me see, does she eat plenty of greens?"

"Oh, no, doctor. She hates greens. Whenever I bring them on the table, she grumbles terribly."

"Never mind," said Dr. Pills sternly. "Better grumble than be ill. She must eat some greens every day—lettuce, cabbage, sprouts, cauliflower, and things like that, you know."

"Not all of them every day!"

"Oh dear no!" said Dr. Pills. "But one of them at least every day. And let me see, does the child get enough fruit?"

"She likes bananas and pears, but they are so expensive I can't afford to give her very many."

"She must have plenty of fruit. Stop giving her sugary cakes and pastries, and give her apples and oranges instead."

"I once heard," said Barbara, "that an apple a day keeps the doctor away. Is there any truth in it?"

"Certainly," said Dr. Pills. "I shall *never* have to come back again if you do that—unless, of course, she catches measles or scarlet fever."

"Oh, thank you so much, Dr. Pills," said Barbara. "How much is your fee?"

"My fee?" said Dr. Pills. "My fee is two dollars and a half."

"Rather high, isn't it?" said Barbara, taking two big buttons and five little buttons out of her purse.

"My usual charge," said Dr. Pills. "Thank you. I trust your daughter will soon be better. And mind you follow my instructions."

"I will," said Barbara as she closed the door. "But Peter," she called, "you won't forget to put father's hat back in the proper place, will you?"

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"What's Behind Those Big Brown Eyes?"

Gladys Greatheart

WHAT'S behind those big brown eyes, Gladys dear?" asked mamma as she crept quietly up beside her little daughter.

"I'm thinking," said Gladys.

"You're always thinking," said mamma.

"Am I?" she said, going off into dreamland again.

Gladys loved to go down the garden all by herself and sit on a log or a pile of grass and plan beautiful things or count the ants at her feet or lie on her back and watch the clouds go by. Then she would come indoors again, bringing sunshine and happiness everywhere she went. Nothing pleased her more than to gather flowers for the table or run messages for mamma or have daddy's slippers ready for him just in the right place when he came home. That's why they called her Gladys Greatheart.

"What's behind the clouds, Mamma?" she asked after a little while.

"The big blue sky," said mamma.

"And what's behind the big blue sky?"

"The stars."

"And what's behind the stars, Mamma?"

"More stars," said mamma.

"And what's behind the more stars?"

"Ah, that's where God lives."

"How far away He must be!"

"It seems a long way to us, but it's not far to Him," said mamma. "He can travel so swiftly, you see. He could

come all the way from His home to ours in less than a second."

"What about the stars in the way?"

"Oh, He knows the way here."

"Do you think He has time to think about us?"

"I'm sure He does. And He loves us very much, and wants us to be good and kind as He is."

"And does He love all the little children in the world?"

"All of them, just the same. You see, they all belong to Him, so we are all just one big family in His sight."

"What a lot of brothers and sisters I must have!"

"Yes," said mamma, "hundreds and thousands of them. And God wants us to love them all as He does, and to be kind to them, especially to the poor and sick, and those who cannot care for themselves."

Gladys thought for quite a long time.

"Peggy is sick," she said, breaking the silence. "May I take her my painting book this afternoon? And the brush, of course."

"If you wish," said mamma. "I am sure Jesus would be pleased."

"Do you think He will know about it?"

"Oh yes. The angels will tell Him at once, and all heaven will be happier."

"Do you really think so?"

"Oh yes," said mamma. "It's just as if you gave it right into His own hand, for He said one time long ago, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' "

"I think I will take that nice pincushion you made for me as well, Mamma. I think Peggy would like to play with that too."

So they planned to visit Peggy; and from Peggy they went to others who were sick and poor, scattering joy and gladness along their pathway, and making friends with the children of the God who made the skies.

And when Jesus comes back through the stars to take His people to their heavenly home, I think He will want to take Gladys Greatheart with Him too, don't you?

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Playing Shop

Muriel's Customer

LITTLE Muriel was a very lonely little girl. Her mother had been taken very ill and sent to a hospital, and she had come to stay with her auntie.

She liked being with her auntie all right, but there was no one to play with. Auntie was getting old and seemed to have forgotten that she had ever been a child herself. Muriel was sure she didn't understand little girls. She was always saying, "Please do be quiet, Muriel," and, "Don't get into mischief, Muriel," until poor Muriel didn't know just what to do to be good.

One day auntie got an idea. "When I was a little girl," she said, "we used to play shop."

"I'd like to play shop," said Muriel, glad to find something at last that auntie thought was "being good."

So auntie allowed Muriel to take some wooden boxes out into the garden and some old cans that had once contained such goodies as taffy and butterscotch.

For a little while Muriel was very happy arranging the counter, but when that was done, she began to be lonesome again, for what is the good of a shop if there is no one to buy your goods?

So she got one of her old dolls and stuck it up in front of the counter, and pretended that the doll was a customer. But a doll is a very unsatisfactory sort of customer. For one thing she will not take the things away, and for another she will not pay for them. So poor Muriel soon got tired of that, and dismissed the doll from the shop.

"Oh dear!" she sighed. "I do wish someone would come to play with me!"

Hardly had she spoken than a nice tabby cat walked slowly around the corner of the shop, and jumped up on a box in front of the counter.

"Well, you are a nice customer!" said Muriel, smiling for the first time that afternoon. "And what would you like to buy today, Mr. Pussycat?"

"A penny's worth of sugar," said Mr. Pussycat as well as he could, opening his mouth wide and getting rather too near the sugar bag for safety.

Muriel guessed what he meant, and held up a piece of sugar to see if she had guessed rightly.

Mr. Pussycat opened his mouth wider still and swallowed the lump of sugar with a relish. Evidently Muriel had not been mistaken.

"But now, Mr. Pussycat, how about paying for it?" said Muriel sternly. "Nobody is allowed to take things from this shop without paying for them, you know."

Mr. Pussycat raised his right foot as if about to pass over the necessary money, and Muriel took the will for the deed.

Well, they had great times together. So long as the supply of sugar lasted, Mr. Pussycat was a regular customer, and Muriel succeeded in selling him quite a number of other things as well. He came back the next day, and they started all over again.

Muriel got a bright idea, and decided to enlarge her shop and add a dairy. Mr. Pussycat strongly approved, and came back frequently to purchase saucerfuls of milk. The only trouble was to get auntie to understand why so much milk was needed in the shop.

So in a very little while Muriel and Mr. Pussycat became great friends. He would follow her about everywhere she went, and even when auntie took her out shopping Mr. Pussycat would follow behind like a little dog. They played together all day long, and in her love for pussy Muriel forgot her loneliness.

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"A Penny's Worth of Sugar," Said Mr. Pussycat

Then one day a letter came to say that mother was better and Muriel could go home again. She didn't know whether to laugh for joy at the thought of going home or cry for sadness at parting from her new-found friend.

So she played one last game of shop and sold Mr. Pussycat all the milk he could drink and all the sugar he could eat, and didn't charge him anything for it either. Then she said good-by with tears running down her cheeks.

Auntie said it was very foolish for a little girl to cry over a cat, especially when she ought to be so thankful that her mother was better, but Muriel just couldn't help it.

Soon she was home again, and so glad to see her mamma well and strong once more. But somehow she couldn't forget her friend, and longed to have him with her.

Then one morning, what do you suppose happened?

Well, it was her birthday, and when she got downstairs she saw a strange-looking parcel beside her plate on the breakfast table. Quickly she removed the paper. Underneath was a basket, and in the basket was—

Mr. Pussycat.

So auntie had understood after all!

Daddy's Discovery

RONALD returned from school one day looking very sick. As he came indoors he walked across the dining room and flopped into an armchair.

"What's the matter, Ronny?" asked mother. "You don't look very well."

"Don't feel well," said Ronald.

"What have you been eating at school?" asked mother.

"Haven't eaten anything since dinner," said Ronny. "I just feel sick. Don't worry. I'll be better tomorrow."

"Well, supper is nearly ready."

"Don't want any supper."

"What do you want?"

"Oh, nothing. I think I'll go to bed early."

"Daddy will be back at seven; better wait till then; he likes to find you here."

"No," said Ronald, "I shall go before that tonight." And so saying he went upstairs, and from the noises overhead mother guessed that he was getting undressed right away.

At seven daddy came in. "Where's Ronald?" he asked.

"In bed," said mother.

"In bed!" repeated daddy with surprise. "What for? I'll go up and see him."

Daddy bounded upstairs and into Ronald's room.

"What's the matter, son?" he asked.

Ronald pretended to be asleep, but daddy knew a thing

or two about that, having tried the same trick himself sometimes when he was a little boy.

"Come on now, Ronny. You're not asleep. What's the matter?"

"Feeling sick," murmured Ronny.

"Let me feel your pulse."

Ronny held out his hand. Daddy felt his pulse and noticed something.

"What's this on your fingers, son?"

Ronny pulled his hand into bed. "Nothing, Dad; paint, I think."

"Let me see your tongue."

Ronald opened his mouth. Daddy bent down very close, much closer than he really needed just to look in. Then he got up from the bed and walked over to the chair where Ronald's clothes were lying. He picked them up one by one and felt carefully in the pockets. It was rather a messy job, for some of the pockets had all sorts of treasures in them, such as bits of string, nails, dirty handkerchiefs, a half-melted caramel, an apple core, and biscuit crumbs. But from the bottom of the right-hand trouser pocket daddy hauled out a small yellow box.

He came back to Ronny, who had been lying very quiet and still during the search.

"Ronny, why have you these matches in your pocket?"

"To light fireworks," said Ronny quietly.

"Are you sure, Ronny?" said daddy very solemnly. "Are you really telling me the truth?"

There was a long silence.

"Tell me," said daddy, "was that the truth?"

"No," said Donald very, very quietly.

"I knew it wasn't," said daddy. "As soon as I saw your

hand and smelled your breath I knew you had been playing with tobacco. Am I right?"

"Yes, a boy at school dared me to try it," said Ronald, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"O Ronny! I am so sorry," said daddy. "I had hoped you would never learn that horrid, dirty, wasteful habit. I

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Boys Who Want to Be Strong and Well Should Never Smoke

have never smoked tobacco in my life, and I wanted my son never, never to have anything to do with it."

"I knew you didn't, Daddy, and I really didn't want to," said Ronny amid his tears.

"I'm sure you didn't," said daddy. "But you must be strong next time to say No! Smoking never did anybody any good. It spoils your health, weakens your heart, stains your hands, makes your breath smell, and burns up your money."

Daddy paused, and there was a deep silence, broken only by Ronny's deep breathing and an occasional sob.

"Ronny!" said daddy.

"Yes, Daddy."

"I want you to promise me one thing."

"Yes, Daddy."

"Give me your hand."

Ronny put it out.

"Promise me," said daddy taking the little hand in his, "promise me that you will never put tobacco of any kind near your mouth again."

"I promise," said Ronny.

They squeezed hands in the darkness, and the promise was sealed.

Starving Mothers

I READ a most remarkable story the other day about a poor mother who nearly died of starvation.

Was she living on a desert island? Oh, no.

Did she belong to a home where the father was out of work and no money was coming in? No.

This mother lived in a good house in a nice suburb of a big city. The father earned good money, and there was a family of strong, healthy children.

Then, you say, how could the mother have nearly starved to death?

But it's true she nearly did.

Noticing that mother was not looking well, the eldest daughter took her to see the doctor. And what do you think the doctor said?

He said, "My girl, your mother is being starved. You go home and watch."

Starved! The girl could not believe it. Starved in the midst of plenty! It seemed impossible.

But the girl did watch. And what do you think she noticed?

First of all she listened and looked on at dinnertime.

Mother brought in the dinner. At once voices began to cry out.

"I don't like this," said one. "I don't want that," said another. "I'm going to have that nice piece over there," said a third. "You've got a bigger bit than I have," said a fourth.

The hubbub was terrible, and poor mother, weary with everybody's grumbling, gave away the best of everything she had prepared. She was left with what everybody else didn't want. The last remnants of the dishes were hers. She was literally starving herself that the others might be happy.

Well, the eldest daughter watched this go on for a while, and then she began to speak; and she told the rest of the family just what she thought of them. And, do you know, they all said they had never noticed it before! They were all so anxious to get just what they wanted for themselves they had never had a thought about mother.

But once they realized what was happening, all was changed. All of them said at once, "Why, of course, mother must have the best of everything. Mother works the hardest, so mother should be fed the best."

And so that poor, starved mother at last began to get what she deserved. She was served first instead of last. The children waited on her instead of her waiting on them. She was given the softest chair instead of being allowed to sit on the hardest. She was made to eat the choicest portions of every dish instead of the last remnants after the others had been satisfied.

And so she began to get better; and I am sure everybody in that family was happier for being less selfish.

But I wonder how many other mothers are being starved in the midst of plenty. Why not have a look to see how your mother is getting along?

Those Goosberries

GERALD was very fond of gooseberries. In fact, he was so fond of them when they were nearly ripe that it was difficult for him to walk down the garden without picking one. Did I say one? I should have said several; for unless someone was looking, Gerald, I am sorry to say, would pick as many as his little hands and pockets could carry.

Now it so happened that mother also was fond of gooseberries, to say nothing of father, who liked to walk up and down among the bushes, trying the flavor of the different berries.

One day daddy went down the garden for a stroll, hoping to have a fat, juicy gooseberry or two when he got down to the bushes.

But when he got there, the bushes were bare. There was not a gooseberry to be seen. Even the very big one that had been growing all by itself and which daddy had been watching with such pride and anticipation, had disappeared. The bushes had been stripped as completely as if a great wind had blown over them and swept all the gooseberries away.

"I wonder who could have taken all the gooseberries?" said daddy to himself. "It surely could not have been Gerald, for I've spoken to him so many times about picking them. Perhaps the birds have been at them again, or maybe mamma has picked them for jam."

Just then a cheery voice called to him.

"Hello, Daddy! Come and look at all the things in my garden."

It was Gerald.

Daddy walked over to the little patch which had been given over to the boy to cultivate.

"Look, Dad, see these lovely flowers. Aren't they fine?"

"I should think so," said dad. "Nice apples you've got, too."

"Indeed they are," said Gerald. "And I hope nobody picks them but me."

"Particular about it, aren't you?" said daddy.

"I should say I am," said Gerald. "Here I've waited all the year for them, manured the tree and watered it and kept the weeds from it—I should think I *am* particular about who picks the apples. If baby touches them, I'll give him a good spanking."

"I see," said daddy, his eyes wandering over the rest of Gerald's garden, and lighting on a pile of strange green objects lying partly concealed by a cabbage leaf.

Gerald, noticing the direction of daddy's gaze, promptly put his foot on the cabbage leaf and began to talk about his sunflowers.

"Big sunflower that, isn't it?" he said, blushing a little.

But daddy was not interested in sunflowers. He had become exceedingly interested in cabbages.

"Nice cabbages these," he said. "You have done well, Gerald. Do let me feel the heart of this one. You shouldn't tread on the leaves of such fine plants."

Gerald blushed more deeply as daddy bent down to "feel" the plant.

"I didn't know that you had any gooseberry bushes in

your garden," said daddy rather sternly as he stood up again.

"I haven't," said Gerald very faintly and blushing more deeply.

"Then where did these skins come from?" asked daddy.

"Down the garden," said Gerald.

"I'm sorry," said daddy. "I thought I could trust my boy. Don't you think it was very mean of you to take all those gooseberries when you knew how we have been waiting all the year for them? Haven't you seen me down there by the hour weeding them and pruning them and manuring them?"

Gerald seemed to recognize his own argument and looked very sorry for himself.

"It's too bad," said daddy. "And somehow you must learn not to do it again. Seeing you have helped yourself to my gooseberries, I think I will try a few of your apples."

So daddy began to pick the ripest of them.

"No, no, no!" cried Gerald, bursting into tears. "You mustn't pick my apples! They're mine! I've grown them all myself!"

"But what about my gooseberries?" said daddy, proceeding to eat the fattest and rosiest apple. "If we say six gooseberries equal one apple, I should think I am entitled to all the apples on this tree."

"But you mustn't pick them all!" cried Gerald frantically.

"I won't, on one condition."

"What's that?" asked Gerald.

"That you promise never again to take things that do not belong to you."

"All right. I'll promise," said Gerald.

"Yes," said daddy, "and remember what the golden rule says about doing unto others as you would like them to do unto you."

Gerald tried hard to remember, and next year he picked his own apples, while daddy had all the gooseberries he desired.

Robert's Mistake

"DO let me go down to the creek, Mother," said Robert. "All the boys are going today."

"Not today, dearie. I'm sorry," said mother. "You know how ill you have been."

"Yes, I know, but I'm well now."

"Not quite; but if you are very careful you will be all right next week."

"Oh, do let me go!" coaxed Robert.

"I wouldn't mind your just walking down there if I were sure you wouldn't bathe," said mother, anxious to please the boy as far as possible.

"Oh, that's all right," said Robert. "You needn't worry about that. I won't bathe till next week."

"Then on that condition you may go."

"Oh, thank you!" shouted Robert, as he bounded out of the house and ran down the lane toward the creek.

The tide was up and the creek was full. Bright sunshine beat down on the calm waters. An old sailing boat tugged gently at its moorings as the tide moved lazily by. It was a scene to stir any boy's heart.

"Hurrah! Here's old Robert again!" cried a group of boys who were bathing in the creek and obviously enjoying themselves to the full. "Come on, Robert! It's just grand. Get your things off!"

"Sorry, fellows, but I can't bathe today. I haven't brought my bathing suit."

© Topical

Bathing in the Creek

"I'll lend you mine," cried the cheery little voice of Teddy Brown. "I'm just going out anyway. I've been soaking in this pool all day."

"Afraid I can't," said Robert. "Mother said I mustn't."

"Oh, mummie's, mummie's darling!" sang a voice from the creek, and all the other boys took it up.

Poor Robert blushed and began to feel more and more uncomfortable.

"I'll come in next week," he said, "but not now."

"You're afraid!" said someone.

"He can't swim!" said another.

"He thinks we'll duck him!" said a third.

Robert's determination began to waver. After all, he felt quite well. Why shouldn't he have just a little dip? The water was warm. He could go in for just a few minutes and come out again. That would at least show the boys that he was not a coward. And how would mother know anything about it anyway?

He began to take off his coat.

"Hip-hip-hooray!" shouted the boys. "Good old Robert! Let's give him a splash!"

It did not take Robert more than a minute to get out of his clothes and into Teddy Brown's bathing suit, wet and clammy as it was.

But once in the water he did not feel quite so happy as he had expected to be. Neither did he feel so well. And when the boys had finished splashing him, he was pretty tired. He thought he would have a little swim out into the creek before going out. But he had not gone far before he felt sharp pains in his legs. It was the dreaded cramp.

"Help!" he cried. In a moment half a dozen boys were swimming toward him. They soon dragged him back to the

H. A. Roberts

Robert Had to Go Back to Bed

landing place and rubbed his legs until he was able to stand up again. Then they all helped him on with his clothes.

"I shouldn't have gone in," he said. "I've been ill and am only just better."

"Why didn't you say so?" said Teddy. "We wouldn't have teased you if we'd known. Now we'd better see you home."

"No, don't," said Robert, a new fear entering his heart. "I'll go by myself."

Mother was out when he reached home, so he slunk in at the back door and up to bed. He was feeling very ill. All the strength he had thought he had in the morning seemed to have gone. He felt as bad as he had a week before.

"Hello!" said mother in surprise as she came into his room on her return. "In bed again! I thought you were having a nice stroll down by the creek."

"I was," said Robert, "but—er—I got sick and thought I had better come home. And as you were out, I thought bed was the best place."

"That's too bad," said mother. "I thought we had got you almost well again."

"Let me feel your head," she said. "You look feverish again."

Mother placed her hand on Robert's forehead—and the secret was out.

"Robert!"

Robert understood.

"Robert, your hair is wet."

"I'm sorry, Mother."

"Why did you do it?"

"The boys said I was a coward not to go in."

"A coward! Don't you think you were a bigger coward for giving way to them?"

"I know; but I thought you wouldn't hear about it."

"But, Robert, don't you remember the Bible says, 'Be sure your sin will find you out'?"

"Yes," said Robert, "and it has found me out this time again."

"And it always will," said mother.

Of course the nurse had to come back, and she said that poor Robert must stay in bed another fortnight. He was dreadfully disappointed, but at least it gave him time to think over what had happened, and to resolve never to disobey mother again.

The Angel of the Books

WHAT dreadful language you are bringing into this house, Tom," said mother one day. "Why, even Joan and Jess are calling each other 'little beasts' and things like that. It's got to stop."

"Can't help it," said Tom, who had just started going to school. "All the boys call each other names."

"But you mustn't do it, Tom. You must be different and set the other boys a good example."

"Can't," said Tom. "They're all bigger than I am, and they won't listen to me."

"That may be," said mamma, "but you don't need to use the same language as the other boys. Anyhow, you mustn't use it in this house, that's sure."

"Oh, blow!" said Tom.

"Tom!" exclaimed mother. "That's the last time you have said that here."

"Oh, blow!" came an echo from the dining room.

"There!" said mother. "There's little Joan learning that from you now. I won't have it. The next time you use any of those idle words, you shall go straight to bed without any supper."

"Beastly mean!" muttered Tom under his breath.

"That's enough," said mother. "Up you go."

"But I was just going out to play football."

"Doesn't matter. It is much more important to learn that you must not use bad language."

Tom sauntered slowly upstairs and into his bedroom. More slowly still he undressed and got into bed. He didn't mind going to bed so much, but the fact that there was to be no supper was too much for him. Tears began to trickle down his cheeks. He tossed and turned, wiped his eyes, put the handkerchief under his pillow, and pulled it out again. Gradually he dozed off.

Hello! Who was this in his bedroom? He rubbed his eyes and sat up, very much frightened.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I am the Angel of the Books," said the visitor.

"Books!" gasped Tom. "What books?"

"The books of heaven," said the angel. "I record every idle word that men speak."

"Good Lor'," said Tom.

"That also will be written down."

"Mustn't I say that?"

"It is very wrong. Have you not read, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain'?"

"I'm sorry," said Tom. "I won't say it any more."

"You will not be able to," said the angel. "You have said so many bad words of late that you must be silent for a long time. Good-by."

The angel disappeared. Tom, very much frightened, tried to call mother and tell her about what he had seen, but he could not speak. It was terrible. He wanted to tell mother how sorry he was for being rude to her, but he couldn't say a word. He remembered how mean he had been to his auntie, and wanted to go and ask her pardon, but not a word could he utter. Then he thought of dear little Jess and Joan. How he wanted to go and tell them a story, and be nice to them to make up for teasing them so

much, but he could not. Not a word would come from his lips.

Oh, dear! he thought. Shall I never be able to speak again?

He saw mother lying in bed very ill, and heard the doctor come and say how sick she was. He heard people come upstairs bringing fruit and flowers to cheer her up. He heard all the kind things they said to her. How he longed to go to her bedside and tell her he would try to be a good boy, and how he, too, wanted her to be well again, but his tongue would not move.

Ah! Here was the angel back again.

"I believe you have learned your lesson," said the Angel of the Books.

Tom nodded his head, while tears ran down his face.

"If you promise to try hard never to use a bad word again," said the angel, "you may speak."

Tom nodded his head, the gift of speech returned, and the angel disappeared once more.

* * * * *

"What's the matter, dearie?" said mother, bending over him.

"O Mother dear!" cried Tom, "I've had such a wonderful and terrible dream. And I do love you so much, and I'll never, never use bad words again."

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The Lighthouse on the Shore

The Lighthouse Children

FAR away on a rocky shore stood a lighthouse. Night after night its brilliant beam shone out across the dark and dangerous waters.

Slowly the light turned, growing brighter, then fainter, then brighter again, never failing, ever warning of the rocks that lay beneath. Ships that passed in the night understood, and sailed in safety into the harbor.

Winter and summer the light blazed on. Through long, calm, starlit nights, through storm and tempest, it never went out. The deeper the darkness, the more brilliantly it shone; the more terrible the tempest, the more welcome were its warning beams.

In that far-off, lonely lighthouse lived a man, his wife, and two children, Paul and Rene. It was a quiet and strange life for them. Their home was the tall, narrow lighthouse. Their life centered in the light above them. They were there for the one purpose of keeping the light burning.

One evening, as dusk was falling, the father climbed up the steep, narrow staircase, as he had done so many times before, to kindle the light. In a few moments he returned, looking pale and sick.

"I am ill," he said, and collapsed in a chair.

Mother ran to him in deep distress, for it was clear he was dying. For a moment all was confusion, and the children stood by, anxious and worried.

After a little while, when father had been put to bed, Paul spoke.

"Mother," he said, "what about the light?"

"Go and see," she said; "I cannot go now."

So Paul and Rene crept softly out of the little room and climbed up the cold, dark staircase.

Night had fallen. A storm was blowing up; dark clouds scudded across the pale moon. Below, great waves boomed on the rocks, the spray hissing uncannily as it fell back into the wild sea.

The light was burning, but there was something wrong. Over the sea all was darkness, and the great beam from the lighthouse shone only toward the land.

"Rene!" cried Paul, "the shade is not turning. The ships will never see the light."

"Can you start the machinery?" asked Rene.

"I'll try," said Paul.

Paul had seen his father do it many times, and thought he could do it now. But he soon found that something was the matter, something had gone wrong. A piece of the machinery was broken, and he could not mend it.

"What shall we do?" cried Rene.

"There is the hand wheel left," said Paul.

"But you could not turn that alone."

"No, but we could turn it together," said Paul. "Remember, Rene, we are the children of the light."

"I'll help you," cried Rene.

Seizing the great hand wheel, they began to turn it. The shade of the light moved, and they were very glad. The ships would see the light after all.

Hour after hour they toiled on. No night had ever seemed so long. Their little hands became sore and blistered. Their little arms grew tired. Minutes seemed like hours and hours were like years. They grew so weary that

they wept as they turned. Outside the storm broke and raged in fury around them. Below, father was dying and mother was weeping in sorrow over him. But still these children of the light kept turning, turning, turning. In utter weariness and sorrow they carried on until a faint gray light in the east told them that their task was done.

Captains saw the light that night and thanked God for it. Yet they never knew what was happening in the lighthouse, nor of the heroism of those two little children who were faithful to their trust.

And just as Paul and Rene kept the light burning through the long, stormy night, so God wants every child of His to keep the light of His love shining out into the cold, dark world. The darker our surroundings, the more brightly our light should shine. The worse the storm, the more constant it should be. Neither sorrow nor weariness should be allowed to put it out. There are many ships passing, looking to us for comfort and guidance and friendliness. So we who are children of the light must keep it burning through the night.

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Litter Left in a Park One Sunday Afternoon

Tom's Thoughtlessness

IT was a half holiday and Tom was spending it with some of his school friends in the park.

They had all brought their lunch, and after playing tag and many other games, they sat down under a fine old oak tree to enjoy the good things their mothers had packed up for them.

Soon they had finished, and for want of something better to do, they began throwing the banana skins and orange peel at each other, and scattering their lunch papers all over the place.

All of a sudden from behind the oak tree came an elderly gentleman. He made as if to go past the boys, but stepping on one of the banana skins, he fell heavily to the ground.

Tom sprang to his side in a moment and did his best to help him to his feet again.

"I hope you're not hurt, sir," he said.

"I think not," said the gentleman. "Just a little shaken. I think I will sit on your seat for a little while if I may."

Tom helped him across to the seat, and the boys stood around to see whether the gentleman had hurt himself.

"I think I'm all right," he said, "but I'm getting old now, and a fall like that is dangerous for one of my age. It's too bad that people are so careless with their banana skins, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Tom, but with a rather guilty look at the other boys.

"I hope you boys never throw banana skins about."

"Um," said Tom, blushing a little.

"So selfish, isn't it?" went on the elderly gentleman.

"I suppose it is," said Tom.

"If people only thought of the pain they might cause others, I'm sure they would never do it."

"No," said Tom.

"And look at all that paper lying about," said the elderly gentleman. "Some lazy, thoughtless people must have been here."

"Yes," said Tom, for there was nothing else he could say.

"If only," went on the gentleman, "if only people would stop to think about others, they would never leave a mess like this behind them, would they?"

"No," said Tom, getting more uncomfortable.

"You know," said the gentleman, "this is a beautiful park, but if everyone left a mess like this, it wouldn't be worth coming to. If it were all covered with dirty paper and orange peel and banana skins, why, you boys wouldn't want to play here, would you?"

"No, sir," said Tom and the rest together.

"Well, boys, I'm feeling better now. Thank you for helping me up. I'll be off again, I think. Here's something for you, son, to get some candy."

And so saying, to Tom's amazement, he handed him a quarter and walked away.

The boys looked at each other.

"I thought he was going to scold us," said one.

"He didn't see us," said another.

"Don't you believe it," said Tom. "I believe he saw everything we did."

"Anyhow, he was a good sport," said a third.

"And I liked what he said," said Tom. "He was very kind about it."

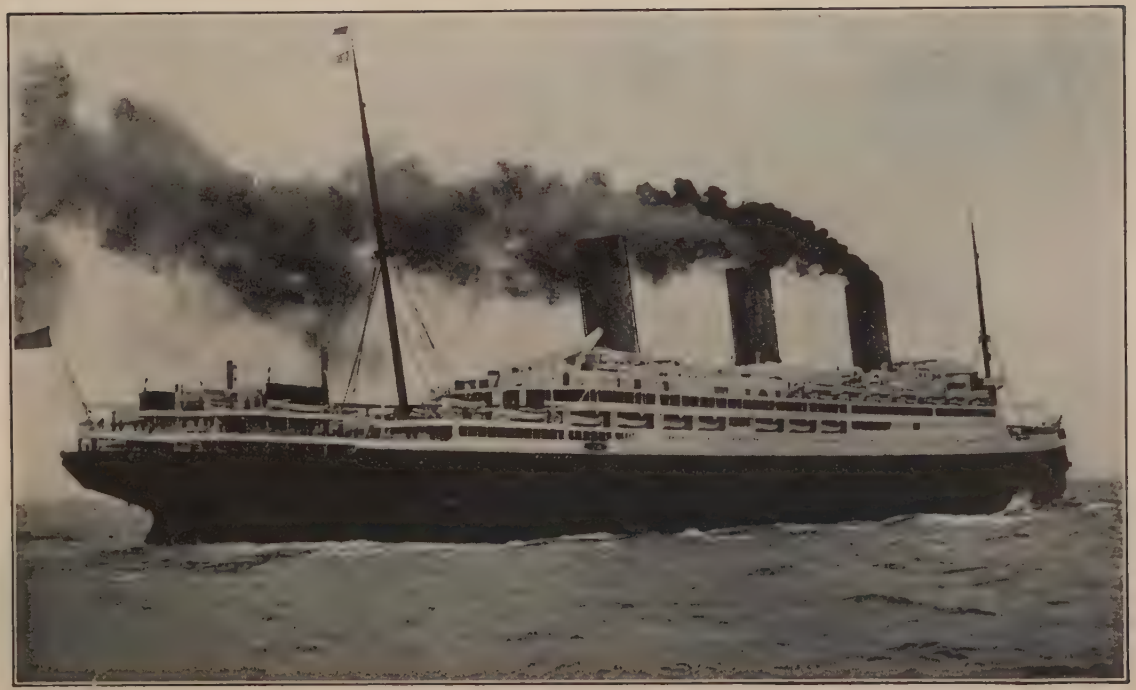
"You're right," said another. "And that's the last time I'm going to throw stuff around here."

"I feel the same way," said Tom, and so saying he began to pick up some of the litter he had so carelessly scattered a little while before. Strangely enough, the other boys got the same idea. They didn't say much to each other while they were doing it, but within a few minutes all the banana skins, orange peel, and lunch paper had been picked up and dropped into one of the park wastepaper baskets.

"Well," said Tom, as he led the others off to the candy shop to spend his quarter, "I don't think we'll litter up this place again."

"I guess we won't!" chorused the others.

And they didn't.



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"She Got on Board and the Boat Sailed Off"

How Cross Katie Became Katie the Kindhearted

YOU have already guessed that Katie had a very bad temper, and you are right. She was always being cross. Really, you never saw anything like it. If she was asked to set the breakfast table, she grumbled; if she was given porridge instead of flakes, she pouted; if baby brother was given a little more milk than she had, she said it wasn't fair. And so on all through the day.

The only time Katie seemed to be happy was when she was having her own way and doing just what she liked. If anybody interrupted her play—well, you should just have heard what she said.

Katie was playing with her dolls' buggy, and she liked to do that very much, of course.

Along came baby brother.

"Tie my shoes, please, Katie," he said.

"Can't," said Katie. "I'm busy. You'll have to wait. You're always wanting someone to tie your shoes."

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" wailed baby brother, and ran off to tell mamma.

A few minutes later the kitchen window opened and out popped mamma's head.

"Katie, I want you to run down to the corner store for me."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Katie. "I'm always having to go down to that store. I never get any time to myself."

But Katie went, muttering to herself all the way down to the front gate. She seemed to forget that mamma was "always" doing things for her, from early morning till late at night.

When daddy came home in the evening, Katie was painting pictures in a book.

"Hello, Katie," cried daddy. "Bring my slippers, there's a dear."

"Oh dear!" cried Katie again. "I'm always having to bring things. I have been carrying things all day. I never can get time to paint these pictures."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said daddy, who knew Katie's weakness only too well. "It's all right; I'll get them myself."

So daddy got his own slippers, and then brought one of them rather closer to a certain part of Katie than she liked. Just so that Katie wouldn't forget, he did it two or three times, and then sent her up to bed.

Well, Katie went upstairs, weeping very freely, and feeling crosser than ever. She planned how she would run away from home and go to some place where she wouldn't always have to be doing things for other people. The idea seemed very pleasant, and while she was thinking about it she dropped off to sleep.

While asleep she went on with her plans for running away. She got her money box, slipped downstairs, and took a bus to the station. There she got a ticket, and went to a place where there was a big boat. She got on board, and the boat sailed off. She traveled for a long, long time, and finally reached a beautful country where everybody could do as he liked. She got off the boat and it sailed away.

For a time she was very happy. But the people were strange. She didn't know any of them, and after a while

she began to feel lonely. They were all doing things just for themselves, and Katie found that none of them wanted to do anything for her. She thought she would like to see mamma again. But the people told her that she couldn't go away, as the boat wouldn't come back for a long, long time.

Days and weeks and months and years passed by, and then at last the boat came back and Katie jumped on board. She had been very lonely, and was longing to go back home and see mamma and daddy and baby brother again.

Well, she got back home and walked up to the front door. She thought she would like to give mamma a surprise. But a strange lady came to the door. An awful fear gripped Katie's heart.

"Is mamma in?" she asked.

"Mamma? Whose mamma?" said the lady.

"My mamma!" cried Katie frantically, trying to push past the lady.

"She doesn't live here," said the lady. "The lady who used to live here died a long time ago. She was so sorry she lost her little girl."

"Mamma dead!" cried Katie. "And where's daddy?"

"Gone away. I don't know where he is now," said the lady.

"And baby brother? Where is he?"

"Baby brother? You mean your big brother. He's grown up now and gone away, too."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" cried poor little Katie. "They've all gone! Oh, why did I run away! If only they would come back again, how I would love them! I'm sure I'd never be cross with them any more. O Mamma, Mamma, do come back again!"

"Now then, now then, what is all this noise about?"

said daddy, giving Katie a good shake to wake her up.

"Oh, is that you, Daddy, really? I'm so glad it's you! Where's mamma? Is she all right?"

"Of course she is," said daddy, "she's downstairs cooking my supper."

"I'm so glad," said Katie. "I must go and see her at once. And with that she jumped out of bed, gave daddy a big hug, kissed baby brother all over his dear little face, and ran downstairs to hug mamma, too.

Then she told them all that had happened, and how she really would try hard never to be cross any more.

Coals of Fire

DADDY," cried Donovan, running in from school, "that boy Lionel is the meanest fellow in the school."

"Hello, hello, what's the matter now?" said daddy.

"Oh, he's just terribly mean. He's always calling me names, and everything I do he says is bad or stupid, and he's always setting the other boys against me with his tales."

"Tut, tut, tut!" said daddy. "It surely can't be as bad as that."

"Yes, it is," said Donovan. "And what's more, I'm not going to stand it any longer. Big as he is, I'm going to fight him tomorrow."

"Well, that's interesting," said daddy, smiling. "I hope you will tell me when it's going to come off, so I can come along and pick up the pieces."

"There won't be any pieces left of him," said Donovan angrily.

"What? are you going to swallow him afterward?"

Donovan laughed.

"Do you know," said daddy, "I can tell you how to pay that boy back."

"Can you?" cried Donovan, all eagerness. "How?"

"Would you like to put some coals of fire on his head?"

"Anything," said Donovan. "Anything."

"Well, I'll get the prescription for you so you can do it."

So daddy went into his study and brought out a book. After a little searching he found the place.

"Ah, here it is," he said. "Listen, Donovan: 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'" Rom. 12:20.

"Aw," said Donovan, "that's no good; I'd rather fight him."

"But," said daddy, "this is much better. If you fight him, you cannot hurt him much; but this way you pour coals of fire on his head. You will burn him all up."

"Fine!" said Donovan. "But I don't like that way of doing it."

"Why not try it?" said daddy. "It's worth trying anyway."

"I'll see," said Donovan. "I'll think it over."

Donovan thought it over, and it was not long before something began to happen.

Next morning, on his way to school, whom should he meet but the hated Lionel.

"Just my luck," Lionel said as he came up with Donovan. "Got up late and missed my breakfast. Suppose you've been eating the fat of the land."

"No breakfast!" said Donovan kindly. "You must be hungry. Do have my lunch right now. Yes, I did have a good breakfast, so you really must have my lunch."

Lionel was as surprised as if he had received a

blow between the eyes. He looked first at Donovan and then at the lunch.

"You don't mean it," he said.

"Really I do," said Donovan. "Do take it."

"That's nice of you. Thanks," said Lionel, taking the little parcel and beginning to eat. "But you will have a bit yourself, won't you?"

Donovan took a sandwich, and they walked on to school together, munching in silence.

"Hot this morning," said Lionel after they had gone some distance. "Wish I could get a drink somewhere."

"A drink?" said Donovan. "Let me see, where can we get one? I should like one too."

"Pity we can't get some lemonade in that store over there," said Lionel.

"I've an idea," said Donovan. "I have two dimes with me. What about it? Let's go over, shall we?"

"Well, I don't want to take your money," said Lionel. "I'll wait till we get to the playground."

"Oh, no, come along with me," said Donovan. "We'll have a glass each. Looks good, doesn't it?"

So they went in, bought a glass of lemonade each, and then hurried on to school.

That evening daddy was waiting at the gate for Donovan.

"Well," he said, "how did the fight go? I hope you won."

"I did," said Donovan with a twinkle in his eye. "I just burned him all up."

"Whatever do you mean?" asked daddy.

"Why, I did what you said. I fed him with my lunch, and I gave him a drink of lemonade, and—well,

he suddenly changed. He's been as different as could be all day. We've been like old friends all the time."

"Splendid! Well done, Donovan!" said daddy. "I hope you'll win all your battles just like that."

Telltale Topsy

TOPSY had one big fault. She was forever telling tales about her sister and brothers.

Just as surely as mamma went out of the house for a little while, Topsy was there on the doorstep ready for her when she came back with some story or other about the misdeeds of John or Mary or Baby Joe.

Mamma went out in the back yard on washing day to hang out the clothes. When she got back, sure enough, there was Topsy waiting with a tale.

"Mamma," she began, "Mary's been quarreling with John while you've been out."

Whereupon Mary rushed up, crying, "No, I haven't, Mamma. We never quarreled; Topsy's telling fibs again."

Another time mamma went out shopping. When she returned Topsy was there as usual to tell how Baby Joe had been tugging at the curtains and had pulled one down, how John had been talking crossly to Mary, and how Mary had dropped a saucer and broken it.

Mamma was getting tired of it. "Topsy!" she said one day, "if you don't stop telling tales about others, I shall really have to do something to you."

"But you told me to tell you if they hurt themselves."

"Of course," said mamma. "Always tell me about anything that might do them harm, but that doesn't mean you are to come rushing to me about every little

fault. If Mary breaks a saucer, it is for Mary to tell me, and nobody else. Now, mind, in future if the wrong person tells me about anything, or if anyone brings me a tale about some petty, trivial thing, I shall fine that one a penny out of his savings box."

That was a terrible threat for mamma to make, for pennies were scarce, and there were very few in the children's savings boxes.

Of course, Topsy soon forgot what mamma had said, and the very next morning she came running upstairs, crying, "Mamma, Mamma, John's spilled the milk on the tablecloth."

"A penny, please," said mamma.

"A penny?" said Topsy. "What for?"

"Telling tales," said mamma.

Poor Topsy felt very bad about it, but she had to get her savings box, take out a precious penny, and hand it to mamma. Even so she did not remember long. That same day she came to mamma with the news that Mary had torn a hole in her apron.

"Penny, please," said mamma.

"What for this time?" asked Topsy.

"Telling tales again," said mamma.

Topsy found her box again and brought out yet another penny. But, do you know, within ten minutes she came running to mamma again.

"Mamma, Mamma, Baby Joe has drawn pictures all over Mary's copy book."

"Penny, please," said mamma.

"Oh dear!" cried Topsy, "have I got to keep on giving away my pennies? I soon shan't have any left."

"You can stop just as soon as you like," said

mamma. "Just don't tell me any more such tales."

Well, Topsy didn't stop all at once, but when she had paid over to mamma the very last penny in her box, with many tears she decided that she wouldn't tell tales any more.

A Scene in the Classroom

THERE was quite a storm in the fourth-grade classroom. Teacher was out, and the girls were talking together excitedly.

"It's a shame!" said one.

"It ought not to be allowed," said another.

"My mother says I'm not to speak to her," said Maggie Bee.

"Not to speak to whom?" asked Doreen, coming to see what was the matter.

"To Helen, of course," said Maggie sharply.

"And why not?" asked Doreen.

"Why, don't you know, she's a scholarship girl. I think it's a downright shame letting scholarship girls come into our class."

"If they come in, we'll not have anything to do with them," said another.

"We won't play with them," snickered a third.

"But why not?" asked Doreen bravely. "Is there anything the matter with scholarship girls?"

"Of course there's something the matter with them," said Maggie Bee. "My mother ought to know, and she told me not to speak to them."

"Well, of all the mean things I've ever heard," said Doreen, "that is the meanest."

"What do you know about it?" chorused the others. "Maggie's mother ought to know better than you."

"Well, I know what my mother told me," said Doreen, facing the crowd of girls courageously.

"And what's that, pray tell?" asked Maggie with a lofty look.

"I'll tell you if you really want to know," said Doreen. "My mother says that scholarship girls are more worthy to be here than we are, for they have studied hard and passed exams, and we are here just because our mothers have money to pay for us. I admire them. It isn't just money that makes people nice."

"Hasn't made you nice, has it?" snapped Maggie.

Some of the girls laughed, and Doreen blushed a little.

"I don't mind what you say about me," she said, "but I do mind when you say unkind things about the poor. There is nothing so mean and snobbish as refusing to speak to someone just because she has come here with a scholarship."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Maggie Bee. But it was a hollow laugh, for she knew Doreen was right, and that the other girls were being won over to her point of view.

"Well," said Doreen, turning away, "you can say what you like, Maggie Bee, but I'm going to be friends with Helen, scholarship or no scholarship. She may have cheaper clothes than the rest of us, but she has a good heart, and my mother says that's what matters most."

"Indeed it is," said a familiar voice.

It was the teacher. In the heat of the discussion she had come in unnoticed. All the girls scattered to

their places, and in a moment were as quiet as mice.

"Doreen's speech," said the teacher, "was the most beautiful thing I've heard in this classroom. She shall have ten extra marks today. If God is no respecter of persons, why should we be?"

Doreen smiled and blushed a little, and Maggie hung her head. At the other side of the classroom Helen resolved that as soon as class was over she would give Doreen those two caramels she had been saving to eat on the way home.

Stories for the Tiny Tots

The Land Where the Tears Get Dry

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy.

He was running round the dining room just after dinner, when he slipped on a little piece of mashed potato.

Of course he fell down and started to cry. You should have seen the tears! They rolled down his cheeks like raindrops.

Mamma said he was a bad boy for dropping the piece of mashed potato off his plate, when he should have put it into his mouth, and also for running round the table. This only made the little boy cry all the more.

Just then the door opened, and in walked daddy. He said, "What's all this noise about? All these tears dropping on the floor will make that piece of mashed potato into a dreadful mess."

And the little boy cried more still.

So daddy, picking him up in his arms, said, "Let us go to the Land Where the Tears Get Dry." And they both went off on a long journey—out into the hall, up the stairs, into the bedrooms, down the stairs again, and into daddy's study. And just as they got there and sat down in daddy's big chair, the little boy began to laugh, and all the tears dried up!

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Mending Little Brother's Wheelbarrow

Teddy and the Tools

TEDDY was sure he was going to be a carpenter when he grew up. He could not see a hammer without wanting to hit something with it. Whenever he could get any nails, he liked to hammer them into wood. He did not mind very much what wood it was, so long as it was soft wood. He did not like hard wood, for the nails just bent or fell out.

Teddy liked to mend things in his own way. Sometimes he would mend them quite well, as when his little brother's wheelbarrow lost a leg and he nailed it on again.

But sometimes he tried to mend things he should have left alone.

Now daddy had told him that he must not take any more nails nor any more tools out of his shed. Indeed, daddy had said that if Teddy *did* take any more things out of daddy's shed, it would be a sorry day for Teddy.

But Teddy forgot. One day he saw that mamma had put a chair outside for daddy to mend. The back was coming off it, and Teddy said to himself, "I can mend that easily. I will give daddy a surprise when he comes home from the office tonight."

So he took daddy's hammer again, and daddy's nails, and he nailed the back of the chair on again. Then he put the chair back in the dining room. But he did not notice that he had put in many more nails than were necessary, and that one of them had gone right through the wood.

So of course, when daddy came home and sat down

in the chair he did get a surprise, for he sat right down on the nail.

And then Teddy got a surprise too, for daddy said he must learn not to be disobedient any more.

Daddy and the Ducks

DADDY had taken his two little girls down to the pond in the park. And there were ducks in the pond —gray ducks, brown ducks, and white ducks.

"Daddy," said Iris as she threw a piece of bread to one of the ducks and watched the bird gobble it up, "why are ducks?"

"Because," said daddy, "God made them."

"But why did God make them?" asked Patsy.

"Because—er—" hesitated daddy, "because God thought He would like to have some ducks."

"Are they good ducks or bad ducks?" asked Iris.

"Very good ducks indeed," said daddy.

"How do you know?" asked Iris.

"Don't you see," said daddy, "how they eat all the food that is put before them without grumbling? See, they eat greens and potatoes and bread, and never grumble a bit."

"But we are not ducks," said Patsy knowingly.

"No, but you are daddy's ducky-daddles, and you must be just as good as these pretty ducks in the pond."

The Baby a Princess Found

ONCE upon a time there was a little baby, and his mamma put him in a little boat down by the river, in some bulrushes. Then she asked God to send His angels to look after her baby and keep him safe from the wicked king who wanted to kill him.

The next day a pretty princess came down to the river to bathe. She saw the little boat in the bulrushes, and she said, "Oh, what a pretty little baby! I must have it for my own."

Just then a little girl ran up and said, "Please, ma'am, would you like me to get someone to look after the baby for you?"

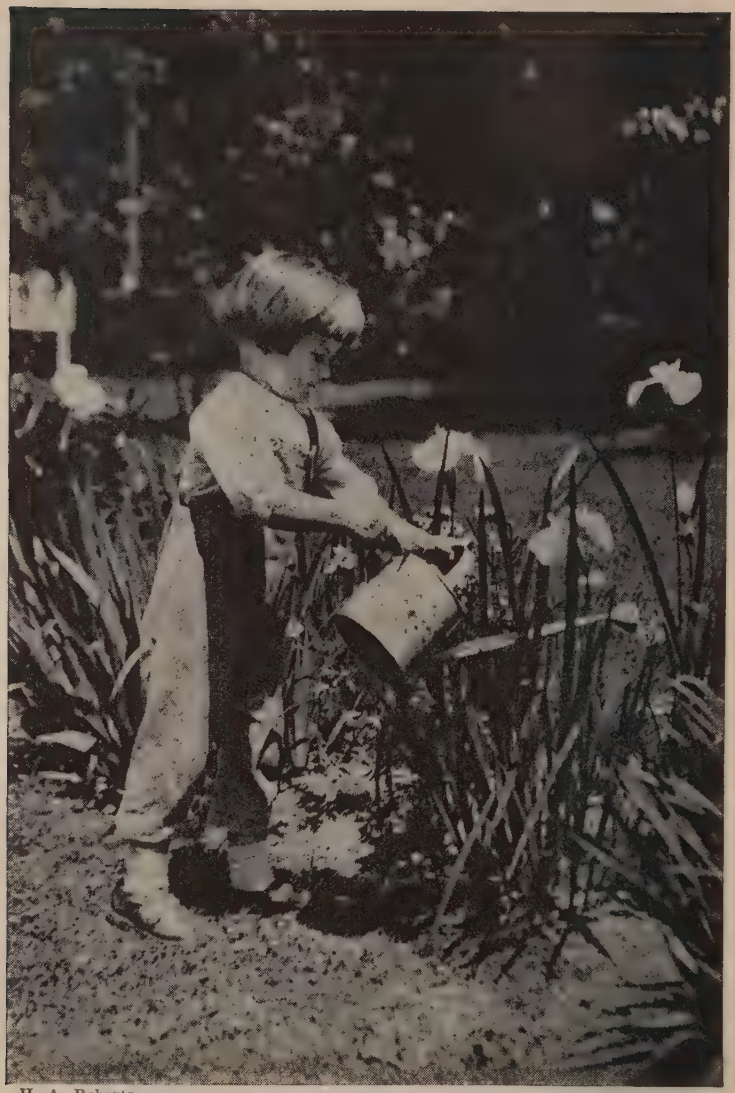
And the pretty princess said, "Please do."

So the little girl ran as fast as her legs would carry her all the way home, and she cried out, "Mamma, come quick! The princess has found baby brother!"

Mamma dropped what she was doing, and ran, just as she was, all the way down to the river. And she saw the pretty princess and the other ladies and the bulrushes and the little boat and her darling baby.

And the pretty princess said to the mamma, "Will you look after this baby for me, please?"

And the mamma said, "Indeed, I will." And she hugged her little baby ever so tight and ran back home with him and the little girl as fast as ever they could go. And they all lived happily for a long time afterward.



H. A. Roberts

Watering the Garden

Winnie's Watering Can

WINNIE loved to play with water. Indeed, she was always playing with it when her mamma wasn't looking.

One day she asked her mamma if she could water the garden. She asked so nicely that mamma at last told her she could do so if she would promise not to wet her shoes and stockings.

So Winnie went off to find a watering can. She could not find her own little watering can, so she thought she would try to use daddy's. She put it under the garden faucet and turned on the water. When she had filled the can half full, she found she could not lift it. So she tried to pour some out. Of course it would not go the right way, and some went over her shoes.

Winnie did not mind a bit, for she liked to have her shoes wet. So when enough water had run away over the path and over her shoes, she picked up the can and struggled with it over to mamma's flower bed. She tilted it up, but when she tried to hold it with one hand, as she had seen daddy do, again the water came over her shoes and stockings. In fact, more water went over her shoes and stockings than went on the garden.

Just then mamma came up and said, "What are you doing with that big can, Winnie?"

And Winnie said, "I'm watering your garden, Mamma dear."

But mamma replied, "I'm afraid that is just what you are not doing, Winnie dear. You are just watering your little toes, and that's not the way to make them grow."

So poor little Winnie had to go indoors and sit very still until her stockings and shoes were dry again and her feet were warmed by the fire. Then she promised her mamma that she really wouldn't play with water any more.

The Twins' Morning Prayer

DEAR LORD,
Thank you for a good night's rest
And for this new day.
Thank you for this nice home and food
and clothes.
Bless me and make me good and kind today.
Help me to help mamma all day long.
Bless her in her work at home.
Bless daddy in his work, too.
Keep us all well and strong,
For Jesus' sake. Amen.

The Man Who Tried to Run Away From God

ONE day God said to a man, "I want you to go to a big city and preach to the people so they will be good."

But the man said to himself, "I don't want to go. The people in that city are unkind, and they will hurt me if I tell them to be good. I will run away where God can't find me."

So he got into a big boat and sailed far out to sea. But after a little while a great storm arose, so that the sailors thought the boat would surely sink. They said to one another, "There must certainly be a bad man on this boat, or God would never send such a storm as this."

They asked this one and that, and finally found the man who was trying to run away from God. He said to them, "I'm so sorry for you all; it's all my fault. Throw me overboard, and the storm will stop."

But the sailors were kind men and did not want to throw him overboard, and they tried ever so hard to reach the land.

It was no use; the storm got worse and worse, and the boat rocked and tossed and tossed and rocked, until at last the sailors decided to throw the poor man overboard.

So they picked him up by his legs and his arms and cried, "One, two, three!—"

Splash! went the poor man as he dropped into the water and sank down, and down and down. How cold it must have felt!

And then what do you suppose happened?

Well, a great big fish came along with his mouth wide open and swallowed the man all up. Suddenly the poor man found himself sliding down a hot, dark, greasy passage to go plop! into the fish's inside.

It must have been terrible down there. The poor man must have felt awfully sick and uncomfortable. How he wished he had not tried to run away from God!

He had just enough breath left to pray, so he cried out to God, "Please let me out of this terrible place, and I will go at once to the big city and tell the people to be good."

And just then the big fish got a terrible pain in his inside, and he brought the poor man up again, and landed him safely on the sand by the seashore.

When he felt better the man washed himself, put on some clean clothes, and set out at once for the big city where God had wanted him to go. And no sooner had he preached to the people there than they all wanted to be good at once, and nobody wanted to do him any harm after all.

What a pity the man didn't go there at first when God spoke to him! And how foolish of him to try to run away from God!

God is always near us, wherever we are. "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me." Ps. 139:9, 10.

Mixing in the Love

MAMMA was making the Christmas puddings while Freddie and Jimmie looked on. They liked to watch mamma make Christmas puddings, because she put in such nice things, and every now and then she would give them a raisin or a tiny piece of orange peel.

Mamma said that making the Christmas puddings should be a happy occasion, for it was getting ready for the happiest day of the year. She said that everything she put into the pudding meant something good or kind. The big raisins stood for charity, the little currants for kind thoughts, the flour for friendliness, the butter for good will, the spice for good deeds. Putting in the eggs and milk to bind them all together would be like mixing in the love, mamma said.

Just as mamma was in the middle of making the pudding, Mrs. Jones called over the fence to ask a favor.

"I'll have to go in next door for a few minutes," mamma said to Freddie and Jimmie, "so mind you be good till I come back."

Mamma was away much longer than she expected, and Freddie and Jimmie got tired of waiting. They thought they might just as well help mamma a little.

"I'm going to stir the pudding for mamma," said Freddie, getting hold of the big spoon. "I know she'll be so glad to find it all stirred up when she gets back."

"Jimmie want to stir it all up too," said his little brother.

So Freddie put Jimmie up on the table and gave him a spoon as well.

Of course, they stirred the pudding all over the place. Some of it went on their cheeks and noses, and now and then

© Topical

"Mixing in the Love"

some of the nice bits went into their mouths. Finding a cupful of egg yolks, Freddie put them in too, and he was just trying hard to stir the sticky paste when the back door opened all of a sudden, and in ran mamma.

"Oh my dears! what are you doing?" she cried.

"Well," said Freddie, quite unconcerned, "we stirred up all the kind thoughts and good deeds, and now are just mixing in the love."

And, of course, mamma couldn't say anything to them after that.

The Twins' Evening Prayer

DEAR LORD,
Thank you for a happy day,
And for all the nice things you have given me.
Bless me now and make me a good boy.
Bless all the poor people,
And the sick people in the hospitals.
Bless the missionaries;
Help them to teach the colored boys and girls
about Jesus.
Bless dear, dear daddy and mamma.
Keep us all safe.
Give me a good sleep all night,
For Jesus' sake. Amen.

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The Prize Beauties

Beautiful Things

SOME time ago a competition was held in Australia and a prize offered for the most beautiful child and the most beautiful dog. On the other page you can see those that won the prize. I think they deserved it, don't you?

How we all love to look at beautiful things—and to possess them! Beautiful girls and beautiful boys, beautiful babes and beautiful toys!

Little girls like pretty dresses and nice-looking dolls.

Little boys like bright red cars and smart-looking steam engines.

But have you ever noticed that some things are not always so nice inside as they are outside? There is a very old saying, "All is not gold that glitters," and it is very true.

Do you know, one time a boy's daddy gave him a fine-looking steam engine for Christmas, and the very first time he wound it up the spring broke. It looked good outside, but it was bad inside. Wasn't the poor little boy disappointed!

And one time a mamma gave a little girl a most beautiful-looking doll. She was so pleased. But what do you suppose happened? Why, just as the little girl was hugging the doll and kissing its pretty face, its eyes fell in! And then it looked so ugly that the little girl felt she could never love it any more.

If you notice, you will find many things that look nice outside, but are poor and cheap and worthless inside.

Sometimes it happens this way with little boys and girls. Perhaps mamma will dress her children in nice new clothes so that they look so clean and spotless that one would think

they were almost little angels dropped down from the skies. But all of a sudden something goes wrong. They begin to quarrel, and there is such a noise and such a squabbling that one would think they were not children at all, but a lot of little monkeys from Africa.

It isn't just clothes and "looks" that make people beautiful. There are lots of little girls with the most lovely curly hair who can be as cross as bears when they can't have their own way.

And there's many a little boy looking very smart in a new suit of clothes who can be as stubborn as a mule when he chooses.

Have you ever read the story of David? Well, when God was looking for someone to make king of Israel, many fine-looking young men presented themselves. They were tall and strong, and some of them, perhaps, well dressed. But God was not satisfied. He told His prophet Samuel to send for the brave, honest little shepherd boy who was out in the fields keeping his father's sheep. He had a beautiful face, so the Bible tells us, and he was beautiful inside too. He had a good heart.

And God said to Samuel, "Arise, anoint him: for this is he." "For the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." 1 Sam. 16:12, 7.

So David was made king because he was good inside as well as outside.

It is goodness, not fine clothes, that makes people beautiful. The plainest-looking folks are often the most loved because of their good hearts.

It is goodness, not outward beauty, that God looks for first. We cannot hide our crossness from God by putting

on our Sabbath clothes. Nor will a kind heart pass His notice because it is clothed in rags.

And when Jesus comes back to this earth again—and He *is* coming very soon—to take His children to the wonderful home He is preparing for them, He will not bother much about their looks, you may be sure. What He will ask is, Does this child love Me? Is he a good boy? Has this little girl a loving heart?

If they do not love Him, He will just leave them behind. He simply couldn't take them into His beautiful kingdom and let them spoil it for everybody else. That is why the Bible says that when Jesus comes again, "the Son of man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire." Matt. 13:41, 42.

We don't like to read about that; it doesn't sound nice. But then, we do not need to have that happen to us. Jesus wants to have us all in His beautiful home, and He has done everything to make it possible. All He asks is that we love Him and try to be as good as He was when He was a little child. Then when He comes we shall hear Him say to us:

" 'Come, you whom My Father has blessed, come into your inheritance in the realm prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and you fed Me, I was thirsty and you gave Me drink, I was a stranger and you entertained Me, I was unclothed and you clothed Me, I was ill and you looked after Me, I was in prison and you visited Me.' Then the just will answer, 'Lord, when did we see you hungry, and fed you? or thirsty and gave you drink? when did we see you a stranger and entertain you? or unclothed and clothed you? when did we see you

ill or in prison and visit you?' The King will answer them, 'I tell you truly, in so far as you did it to one of these brothers of Mine, even to the least of them, you did it to Me.'" Matt. 25:34-40, Moffatt's translation.

That is God's idea of goodness. That is the beauty He loves. Those are the beautiful things He wants us to do. Those who do them He will take to the beautiful land where all is peace and joy and happiness, and where cross and ugly things never enter.

Let's plan to be there, shall we? and be ready when Jesus comes.

UNCLE ARTHUR'S
BEDTIME STORIES

Seventh Series

With Every Good Wish

To .....

From .....

V7A7

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Jesus as a Boy at Nazareth

Uncle Arthur's

BEDTIME STORIES

(*SEVENTH SERIES*)

By ARTHUR S. MAXWELL

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6.

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PREFACE

AND so the years roll on! Here, as much to our surprise as anybody's, is the seventh series.

As for the rest, they have gone to the four corners of the earth, being broadcast also from many stations. In reply, from the ends of the earth have come kindly words of appreciation. Unknown friends spring up everywhere to greet us. We are grateful.

And now we send number seven on its mission. All the stories, as before, are based on fact, and true to life. All are planned to teach some virtue or frown upon some sin. All are loyal to the Bible, exalting the commandments of God and the teachings of Jesus. That they may be a blessing to all who read them, and lead many a child into ways of righteousness and truth, is the sincere desire of

THE AUTHOR.

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CONTENTS

A Change of Plan - - - - - - 7
A Cry in the Night - - - - - - 13
The Storm - - - - - - - - 17
The Burglar - - - - - - - 21
Man Overboard - - - - - - - 27
Boisterous Bimbo - - - - - - 29
Rosalind's Medicine - - - - - - 33
"A Little Child Shall Lead Them" - - - 37
The Man Who Always Said His Prayers - - 41
When Dick Ran Away - - - - - 47
Faithful Unto Death - - - - - - 53

Stories for Tiny Tots

Feeding the Animals - - - - - - 59
Helping Daddy - - - - - - - 65
Tom's Slippers - - - - - - - 67
The Letter to Mamma . - - - - - 71
Cutting the Wrong Grass - - - - - 73
A Chick Tragedy - - - - - - 75
Four Jars of Jam - - - - - - 79
New Clothes for Old - - - - - - 83
A True Dog Story - - - - - - 87
Our Wonderful World - - - - - 91

H. M. Lambert

Giving Their Little Friends a Ride

A Change of Plan

A Christmas Story

THE radio weather report said that snow was coming. This was good news for Joe and Gerald. It set them ablaze with energy.

They had often talked about making sleds for themselves, but so far had never done so. The good news about the snow made them decide to make one each. And with a right good will they began the task.

Every moment they could spare from their schoolwork the boys spent in the shed at the bottom of Gerald's garden, sawing, planing, hammering, until at last, to their great joy, the sleds were completed and ready for the arrival of the snow.

But it did not come. Probably the clouds were blown away after the weather experts had looked at them. However that may be, it is certain that for many days there were two sleds in the shed, with nothing to slide them on.

The school term ended, and still there was no snow. Day after day went by, cold and wet. There seemed about as much prospect of snow as of a heat wave. The boys gave up hope and wished they had never taken the trouble to make their sleds.

At last Christmas Eve arrived, and with it came a sudden change. The rain stopped, the thermometer went down with a rush, and a strong wind arose.

"Something is going to happen," said Joe, as he went to bed that night. And he was right.

In the morning the clouds had gone, and the rising sun glistened on a vast expanse of snow. A heavy fall had covered the whole landscape with a glorious white mantle.

Gerald was overjoyed. As soon as he awoke, he guessed what had happened, for he could see the reflection of the snow on the ceiling. He leaped out of bed, dressed as quickly as he could, and rushed down the garden to the shed where the precious sleds had been stored so long. He hauled them both over the snow up to the house, and then ran off to find Joe.

How happy they were! This was better than their highest expectations. No Christmas Day could have started more joyously for them. They decided that they would go off at once to a neighboring hill and enjoy themselves to the full.

They trotted off down the street, dragging their sleds behind them. School friends shouted to them.

"Lucky fellows," they cried; "let's have a ride."

"Not now," cried Joe and Gerald, "we're going off by ourselves today."

"Lend us one of your sleds," cried another.

"Nothing doing!" shouted Joe. "You should have made one for yourself."

Ralph Morton, the lame boy, waved his hand cheerfully from his window, and wished them a jolly time.

"Nice of him, wasn't it?" said Gerald.

"Yes," said Joe, " 'specially as he can never hope to pilot a sled of his own."

Just then they passed Madge Green's house. They had always been friendly with her and her little sisters. She

greeted them cheerfully as usual, and wished them a happy Christmas.

"Wish I could come for a slide," she said, "but I can't today. I'm helping mother all I can, so that she may have a really happy Christmas."

The boys passed on. Soon they were out of the town and ascending the hill, dragging their sleds behind them. Then they prepared their slide and the fun began.

Swish! Away they went down the hill. Then up to the top again. Then another glorious slide. So they played together for a couple of hours.

After a while, however, Joe noticed a change coming over Gerald's face.

"What's up, Gerald?" asked Joe with some concern, as they climbed up the hill together.

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A Game of Snowball

"Nothing much," said Gerald, "only somehow I'm not getting as much fun out of this as I thought I should."

"Aren't you?" said Joe. "I'm not, either. Of course, it's nice in a way, yet I don't feel comfortable. I wonder why it is?"

"Funny we should both feel the same way," said Gerald, "isn't it?"

"Very funny," said Joe, as they trudged on up to the top.

Swish! Down they went again.

On the way up they discussed their strange feelings again.

"I think I know what's the matter," said Joe.

"What?" asked Gerald.

"I keep thinking about Ralph."

"So do I," said Gerald. "And Madge and the others. I wish we hadn't left them behind. Bit mean of us, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Joe.

There was silence again as they climbed slowly upward.

"I think we'll have only one more," said Joe.

"All right," said Gerald.

They had the last slide, and then turned toward home. On the way they talked of how they would spend the afternoon. As they reached the town, they began calling at the homes of some of their little friends who had no sleds. What they said seemed to make them very happy.

Dinner was scarcely over when there was a loud knock at their front door. Running out, Joe and Gerald found a happy, excited group of children waiting for them.

"Hurrah!" they all cried when they saw the two boys.

"I'll be first," said one, and "Me, me, me first!" called another.

Then, sorting the visitors out, Joe and Gerald put two or three of them on each sled, and began to give them rides up and down the street. Oh, the shrieks of joy! How they all did laugh and yell!

All the afternoon they kept it up—except for a game of snowball now and then—giving rides to all the children in turn, until at last, too weary to run any more, Joe and Gerald sent them all home and put the hard-worked sleds back in the shed once more.

"Well, it's been a glorious day," said Gerald, "but the afternoon was the best of all."

"It really was," said Joe. "What a great time we had. The morning on the hill wasn't anything like it."

"Do you know, Joe," said Gerald, "I had made up my mind that I never would let anyone use my sled, but I didn't really begin to enjoy it until I started to share it with the others."

"You're right," said Joe. "Doesn't the Bible say somewhere that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive'? I think that's why we both felt so much happier after dinner, don't you?"

And Gerald agreed. "This is the best Christmas Day we've had," he said.

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Launching the Lifeboat

A Cry in the Night

NOWADAYS we are all familiar with radio and loud speakers, batteries and head phones, and all sorts of strange things that nobody had heard of a few years ago. Almost every home has a radio. And what a wonderful thing it is that these little instruments can bring the sound of people's voices to us from hundreds of miles away!

Most of the programs we listen to come from big broadcasting stations in various parts of the country, but occasionally one can hear messages from ships at sea or even from airplanes in flight. The tic-tic-tic that one sometimes hears is probably one ship talking to another in Morse code. People who understand this code can therefore learn what one captain is saying to another.

Some time ago there was a man in the south of England who made it his hobby to listen to these messages from ships. Long after the big broadcasting stations had closed down for the night, he would go on listening, picking up one ship after another.

Then one stormy night his aerial was blown down. He might have left it down and gone to bed. But no, he was so keen about his hobby that he went out in the dark, climbed the fir tree at the end of his garden, fixed up the wire as best he could, and went back to his radio again.

Hardly had he begun to tune in than he became aware of the persistent call of S O S, the universal signal of a ship in distress. This, he thought, was interesting indeed, and

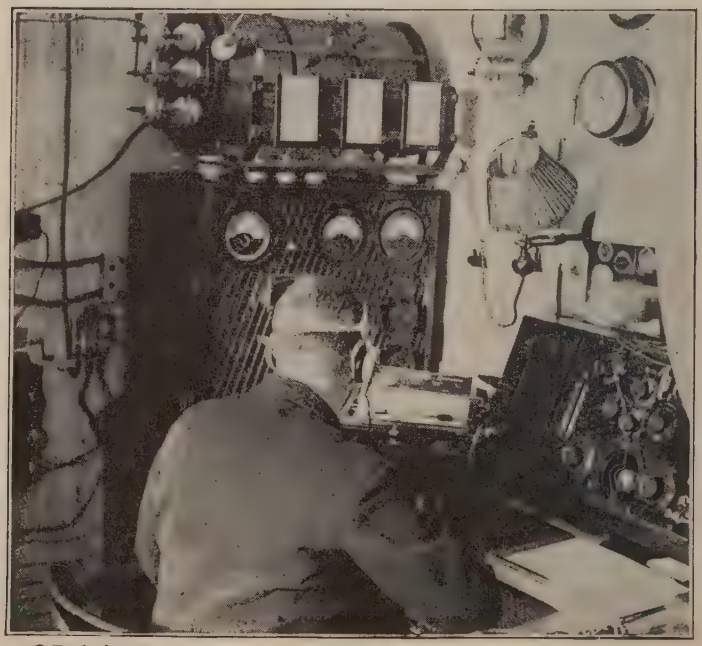
well worth the trouble he had taken to fix his aerial. The call continued, S O S—S O S—S O S.

Suddenly it dawned upon him that the call was not being answered. Of course, he told himself, that was why it was being repeated so continuously. Could it be, then, that he was the only one listening to this cry for help?

Just then, in broken English, came this urgent and piteous appeal:

"Please, everybody come and help."

The man jumped to his feet and ran to the telephone.



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Radio Operator Listening In on Board Ship

Ringing up the nearest radio station, he asked if they had heard the call. They had not. He begged them to listen. They agreed. Messages were sent out, asking other ships to stop signaling for a time. At once the cry of the little ship was heard. Immediately help was sent, and the ship was saved.

An hour after telephoning to the radio station the man's aerial was blown down again. It had stayed up just long enough for the signal of distress to be heard!

Strange, wasn't it? Surely the hand of God was in this thing for some good purpose.

And just as this lonely man with his little homemade radio was able to bring help to that storm-tossed ship, while the big station was too busy to hear its cry, so even little children, small though they are, may hear many a cry in the night from sad and suffering souls, and by kind and loving deeds, bring help and blessing to many such "ships" in distress.

Triangle

"Come, Let's Build a Big Castle"

The Storm

KEN should have been a very happy boy. Was he not at the seaside for a glorious two weeks' vacation? Did he not have a new bucket and spade? Had not daddy given him a new boat with red sails? Did he not have beautiful sands to play on, and the cool, refreshing sea in which to bathe?

He did, but he was not happy.

He had just had a very good dinner, too, but still he was not happy. In fact, he was feeling very rebellious, and he looked it. An ugly scowl covered his face, and his lips pouted out quite half an inch.

Of course it was all about nothing, as usual. Daddy had asked him to stop throwing stones, as it was annoying other people on the beach. Ken thought he should be allowed to throw stones on the beach, and daddy had to say "Stop!" with a lot of meaning in it before his little son would stop. Hence that terrible look on Ken's face.

"Come and help build a big sand castle," said daddy, trying to make things easy for him. "The tide will soon be up, and we can watch it attack our fortress."

"Don't want to build any old castle," said Ken.

"Come along, come along," said daddy.

"Don't want to," said Ken fiercely, turning round and walking away.

"All right," said daddy, "I'll build it myself." And so saying he picked up a spade and began to dig.

Meanwhile Ken trudged on and on along the beach.

Really it was a very funny sight, for he was only a little boy of nine, and there he was with his hands deep in his pockets and his brow all puckered up as if he were plotting a revolution. Farther and farther he wandered. He did not seem to notice the passing of time nor the fact that he had left his family and friends far behind.

Still boiling with anger, he trudged savagely on. He didn't want to be with anybody, he told himself. He didn't want to play with the others anymore. He wanted to be by himself and do just as he pleased. Now he could throw stones where he liked and when he liked, for there wasn't anybody anywhere. And he was glad, glad, glad about it, that he was!

Just then a sudden chilling of the air made him look upward. Till now the sun had been shining brightly. The past few days, indeed, had all been fine and hot. But now a dark cloud obscured the sun, and a cold gust of wind came from the southwest.

Ken slowed down a little. He did not like the look of the sky. But, turn back? No, indeed, he wouldn't.

Ten minutes later Ken looked at the sky again. Almost all the blue had gone. Rising fast from the horizon were black, angry-looking clouds. The occasional gusts of wind had become a gale. The sea that had been so calm a little while before was being lashed to fury.

A dull boom in the distance brought Ken to a standstill. His little face lost its scowl and turned very pale. He didn't like storms.

Boom! Boom! Boom! rolled the thunder, getting louder and louder.

Flash! Across the black clouds leaped lightning more terrible than Ken had even seen.

Crack! Boom! Crash! A terrific peal of thunder sounded right above him.

Ken stood still, petrified with fright. Wildly he looked around for shelter, but there was none. Along that lonely beach not even a sea gull could have found cover.

And now the rain!

Swish! Swish! Swish! Driven hard by the gale, it beat upon the beach and splashed with an uncanny hissing into the sea.

Poor Ken was soaked in a moment. Water streamed through his shirt. He dropped beside a breakwater and buried his head in his hands.

Boom! Boom! rolled the thunder, as loud and terrible as before.

"Oh dear!" cried Ken to himself, "why did I come so far away? I wish I had stayed with the others. Oh dear! Will this thunder never stop?"

Crash! Another terrifying peal thundered over his head. It was too much for the little chap. Tears flowed at last, rolling down his cheeks and mingling with the rain that was pouring in torrents over him.

Ah, what was that? Another sound had reached his ears amid the storm.

Surely that was a footstep. Someone was walking on the beach somewhere.

Ken looked up and peered over the breakwater through the blinding rain.

Hurrah! Yes! Someone with an umbrella held close and low before him as he fought his way against the gale.

Ken felt he had never been so glad to see anybody before. He called out, but his little voice was drowned by the storm.

Crack! A flash and a report right overhead again sent Ken huddling beside his breakwater.

But the footsteps drew nearer. Ken peeped over again. Yes, there was the umbrella, much nearer now.

Then another fear gripped his heart. Would this person care for him? Would he want to stop in this storm? Would he want to share his umbrella in such rain as this? Ken huddled down again in fear and discouragement.

The footsteps stopped. Ken looked up. The umbrella was overhead.

"Hello, Ken," said a familiar voice, "what on earth are you doing here?"

"O Dad! Did *you* come for me?" cried Ken, tears breaking out afresh as he threw his arms round daddy. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come! I'm sorry I was so mean. I won't be so horrid any more."

"That's all right, son," said daddy. "We'll forget about all that. But if you ever do want to go walking on your own again, I hope you won't choose a day like this."

And then, with the gale behind them and the thunder gradually rolling away into the distance, they walked back hand in hand together.

The Burglar

MURIEL came bounding in from school.

"O Mamma," she cried, "what do you think? Why, almost all the girls in my class are going to Jenny's party on Thursday night."

"Are they?" said mamma, trying hard to be interested, though she was feeling very tired. "That will be nice."

"But that's not all," said Muriel; "they've almost all told me that they are going to have the loveliest new dresses—silk and crepe, you know, and things like that."

"They must be happy, then," said mamma.

"Yes, but, Mamma, what about me? I can't go in my old dress."

"It's not very old," said mamma. "Why, you had it new for your birthday. Anyhow, dear, I don't think I could possibly finish the other by Thursday."

Muriel did not notice the look of utter weariness that passed over mamma's face at the very thought of taking on another job just now.

"Mamma!" she cried, "you don't mean to say that I cannot have my new dress for Thursday? Why, I've got to have it! I must have it! I couldn't go to Jenny's party without it. Whatever would they think of me? All the other girls with new frocks on, and me in that old cotton thing! Of course I must have it."

The bright, happy look that was on Muriel's face as she had bounded into the dining room faded away, and in its place was an ugly scowl. The more she thought about her

fancied grievance, the darker the scowl became. Gradually she worked herself up into a thoroughly bad temper.

"I must have my new frock," she cried, stamping her foot on the floor.

"Now, come," said mamma sternly. "It is not becoming for a little girl to behave like this. I don't think you would do it if Jenny were here."

"I wouldn't care if anybody was here," cried Muriel wildly, tears running down her cheeks.

"Now, Muriel," said mamma, "this is very foolish of you. You must be overtired. Please go to your bedroom. I will bring you your supper later."

Muriel stormed out of the room and up the stairs. Some time later mamma went up with a very plain supper. She did not say much, only stopping long enough to put little Jimmie to bed. Jimmie did not bother his head about the state of affairs, though he thought it was strange that Muriel should go to bed so early.

An hour passed. Muriel tried to sleep, but could not. Conscience was keeping her awake. She knew she should be sorry for her very naughty conduct, but something kept her from saying so. She rolled and tossed upon her bed. Another hour passed; then another. At last she dropped into a troubled sleep. It seemed hardly a moment before she was awakened by a small hand tugging at her nose. It was Jimmie.

"Sis, sis," he was saying, "I'm frightened. Let me come into your bed."

Muriel sat up.

"What's the matter, Jimmie?" she said, lifting the shivering little chap in beside her.

"Oh, didn't you hear it? The noise—downstairs!"

"No," said Muriel. "I was asleep. What sort of noise?"

"Someone walking about," said Jimmie.

Muriel listened. It was a dark night, and very still. A cool breeze came in from the wide-open window.

The clock in the dining room struck—one, two.

"Why, it's two o'clock," said Muriel. "There can't be anybody about now."

"But there was, just a little while ago," said Jimmie. "You should have heard."

Suddenly Muriel's heart stood still, and she seemed to tingle all over. She too had heard a footstep in the room beneath her.

"Did you hear it then?" said Jimmie.

"Yes," said Muriel. "I wonder——"

"Do you think it's a burglar?" asked Jimmie in a whisper.

"It might be," said Muriel, now very much frightened herself.

"What shall we do?" asked Jimmie. "Do you think he will hurt us?"

Muriel did not know what to say. Her first thought was to dive under the bedclothes. Then she remembered how she had once told the girls at school what she would do if burglars ever came to her house. She thought a moment.

"There it is again!" whispered Jimmie, pressing closer to his big sister.

"Jimmie," said Muriel, "do you know, I'd really like to see a burglar, just once, so I could tell the girls at school."

"Would you? I wouldn't," said Jimmie.

"Will you come with me if I go down?" asked Muriel. "I'll look after you."

Jimmie was doubtful, but at last decided to go. Together they slipped out of bed. Ever so quietly they crept to the bedroom door and opened it.

Creak! went the hinges, so loud that the two nearly ran back to bed. But they held each other's hands a little more tightly and went toward the stairs.

Creak! went the top stair.

They waited a moment, and then went down a little farther.

Creak! went the fifth stair.

Again they waited. Then on farther.

Creak! creak! went the landing.

"He'll hear us," whispered Jimmie. "Let's go back."

"Wait a minute," whispered Muriel, pressing his little hand. "We're nearly there. See, there's a light under the dining room door. I must see what a burglar's like, for I may never have the chance again."

"But won't he hurt us?" asked Jimmie.

"We'll run too fast," said Muriel.

They were down in the hall now.

Slowly and ever so quietly they moved toward the door. It was slightly ajar. Muriel pushed it just a teeny-weeny bit. Then a teeny-weeny bit more. And such a teeny-weeny bit more. So it was opened, wider and wider, until at last Muriel thought she could put her head round just enough to see inside.

Jimmie held her hand very tightly as she peered round the corner.

"Muriel!" cried a voice, while a pair of scissors clattered on the floor.

"Mamma!" cried Muriel.

They looked at each other.

"Mamma! what are you doing here at this time of the night? It's nearly half-past two, and you look worn out."

"Just a little dressmaking," said mamma.

"Not my dress, surely," cried Muriel. "Oh, it is! Mamma, you shouldn't. I don't deserve it. You shouldn't have stayed up so long. You were so tired."

She threw her arms round mamma's neck. "I'm so, so sorry," she said, her tears falling fast.

"Never mind," said mamma. "The dress is nearly done now. Let us all go to bed. But what is Jimmie doing down here?"

"Muriel said I should see a burglar if I came downstairs, and now there isn't one," muttered Jimmie, looking disappointed.

"I'm sorry," said Muriel, as they went upstairs together, "but mamma is surely better than a burglar, isn't she?"

"S'pose so," said Jimmie, with a tired little smile.

And so mother love, forever patient, forever long-suffering, and forgiving, triumphed again.

© Topical

H. M. S. "Victory" Flying Nelson's Famous Signal, "England Expects Every Man to Do His Duty"

Man Overboard!

MANY a stirring story has been told of the great Lord Nelson, who led the British fleet to many a gallant victory in days of old. You have all read of Trafalgar. Perhaps you have been fortunate enough to see Nelson's flagship in Portsmouth harbor. But here is a story about him that for courage and self-sacrifice outshines perhaps his greatest triumphs.

He was sailing through the Straits of Gibraltar in a small frigate, intent on rejoining the main fleet stationed some distance out in the Atlantic. Suddenly he was sighted by two Spanish men-of-war. As Spain was then at war with Britain, these two ships immediately gave chase to Nelson, hoping to cut him off and destroy his ship before he could reach his fleet.

Nelson, seeing his perilous situation, crowded on all possible sail, hoping against hope that he would come in sight of the fleet before he should be overtaken.

Hour after hour the chase continued, the larger and more powerful Spanish men-of-war slowly but surely overhauling the British ship. Nearer and still nearer they approached. Nelson prepared for action, though he knew the odds were all against him. He would do his best anyway, and certainly, whatever happened, he would never haul down his flag.

Then suddenly the cry was raised, "Man overboard!" Someone had been struck by a heavy sea, and swept over the ship's side.

In those bad old days life was cheap. And in a desperate situation like this, with the enemy drawing nearer every moment and death staring all in the face, who would care that one poor seaman was lost?

The news was carried to Nelson's ears.

"Man overboard, sir," reported an officer.

"Who is it?" asked Nelson.

"Harvey, sir."

"Harvey! We can't afford to lose Harvey!" cried Nelson.

Then without a moment's hesitation, he gave that heroic command:

"About sail! Lower a boat."

The men stared at him in amazement, but in those days to hear was to obey. Instantly the word was passed through the ship that Harvey was to be rescued at all costs. The frigate turned, a boat was lowered, and brave men rowed back, seemingly into the very jaws of death, to rescue the sinking man.

They saved him.

And then a strange thing happened. Suddenly the Spanish ships were seen to alter their course. With a swift movement they turned and fled in the direction whence they had come. They thought, so it was learned afterward, that Nelson must surely have sighted the British fleet, or he never would have turned at such a moment.

So Nelson's self-sacrifice in that desperate moment saved both himself and all his men.

And it often happens so.

Boisterous Bimbo

IT was half-past four.

All was quiet and peaceful in the Cooper household. Connie, already home from school, had seated herself comfortably in a chair by the fire and started to do her homework. Baby sister was on the hearth rug building a castle with her bricks and humming softly to herself.

Suddenly they looked up. They had heard a familiar and unwelcome sound.

"La-la-la-la-la-la-la——"

"Bimbo!" said Connie. "Now there will be no more peace."

She was right. A moment later the back door was opened violently and banged against the kitchen wall.

"Hello, hello!" cried eight-year-old Bimbo. "Where's everybody? La-la-la-la-la-la——"

He burst into the dining room, flinging the door back against the sideboard with such a crash that a small vase clattered to the floor and smashed.

"Bimbo, you naughty boy!" cried Connie. "What will mamma say?"

"Hello, Con. I couldn't help it. What are you doing there anyway? You don't want to read any more today, do you? Come and play marbles."

With that Bimbo emptied his pockets on the table, marbles by the dozen dropping on the floor and rolling all over the place.

"I don't want to play marbles this evening," said Connie. "I've got to learn this poetry for tomorrow morning."

"Aw, come on," cried Bimbo, "drop that. You can do it later." And so saying he knocked Connie's book out of her hand.

Connie jumped out of her chair in anger.

"What do you mean by that?" she cried. "Why can't you leave people alone?"

"Oh, hoity-toity," teased Bimbo, pulling Connie's hair and kicking her book across the room. Unfortunately it hit baby sister's castle and brought it tumbling down in ruins.

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" cried baby sister. "You horrid Bimbo! You've broken my castle, and I wanted mamma to see it. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

Then with all the desperation of disappointment she picked up a brick and hurled it with all her baby might at Bimbo's head. He ducked, and it struck a picture on the wall, shattering the glass to fragments.

Just at this moment the back door opened again and in walked mamma.

"What does all this mean?" she asked, looking around at the angry, tearful faces and the litter of broken glass and china on the floor. "I heard the noise when I was half-way up the garden. Why, the room looks a battlefield!"

"Wasn't my fault," said Bimbo; "they just don't seem to like my coming home, that's what it is."

"Mamma, it was all his fault," said Connie heatedly. "We were both so peaceful and happy till he came in. I wish he would never come home from school again."

"And he knocked my lovely castle over," added baby sister. "Horrid Bimbo!"

Mamma understood. "You come with me, Bimbo," she said. "I think we must have a little talk together about this."

Bimbo followed mamma upstairs. While Bimbo took off some of his clothes, mamma found a little strap that she kept for such occasions in her room. Then Bimbo began to sing "La-la-la-la-la" in a different key.

Afterward mamma began to talk with him.

"Bimbo," she said, "you must pull yourself together and behave more like a civilized little boy. You are so wild and rowdyish that one would think you belonged to a tribe of savages. Every day you seem to get worse. You are always upsetting the others and making yourself a nuisance."

"I didn't mean to," said Bimbo.

"Of course you didn't," said mamma, "but if you would only think about it and determine to be different, you would be. And you must. Things cannot go on like this. Why, it's terrible that Connie and baby should dread the very thought of your coming into the house!"

"Oh dear!" sighed Bimbo.

"I've got an idea," said mamma. "I want you to make up your mind that as soon as you come into the house every evening, you will say something nice and kind to everybody, and think how you can help make the others happy."

"Ugh!" sighed Bimbo.

"You will, won't you?" urged mamma.

"I'll think about it," said Bimbo.

And at that mamma left him.

Bimbo did think about it. Indeed, he thought a lot about it. But school came the next day, and he forgot about it. At least, he forgot until he turned the corner of his street on the way home. Then he remembered; and all the way

up the street he laid his plans as to what he would do when he got indoors.

Creeping up to the back door, he entered so quietly that nobody heard him. Tiptoeing across the room, he surprised Connie almost out of her wits by dangling a bag of candy under her nose.

"I didn't eat all my candy today," he said, "and I brought these home for you and baby."

"Well, I never!" gasped Connie, too taken aback to know what else to say.

Bimbo, a little self-conscious, ran quickly out into the kitchen again, shut the door softly, and seeing some dirty dishes in the sink, began to wash them.

He was in the middle of drying them when mamma came in.

"Well!" she cried, dropping down upon the nearest chair and holding her hands in the air. "Did you ever! My wild, boisterous Bimbo is tame at last!"

Bimbo heard—and smiled, and always after that, when he turned the corner of his street on his way home from school, he would begin to plan some pleasant surprise on the others.

Soon, instead of Connie and baby saying, "Oh dear, there's Bimbo coming!" they began to say, "Hurrah! Bimbo will soon be home!"

Rosalind's Medicine

PEOPLE who live in hot countries have to take great care of their health. If they don't, they usually catch some serious disease, which causes them much pain and discomfort, and sometimes death.

One of these diseases is malaria. Even the most careful people sometimes get it, but it has been found that if one takes a medicine called quinine, the attacks are much less severe.

Now quinine is not a very nice medicine. It has a very bitter taste, and most children have a strong dislike for it.

Anyhow, Rosalind certainly had. She hated it, and did not hesitate to tell her mother so.

She lived on a mission station in Africa, and malaria was very prevalent in the district. The whole family suffered from it a good deal, Rosalind included.

One day she felt another attack coming on. Mother noticed it, put her to bed, and went for the quinine.

But Rosalind did not want the quinine. She disliked it so much she thought she would rather have the malaria than take the horrid stuff.

Mother begged and implored her to take it, but in vain. You know the scene that so often takes place when a little girl is asked to take some nasty medicine! Well, that is just what happened then. Rosalind was obstinate. She would not take quinine. Mother, knowing that the little girl's life depended on her taking it, began to insist.

"You must take it, Rosalind," she said.

"I don't want to," said the little girl. "It's horrible stuff."

"But you will be very ill indeed, if you do not take it," said mother.

"Then I'll be ill," said Rosalind defiantly.

"Well," said mother sternly, "you must take it. I do not want you to be ill. There is too much to do here already without having a sick child to care for."

"I'll tell you what," said Rosalind, "if you will leave the medicine on the table and go out of the room, I promise you it will be all gone when you come back."

"All right," said mother happily, glad for some way out of the struggle. "There it is now. Drink it all up, there's a good girl, and when I come back I will bring you something nice."

Mother went out and closed the door. A little later she returned to the room, saw the glass was empty, and handed Rosalind a piece of candy. She thought Rosalind did not look very happy, but put it down to the nasty taste of the medicine.

That night Rosalind's temperature went up ever so high, and she became delirious.

Mother grew alarmed. Poor Rosalind became steadily worse. Very sick, and racked with pain, she almost wished she could die.

Every moment she could spare, mother sat by the little girl's bedside to soothe and comfort her.

"Mother," said Rosalind the next evening, "there's something I've got to tell you."

"Is there?" said mother. "I wonder what it is. But there, perhaps you had better not talk much now. When you get better you can tell me."

"No, I must tell you in case—in case—I don't get better," said Rosalind.

"Whatever can it be then?" asked mother.

"Well, Mother dear," said Rosalind, "I know why I am so ill."

"Do you, dear?"

"Yes, Mother. You know that medicine I wouldn't take?"

"Yes, I remember," said mother with a smile. "You mean the medicine you wouldn't take till I went out of the room?"

"Yes," said Rosalind very sadly and talking with difficulty. "I never took it."

"Rosalind!"

"Yes, I threw it out the window."

There was silence for several minutes.

"Are you very cross, Mother?" asked Rosalind after a little while.

"Not cross, only sorry," said mother.

"Oh, that's much worse," said Rosalind.

"But you understand now, dear, don't you?" said mother.

"I do indeed."

"It costs too much, doesn't it, dear, to disobey?"

"It does," said Rosalind.

And they squeezed hands in the gathering darkness while Rosalind resolved that if Jesus would make her well again, she would try to be a better girl and never deceive her mother again.

She kept her promise.

H. A. Roberts

"Help Me Not to Be Naughty"

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

YOU may think this is a made-up story, but it isn't. It is absolutely true. I know the little boy and girl it concerns very well indeed, and it was their mamma who told it to me.

Of course the names are not real. I couldn't tell you the real names, could I? So I will call the boy Donald and the girl Margaret. Margaret was five and Donald eight and a half.

It so happened that one day when mamma was clearing up the dining room she threw an old Christmas card on the fire. It was a very old one that had been sent to Margaret at least four years before.

Hardly was it alight, however, than Margaret, spying it, began to make the biggest fuss you ever heard.

"That's my Christmas card," she cried. "You shouldn't have burned it. I've kept it all this time, and I want it. It's mine."

"But it was such a dirty card," said mamma, trying to make the matter right. "And it has been lying about the place for such a long time I thought you did not want it any more."

"But of course I wanted it," cried Margaret getting more angry. "You should have known I wanted it. Why should you burn my things anyway?"

Mamma tried calmly to explain to Margaret that she had lots of other cards, that all together they were of no

Ewing Galloway

Mothers Find That When Little Girls Are Naughty, Sometimes They Cannot Be Reasoned With, as in Margaret's Case

real value, and that very soon there would be another Christmas, when she would probably receive many more.

But Margaret refused to be reasoned with, and began calling her mamma some very naughty names. Whereupon mamma tried another method of helping her little daughter—and the neighbors must have wondered what was happening next door. Just what happened I will leave you to guess, but I can tell you that very shortly afterward a sobbing little girl was getting in between a pair of sheets upstairs.

Donald was in bed by now also, and when mamma had kissed them both good night and gone out of the room, he began to talk. Mamma, on the stairs, overheard what was said.

"Margaret," said Donald, "you must be a good girl and go fast asleep."

"I can't go to sleep," said Margaret. "I've been so naughty, and I don't want mamma to whip me any more."

"Yes, dearie," said Donald, with sympathy and wisdom beyond his years, "you have been very naughty, and it made me feel so sad and ill inside, but if you would just say a little prayer all for yourself, it would make everything all right."

"I don't know what to say," said Margaret, amid sobs.

"If you like, Margaret, I will help you," said Donald, "and you could say it after me. Shall I?"

"Yes, please."

There was a pause. Then Donald began.

"Dear Lord Jesus. Now Margaret, do, please."

"Dear Lord Jesus," repeated Margaret.

"Help me not to be naughty," said Donald.

"Help me not to be naughty," repeated Margaret.

"Forgive me for showing a naughty temper tonight," said Donald.

The sobs increased, and Margaret did not speak.

"But you must say it," Donald insisted.

At last Margaret repeated, "Forgive me for showing a naughty temper tonight."

"And make me a good little girlie," continued Donald.

"And make me a good little girlie," repeated Margaret.

"And please wash all my sins away, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." said Donald.

Margaret again repeated after him.

"Is that all now, Donald?" she asked. "And is it all right?"

"Yes, dear," said Donald; "don't cry any more now. You know, the sheet you've spoiled in your book in heaven—where the angels write all that we do—has now been smudged all over with something like red, *ever so red*, crayon, and it has hidden all the writing about your naughty tricks, and no one can ever read about them again. That's just what Jesus does when we are sorry and ask Him to forgive us. Aren't you pleased, Margaret?"

"Oh, yes, Donald. I feel better now. And mummy won't spank me any more?"

"No, Margaret, course not. You've asked Jesus to make you good, and if we're good, mum and dad are happy, and then they never have to whip us, do they?"

"No," said Margaret.

"Good night," said Donald.

"Good night, Donald," said Margaret. "I'm so glad it's all right now."

Then silence, while mamma crept softly downstairs with tears in her eyes and gladness in her heart, happy to know that her darlings had already found a friend in Jesus, and were learning so soon to roll their burden upon the Lord.

The Man Who Always Said His Prayers

JOHN and his mother were in a city restaurant. It was packed with people, and they were waiting more or less patiently to be served. At last the waitress appeared, bringing them their dinner.

John, who was very hungry, seized his knife and fork, and prepared to eat. Then he hesitated.

Mother had bowed her head to say grace. John looked at her, then at the people all around, and blushing just a little, took his first bite.

"You didn't forget anything, did you?" asked mother, as she started to eat.

"No," said John, "but I didn't like to; everybody was looking at me."

"But what does that matter?" asked mother. "If it is right to thank God for our food at home, surely we should do it everywhere we go."

"But the people stare so," said John. "It makes me feel so uncomfortable."

"It shouldn't," said mother. "We should never be afraid of people when we are doing right."

John went on eating vigorously, and in silence. The matter was apparently forgotten.

But when John asked for a story that night, mother had one ready for him. Indeed, John was surprised how quickly mother thought of one this time, for sometimes she took a long time to do so.

"This is the story," said mother, "of the man who always said his prayers."

"What, prayed all day long?" asked John.

"Oh, no," said mother, "but he always said his prayers, no matter what people said of him or how they treated him. His name was Daniel, and it was his practice to pray three times a day, once in the morning when he got up, once at dinnertime, and once just before he went to bed."

"That's once more than we do," said John.

"Yes," said mother, "and that is perhaps why he was such a good man. Anyhow, that was his habit. Now, in those days people did not live in houses like ours. There was no glass in their windows, and unless the curtains were drawn, people could readily see in. So it often happened that passers-by saw Daniel praying in his room. They did not disturb him, but they peered in, wondering, perhaps, just what he was doing.

"One day some of his enemies happened to pass the window, and seeing Daniel at prayer, thought of a new way of causing him harm. Having much influence with the king, they went to him and said, 'We want you to make a law that if anyone asks a petition of any god or man other than yourself during the next month, he shall be cast to the lions.' Of course it was a very foolish decree, but the king, feeling flattered at the idea, signed it, and it became law.

"At once the law was published all over the kingdom, and people began to wonder just how it would work out. Many knew about Daniel's habit of saying his prayers three times a day, and they said to each other, "I wonder what he will do now?'

"Early the next morning people began to gather round Daniel's house. 'Will he pray at his window, as usual?'

was the question on everybody's lips, 'or will he obey the king's decree?'

"More and more people came. Every eye was fixed on Daniel's window.

"At last the hour of prayer arrived. Daniel knelt in his usual place and prayed as he had always done. He made no attempt to draw the curtains and hide himself, though he could easily have done so."

"Did he know about the law?" asked John.

"Oh, yes," said mother, "he must have known. He was the chief ruler of the land, next to the king, and his servants would surely have brought him word about what his enemies had persuaded the king to do in his absence. That is why what he did was so brave. He realized what he might have to suffer for saying his prayers, but he said them just the same.

"How the people must have stared as they saw him kneeling there! I expect some said, 'Brave man!' and others, 'How dare he disobey the king?'

"His enemies were there, too, and they at once ran off to tell the king. They were overjoyed that Daniel had so soon fallen into the trap they had laid for him.

" 'Do you know,' they said to the king, 'that fellow Daniel has actually dared to defy your decree already? He is saying his prayers as usual now. You must have him arrested and cast to the lions at once.'

"Now the king thought a great deal of Daniel. He knew that Daniel was a good man, and he valued his wise counsel in caring for his kingdom. The last thing he wanted was to see Daniel cast to the lions. He felt so sorry that his foolish pride had led him to sign the decree. If only he had thought about it more, he would have realized that his faith-

Daniel in the Lion's Den

ful minister would be affected by it. Now, however, he could do nothing. Try as he would, he could find no way out. Having signed the decree, he had to abide by it. So at last, very reluctantly, he gave orders that Daniel should be cast to the lions.

"The soldiers went round to Daniel's house and carried him off. Dense crowds of people watched him being taken away, and followed him to the den of lions. They saw the great gates opened and the poor man thrown in. Most of them expected that he would be killed in a moment, but a great surprise awaited them.

"Even in the den of lions, with the great beasts pacing up and down around him, Daniel prayed to God. And God heard and answered him.

"All that night the king could not sleep, and very early in the morning he went alone to the den of lions and cried sorrowfully, 'O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God, whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?'

"Then to his great joy the king heard a familiar voice coming from the den, and Daniel said, 'My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me.'

"At this the king was ever so glad, and at once commanded that Daniel should be taken out of the pit and his enemies thrown in. After that he made another decree, which he sent out to every part of his kingdom, telling of the power of the great God whom Daniel served and worshiped. 'I make a decree,' he wrote, 'that in every dominion of my kingdom men tremble and fear before the God of Daniel: for He is the living God, and steadfast forever, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed, and His dominion

shall be even unto the end. He delivereth and rescueth, and He worketh signs and wonders in heaven and in earth, who hath delivered Daniel from the power of the lions.'

"And so," concluded mother, "because Daniel was faithful in saying his prayers every day, no matter who was looking at him, or what he might have to suffer for it, this beautiful testimony of the king to the power of Daniel's God was sent out to all the people of the world. Who can tell how much good it accomplished?"

John was silent for a little while.

"I wish I had said my grace at dinnertime today, Mother," he said presently. "I think Daniel would have done it."

"You must remember it next time," said mother.

And he did.

When Dick Ran Away

DICK was upset again.

In fact, it seemed that he was always getting upset about something. If he did not get his own way all the time, he would carry on in the most ungentlemanly manner. And if anyone corrected him, he would either snarl an angry reply, or else wander off into some corner and sulk.

When in these very bad moods he would mutter threats about running away from home. Although he was only ten years old, he had a very big opinion of himself, and was quite sure that he was well able to look after himself in the world. That he owed his father and mother anything for all their loving care over him never seemed to enter his mind. He only wanted to get away from all restrictions, away to some place where he would be able to do just as he pleased.

He was thinking these thoughts now. Daddy had asked him to cut the lawn just as he had planned to go out and play ball with the boy next door. How he hated cutting the lawn! Why should he cut the lawn? He wished there were no lawn to cut. He would give anything to get away from the sight of it. But he did cut it, his little soul meanwhile seething with rebellion.

That afternoon his wishes were crossed again. Several times, in fact. As a result he became rude and cross, and finished up with a good spanking and being sent early to bed. He did not say his prayers, and instead of going to sleep, planned what seemed to him a glorious dash for liberty. He would get up when everyone else had gone to bed,

creep out of the house, and run far, far away. He was not quite sure where he would go, or what he would do when he got there. He had only one all-absorbing desire—to get away where there would be no lawn to cut and where he wouldn't have to give up things for his brothers and sisters, nor be expected to do what he was told.

At last, when all was still, and he felt sure that everyone must be fast asleep, he decided to put his plan into action.

So he crawled softly out of bed, put on his clothes very quietly, took his purse out of the cupboard—he was very proud of this purse, for it contained a whole dollar—and crept silently out of his room.

As he passed the bed where his baby brother was lying asleep, it occurred to him that he would never see little Tiny again, so he bent over and kissed him; a strange lump came into his throat, and he couldn't swallow very well. He kissed Tiny twice, and then went out of the room. Going past the room where daddy and mamma were asleep, he thought he would like to say good-by to mamma anyway. He wasn't quite sure about daddy, because he had made him cut the lawn. But, really, he wouldn't like not to see mamma any more.

He began to wonder whether he should run away after all. Then the old, hard spirit came back, and he went downstairs. Very quietly he put on his overcoat and gloves, drew the bolt of the front door, and went out into the cold night air.

He stopped on the doorstep. This was hardly what he had dreamed about. It was too dark for one thing, and too cold for another. Bed began to seem very nice. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to go back.

But no, he wouldn't. He closed the door. There was

H. A. Roberts

Dick Hated to Cut the Lawn, and Wished He Could Run Away From All Home Restrictions

a snap! and he realized that he couldn't go back now even if he wanted to. That wasn't a nice feeling at all. He wished he hadn't let the door close quite so tightly.

It was done now, however, and he must go. He went down to the front gate and out into the street. There was nobody about. All was very quiet and still. The sky was black, and the only light came from the street lamps. It was all very eerie. Dick didn't like it a bit. If the door weren't locked, he told himself, he would go back to bed.

He walked some distance down the street, and as the cold night air cooled his fevered mind, he began to realize more and more what a foolish enterprise he had started on. "If the boys at school get to hear about this," he said to himself, "they will tease me for the rest of the term." The very thought of his school chums discovering his foolhardiness made him turn round suddenly and make for home.

He had not gone far, however, when he nearly jumped out of his skin as a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and a strange voice spoke to him.

"What are you doing out at this time of night?" asked the policeman.

Dick was paralyzed with fright. He had not expected this. Words would not come. He merely struggled to get free.

"You'd better come along with me," said the policeman. "You've been up to some mischief, it seems."

"I haven't, I haven't," gasped Dick. "I've made a mistake, that's all, please, sir."

"I should think you have made a mistake, being out here at one o'clock in the morning. You can tell me all about it when we get down to the station."

"You're not going to take me to the police station, are you?" cried Dick, more frightened still. "Let me go home! I want to go home."

"You'll go home, all right," said the policeman, "after we have had a little chat by the fire."

And so poor Dick found himself for the first time in his life on his way to the police station!

There he was asked more questions in ten minutes than any teacher had ever asked him at school. Afterward he was given a very rough mattress to lie on until morning. He

didn't sleep at all. He was too terribly frightened, wondering what the policeman was going to do with him and what his daddy would say.

How he wished he had never started out on such a foolish venture! How comfortable his own little bed seemed! And there was no Tiny to look at when he woke up, and no mamma to come to him when he called. What a night it was!

Morning dawned at last. Very early the policeman came and told him to put his clothes on. Together they walked back home. How very small poor Dick felt! What a home-coming! What would the others say?

Daddy, unshaven and in his pajamas, opened the door.

"What in the world!" he began.

The policeman explained and departed, smiling. Dick jumped into daddy's arms and hugged him, pajamas and all. They didn't say much to each other, but just walked up the stairs like that to tell mamma all about it.

For breakfast that morning mamma gave everybody an egg each in addition to the porridge, and opened a new jar of marmelade besides, for she said that as her little prodigal son had returned, she surely must kill the fatted calf.

And as for Dick, he said very earnestly that he had run away for the last time in his life, and that he certainly wouldn't talk about doing so again.

Nebuchadnezzar Sees Four Persons in the Fire

Faithful Unto Death

AS Edith came in from school mother saw at once that something was wrong.

"What is the matter, dear?" she asked. "You look as if all the troubles in the world were on your shoulders."

"Oh dear!" cried Edith, "I'm tired of their forever teasing me, day in, day out. It's always the same."

"What do they say to you?" asked mother. "You mustn't mind a little teasing. Every little girl gets teased at school some time or other."

"Oh, it isn't just ordinary teasing," said Edith. "It's the way they keep calling me names, just because I keep the Sabbath. Why can't they leave me alone?"

Mother sat down and drew Edith upon her lap.

"Let me tell you a story," she said, "then you will feel much happier about it. It's about three boys who were taken away into a foreign country and made to live with people who didn't believe as they did. It was very hard for them. They wanted to remain loyal to God and His laws, but every one around them was a heathen and a worshiper of idols. If they ever dared to speak of their religion, the people of the land would laugh at them. Because they tried to be good, the people would do all they could to annoy them and find fault.

"Then one day they were brought to a very severe test. The king of that country took it into his head to make a great idol. It was a very large one, all of pure gold. He was very proud of it, and determined that everyone in his

kingdom should bow down to it. So he issued a decree that on a certain day all the people should gather on a great plain around the idol, and at a given signal fall down on their faces before it. To make sure that everyone would obey him, he threatened that if any should fail to bow down to it, he would have them cast into a red-hot furnace.

"The three boys realized that the biggest test of their lives had come. They could not avoid it, for everybody was sent out on the plain. Not a soul was allowed to remain behind in the city. So there they found themselves, in the midst of a vast concourse of people, facing the great golden image that stood in the center of the crowd. How their hearts must have beat as they waited for the signal to be given! People who knew them whispered together, wondering what they would do now.

"At last the king's band began to play. There was a great shout, and the tens of thousands of people threw themselves prostrate upon the ground. Over all that vast plain only three figures remained erect. They could not have been more conspicuous. People began to look up at them out of the corners of their eyes. The news spread rapidly from end to end of the multitude. 'The three Hebrew boys have refused to bow down to the king's image.' What excitement!

"There must have been a tremendous stir. Everybody knew what the penalty was, and they waited to see what the king would do. Meanwhile the three boys stood there, their faces pale and set, bravely awaiting their fate.

"The king sent for them. He was in a furious temper. He asked them what they meant by disobeying his decree, and warned them again of the fiery furnace. Respectfully, but firmly, the boys replied, 'Our God whom we serve is

able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.'

"At this the king was still more furious, and told his soldiers to heat the furnace seven times hotter than usual. Then the three boys were bound and cast into it. That must have been a terrible moment for them. But they did not waver, not even when they felt the fierce heat of the fire upon them.

"Then a wonderful experience came to them. The fire burned their bonds, but left them untouched. Suddenly Jesus Himself appeared among them and walked with them in the midst of the fire. The king saw the four figures walking there, and was terrified. He called to the boys to come out of the furnace, and triumphantly they strode forth, and the record says that not 'a hair of their heads was singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them.'

"The whole concourse of people witnessed the miracle, and must have been greatly impressed. As for the king, he admitted that the God whom the boys served was greater than his image. 'There is no other god that can deliver after this sort,' he said. And so, because those boys were faithful, and were not afraid to suffer even death for what they believed, the whole nation was blessed, and even the king was led to see the folly of his idolatry."

"I think I can see what you mean," said Edith, much brighter now.

"I'm sure you can," said mother. "You are God's little witness to His truth at your school. He may have no other there, for all you know. You must be loyal to Him at all

costs. You know that the Sabbath is right, and that God in His Word commands us to keep the seventh day holy. The others may tease you about it, but that doesn't matter. It only makes plain that you are God's little witness there. And if you are loyal to Him in spite of all the unkind things they say and do, why, Jesus will walk with you at school as He did with the boys in the fiery furnace long ago."

"I think I feel better about it now," said Edith. "I'll try to be as brave as those three boys."

Stories for Tiny Tots

Gendreau

Feeding the Horse

Feeding the Animals

DO you like feeding animals?

It is great fun, isn't it? And the animals seem to like it just as much. How Fido does jump about when you talk about dog biscuits! How pussy will purr when you pour out her saucerful of milk!

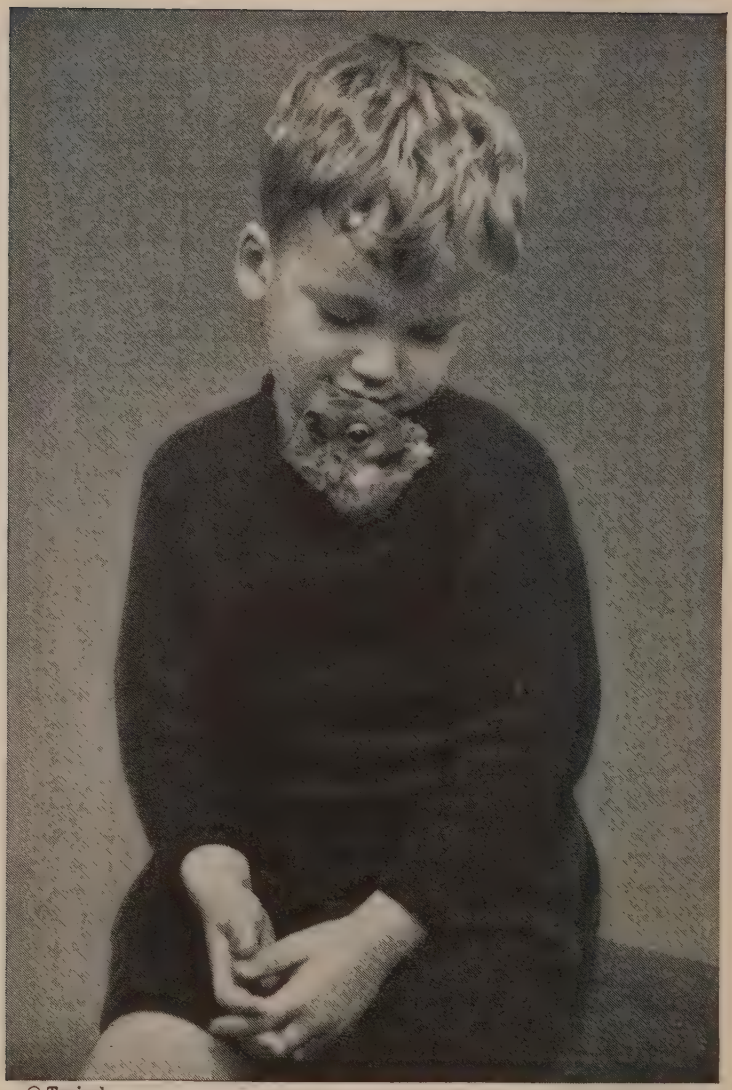
Then, of course, there are the chickens in the back yard. Don't they run when they see you coming with their food!

And there's that robin redbreast who comes and sits on the fence opposite the back door, waiting for the crumbs he hopes you are going to throw out. Doesn't he look excited and pleased!

Of course, you have been down to the pond sometimes to feed the ducks or the baby swans. Everyone likes throwing pieces of bread to them. How quickly the ducks gobble it all up and quack loudly for more!

Have you ever been allowed to feed a horse? The little girl in our picture is lucky, isn't she? I think she looks just a little bit frightened about it, though, don't you? At any rate she is keeping her hands as far as she can from his mouth. But she certainly seems happy, and so does the horse. There is a little twinkle in his eye, I think.

If you are fortunate enough to live near a zoo, you have probably enjoyed feeding the animals there many a time. What a noise the lions do make just before feeding time, don't they? But I think the sea lions make more still. And how they do jump when the keeper comes along with his



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A Cozy Place to Eat Breakfast

pail of fish! Splash! they go into the water, trying to be first to get the food. Rather greedy of them, isn't it?

Of course you have fed the monkeys, haven't you? Don't they love peanuts? And the bears, how they love buns! I once saw a big white polar bear at a zoo sit bolt upright, open his mouth in a broad smile, and actually wave his right paw at me—all to persuade me to throw him another piece of bun.

The little children in our picture on page 62 are feeding the reindeer. These animals seem just as pleased as the others to receive something from their little visitors. The little boy in front is very brave, isn't he? His big brother at the back seems rather scared.

Giraffes are very particular about their food; perhaps because it has such a long way to go down their throats. But they like to have children feed them, nevertheless. So do the elephants, big as they are. Try putting a bun on the tip of Mr. Elephant's trunk, and see what happens.

Feeding helps so much in making wild animals tame. A big game hunter once caught a tiger in a trap. He wanted to bring it home alive. For the first few hours of the trip the captive animal made a terrible fuss, rushing about his cage and roaring terribly. Then as he discovered that his food came to him regularly without any trouble, he began to quiet down, and at last became quite docile.

Of course, it is possible to feed animals too much. Like boys and girls, they get indigestion if they overeat. Many a good dog has been spoiled because his youthful master has tried to show his affection for him by feeding him at all hours of the day.

On the other hand, it often happens that our pets are forgotten and left to go hungry because we are too busy to

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A Happy Time at the Zoo

think about them. Have you ever forgotten to give your dog his supper? or come back late in the evening to remember that your chickens have gone to roost without their evening meal? Ever left the rabbit hungry because you were playing football, and didn't think about it?

Well, if you have, it's too bad. How would you like to go to bed cold and hungry, or be told on coming in from school at noon that mamma has been so busy reading a book she has neglected to get your dinner ready? You wouldn't like it a bit, I know.

We should treat our faithful animal friends as we would like to be treated ourselves. I think the golden rule applies to them as well as to us, don't you? Certainly, if we follow it we shall discover new sources of happiness and gather round us a host of loyal and devoted friends who will make life ever more interesting and beautiful day by day.

H. A. Roberts

It's Lots of Fun Helping Daddy

Helping Daddy

DADDY was down in the garden putting some seeds in the ground. They were pea seeds, and daddy was making a very straight row so that when the peas came up they would look nice.

Mabel was watching daddy, and she thought that she would like to sow some pea seeds too.

So she got her little fork and dug a hole in the ground. Then she came to daddy and said, "Please, daddy, give me some of your pea seeds for me to sow."

So daddy gave her some of his pea seeds, and Mabel dropped them into the big hole she had made and covered them over with earth. Daddy looked round to see what she was doing, and he said, "Why, my little girl, those seeds are too far down. They will never be able to find their way up."

"Well," said Mabel, "I 'specks they will grow all right, but I think I will sow some more in case they don't."

But daddy had already used all the pea seeds, and Mabel was very much disappointed. And do you know what she did? You could never guess.

Well, when daddy wasn't looking, she went over to where he had planted his row of peas, and poking her hands down into the earth, brought up some of the seeds. Just then daddy looked round and said, "Oh, you naughty little girl! what are you doing?"

"Just getting some more seeds," said Mabel, " 'cos I didn't have enough."

"Well, I never!" said daddy. "Digging up my nice new row of seeds. That is naughty of you, Mabel."

"But they will grow just as well here as there," said Mabel, digging another deep hole and dropping in the seeds she had taken from daddy's row.

"No, they won't," said daddy. "You mustn't take seeds that do not belong to you. If you had left them where they were, we should have had some lovely peas from them someday. But now they will never grow."

Later in the spring, daddy and Mabel were down in the garden again.

"What a lovely row of peas!" said Mabel.

"Yes," said daddy, "it's just spoiled by a little gap up at the other end, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mabel, "is that where I took some out?"

"Yes," said daddy, "and where are they now?"

"I can't see them anywhere," said Mabel.

"No," said daddy, "and you never will. Nobody ever gains by doing naughty things. I think they must have gone down the other way."

And they had.

Tom's Slippers

TIM was not in a very good frame of mind. He was inclined to "grizzle"—if you know what that means. It is sort of half-way between a cry and a grunt. Little boys get the complaint every now and then, usually when they want what they can't get or when they don't like what they do get.

The cause of the grizzling this time was a paintbox. You see, Tim had a paintbox and Tom, his brother, had a paintbox. Unfortunately, Tom had used up all the paints in his box. He liked to pour lots of water into his paints, and then paint big pictures on daddy's newspapers. So, of course, his paint box was soon empty.

That being the case, Tom began to cast longing eyes at Tim's paintbox; and Tim, having painted smaller pictures than Tom, and so having a few paint cups left that were not empty, thought it wasn't fair that he should share them with Tom.

Whereupon there was a strong difference of opinion about the matter. Tom made a grab at Tim's paintbox, and Tim sought to defend his possessions by jabbing Tom in the nose with his paint brush. Altogether it was a very unseemly quarrel, and matters might have become very much worse had not mamma suddenly come on the scene and marched both boys out into the garden to cool off.

But Tim did not forget his troubles, and grizzled all the time about what Tom had done or tried to do. He told Tom that he would never let him have his paints, never.

At last they were called in to supper. And then something else went wrong.

They had to change their garden shoes and put on their slippers when they came into the house, but when they started to do so, poor little Tim discovered that his slippers were missing. He looked high and low, but they were nowhere to be seen.

By this time Tom had his slippers on, which only made Tim more desperate.

"Huh, huh, huh," he began to grizzle again, "I can't find my slippers. Huh, huh, huh!"

Once more he looked in every corner he could think of, wandering around disconsolately in his socks, crying, "Huh, huh, huh, somebody's got my slippers."

And then a beautiful thing happened.

As poor little Tim came into the dining room again crying, "Huh, huh, huh," Tom took off one of his slippers and said, "Here you are, Tim; we'll have one each."

Tim's face lit up with a happy smile as he eagerly seized the slipper and put it on his left foot. Then, hand in hand, they went off together to hunt for Tim's slippers. How funny it was to hear them wandering around the house—clod, thump, clod, thump, clod, thump—each with one foot in a slipper.

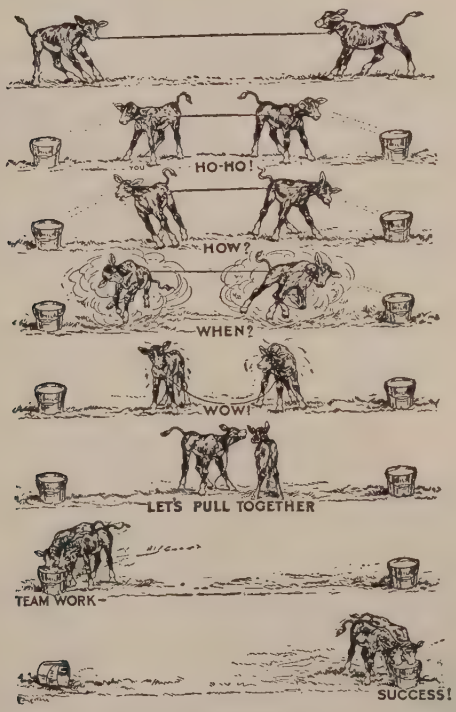
Suddenly there was a cry of joy. Tim's slippers had been found! In their usual place, of course, under his bed. With great rejoicing they came downstairs together, hands clasped and faces radiant.

After supper they were allowed to stay up a little while, as mamma wanted to finish the ironing before putting them to bed.

So they started painting daddy's newspaper again, and

two brushes could be seen dipping vigorously and with perfect peace and harmony into Tim's paintbox.

Tom's happy little thought had driven all the grizzles away.



"CO-OPERATION"

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"Tod Poked the Letter Into the Box"

The Letter to Mamma

MAMMA was very ill, and some people had come in a strange car with a red cross on it and carried her away to the hospital.

Poor little Ted and Tod were very sad and lonely. They had never felt so lonely before. How they did long for mamma to come back again! Every time a car went by, they would run to the window to see whether the car with the red cross on it had come back again. Poor little Tod cried himself to sleep every night.

"Mamma said we were to write to her often," said Ted one day. "Shall we do it now?"

Tod said "Yes," and they started. Tod found some paper and a bottle of ink. When he opened the ink bottle, the stopper ran round all over the paper and made a big black mark. So they decided to write the letter in pencil.

"Mamma won't mind the blots, I expect," said Ted. "Now what shall we say?"

"Tell her I want her to come back soon," said Tod.

"I will," said Ted. "And of course we must tell her we want her to get better."

So they wrote, and here is the letter:

"DEAR DARLING MAMMA,

"Please come back soon. We hope you are getting better. We love you so much. We want you home again. Tod has lost a button off his coat. You must not get sick any more. Pussy has got some kittens. We say our prayers

every night. We ask Jesus to make you better. Tod says come back soon, and so do I. With lots of love and kisses from your lonely little boys,

"TED AND TOD."

And then they stuck down the envelope, got a stamp from auntie, and went out to mail the letter in the postbox.

Tod said he wanted to mail the letter, but when they got to the box they found he could not quite reach the place where the letters go in. So Ted lifted Tod as high as he could, and Tod poked the letter into the box.

And when mamma opened the letter the next morning, she was so pleased she said she felt better already.

Cutting the Wrong Grass

LITTLE James is one of the dearest little baby boys you ever saw. If you could see him, I am sure you would want to pick him up in your arms and hug him. But, well, he is a real boy, even though he is so young, and just as full of mischief as boys usually are.

You'll never guess what he did the other day. Every time I think about it I laugh all over—though I suppose I should cry because of what nearly happened.

Well, it was this way: Master James was in his garden with his daddy. I chanced to be quite near, and so saw everything.

His daddy was cutting the grass with a lawn mower. On the lawn was a pair of shears.

Baby James, anxious to help his daddy, picked up the shears and started cutting the grass.

"Look, Daddy," he cried, "I'm helping you cut the grass."

Daddy looked and smiled his thanks, but told him he should not play with the sharp shears.

Just then Prince ran onto the lawn.

Prince is the dog, you know, a little dog with lots of hair —the kind of dog that really would look nicer if he could go to the barber and have a bob or a shingle.

At any rate, little James seemed to think so, for, leaving his grass cutting, he gave chase to Prince, shears in hand.

Unfortunately, he missed Prince's hair and caught his

hind leg, and what might have happened if little James' arms had been stronger I don't like to suggest.

But the sight of that poor little dog parading across the lawn with the shears attached to his hind leg, and with the astonished little James looking on, is one that I shall not soon forget!

Of course, James' daddy saw it, too, which was rather unfortunate for James. What happened next it wouldn't be fair to tell you, but I rather think James will try to remember in the future that it is always best to do what daddy says, and to do it at once.

Oh, by the way, I should add that Prince still has four legs.

A Chick Tragedy

NOW Billy and Bunty were two very little boys, just old enough to know that when mamma said No she meant No, and that when she said Yes, well, everything was all right.

Just now they were bothering mamma a bit in the kitchen, trying to float bits of sticks in the washtub, and things like that, until at last mamma sent them helter-skelter into the garden.

"You can play anywhere you like," said mamma, throwing their ball out to them, "but do be good. And mind, whatever you do, don't let the baby chicks out."

"All right, Mamma," said the boys. "We'll be very good."

"May we go and look at the baby chicks?"

"Oh, yes," said mamma, "but don't open the door of their run."

"All right, Mamma," said Billy and Bunty, running onto the lawn with their ball.

For quite a long time they played very happily together on the grass. Then they began to wander very slowly down the garden toward the chickens. There were lots of things to interest them on the way. A big furry caterpillar was crawling over a cabbage leaf. A little sparrow was trying to take a bath in a puddle in the path. Billy and Bunty watched them with great interest.

By the time they reached the house where the baby chicks

E. J. Hall

Just Out

were kept, they had quite forgotten all that mamma had said to them.

"What dear little things!" said Billy.

"They look all fluffy, like baby puss-cats," said Bunty.

"I'd like to stroke one, wouldn't you?" said Billy.

"Yes," said Bunty, "let's try to catch one."

So they opened the door and stretched in their little arms as far as they would go. Bunty caught one first.

"Now get one for me," said Billy.

Bunty passed his over to Billy, and made another grab. He caught another. Then they stood together, stroking their little pets and feeling very happy.

After a while they got tired of this and popped the baby chicks back into their house. Then they strolled very leisurely up the garden again, played ball on the lawn, and at last arrived at the kitchen door about suppertime, ready for a good meal.

"So here you are again, darlings," said mamma. "You have been good boys all the afternoon!"

"Yes, Mamma," said Billy and Bunty, "we've been very good boys."

Then they had their supper and went to bed.

In the morning, when mamma came back from feeding the chickens, she had a very sad look on her face.

"There are two baby chicks dead," she said.

"Oh dear!" said Billy and Bunty together. "What a pity!"

"Yes," said mamma. "Someone must have left the door of their house open. They must have hopped out, and then not been able to get back again. They must have just died of the cold."

"Poor baby chicks!" said the boys.

Billy looked at Bunty and Bunty looked at Billy. They seemed to remember something about it.

Mamma noticed the look.

"I suppose you didn't touch the chicken house yesterday afternoon?" she said.

Again Billy looked at Bunty and Bunty looked at Billy. They were very quiet. A big tear jumped out of the corner of Bunty's eye and Billy looked very sad.

"I think you were very naughty little boys," said mamma.

"We're very sorry," said Billy.

"And we won't do it any more," said Bunty.

"I'm afraid I shall have to ——" began mamma.

But before she could say just what she was going to do, two pairs of arms were thrown round her neck, and two little tearful voices were pleading for forgiveness.

And, well, what could mamma do then?

So they went down the garden and buried the baby chicks together.

Four Jars of Jam

TUBBY and Toby had just returned home from the big city. They were very much excited and very tired, though they wouldn't admit it, for they had spent the whole day with mamma, walking around and looking at a wonderful exhibition. They had seen so many interesting things that when they started to tell daddy about them all they got quite mixed up.

Then they began to bring out the treasures they had gathered during the day. Both of them had a collection of the most delightful little samples you could wish to see—tiny pieces of cheese wrapped in silver paper, packets of biscuits and cornflakes, and best of all, four dear little jars of jam.

Oh, those jars of jam! What shrieks of delight greeted their unpacking! How pretty they looked, standing on the table with the light shining through them. One was strawberry jam, one apricot jam, one black currant jelly, and the other marmalade.

Tubby and Toby took quite a long time to decide how the four jars should be divided, but at last Tubby agreed to have the strawberry and the apricot, while Toby took the black currant jelly and the marmalade.

Fancy having two whole jars of jam each! It seemed too wonderful to be true. Tubby and Toby stood them up beside their plates at suppertime, so they could keep their eyes on them. Of course, they were not very big jars, but to the happy, excited eyes of Tubby and Toby they were more precious than the biggest jars in mamma's store cupboard.

All through suppertime they talked about these four treasured jam jars—how they got them, and what they were going to do with them. They were quite sure that they were going to eat all the jam themselves, and that, if they only tasted a spoonful every day, the jars would last for weeks and weeks.

Supper was almost over when daddy said something that rather upset things a bit.

"Poor old dad!" he said, talking as though to himself in a very disconsolate tone of voice, "poor old dad! He never has a jam jar all to himself. Nobody ever gives him anything. Poor old dad!"

Tubby and Toby stopped talking. They both looked at daddy in surprise, questioning in their little minds whether he really meant what he said. Then they looked at their precious jam jars.

"Here, Daddy," said Tubby, "have my jar of strawberry jam."

"You darling boy!" said daddy. "I don't want to take your jam. It was only fun."

"But you must have it," said Tubby, setting the jar of strawberry jam down with a bang in front of daddy's plate. "You see, I still have the apricot left."

Daddy nearly shed a tear at this, but he didn't because he was too busy watching Toby out of the corner of his eye.

The struggle was harder for Toby. He was breathing very deeply, and looking hard first at one jar and then at the other. He picked up the marmalade, put it down, then picked up the black currant jelly. His solemn little face showed that a big battle was being fought inside.

"Daddy," he said at last, "I think I will let you have one of mine as well. You can have the black currant jelly."

And with that Toby plumped the jar of black currant jelly down beside daddy's plate.

"You dear, precious boys," said daddy. "Of course I won't eat your lovely jam; but I am pleased you gave it to me. I shall remember it forever and ever. And now I think I shall have to see what I can find."

And then daddy started fumbling in his lefthand trouser pocket, making a sort of jingling noise that Tubby and Toby knew so well!

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A Borrowed Overcoat

New Clothes for Old

WHEN you see a flock of sheep feeding peacefully in a field, you probably say, "O Mamma, look at the pretty sheep!" Not for a moment do you think of all the trouble the shepherds have taken to tend those sheep through the cold winter months.

If the lambs are born early in the year, before the snow has melted, many of them die of the cold. Sometimes the mother sheep dies as well. The shepherd is very sad about this, for it means a heavy loss to him or to his master.

Sometimes it happens that a mother sheep will die and leave a baby lamb. The shepherd does not want to lose the lamb as well, but what can he do? No other sheep will take the lamb and look after it. They are not like human beings, for they will only look after their own little ones.

So what do you suppose the shepherd does? Well, he looks over his flock, and finds a mother sheep who has just lost her lamb. He takes the poor dead lamb, removes its skin, and places it carefully over the body of the live lamb that has lost its mother. You can see the shepherd doing this in our picture. It is just like putting on an overcoat, isn't it? Anyhow, the shepherd takes the poor little orphan lamb over to the mother sheep that has just lost her own baby. She smells the lamb all over, decides that it must surely be her own, and takes it to herself.

This gives us a beautiful illustration of what the love of Jesus does for us. Many times you must have heard the minister say in church that Jesus "covers us with the robe of

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Good Morning!

His righteousness." Perhaps mother has talked to you about this as well, and you have wondered just what she meant.

Now you can understand it easily, can't you? We are like the poor little orphan lamb. If we love Jesus, the slain Lamb, His goodness is wrapped, like a cloak, around us, and His Father accepts us, not because we are worthy of His love, but because He sees around us the glorious goodness of His own Son. Thus we are "accepted in the Beloved," and God welcomes us as His own dear children.

That doesn't mean, of course, that we can do what we like afterward. God truly accepts us because of what Jesus has done for us, but we must ever try by His grace to live to please Him. We must not be content just to look like Jesus outside. God wants us to be like Jesus through and through.

And that is where we differ from the poor little orphan lamb. He wears his covering only a few days until his mother gets used to him. We, however, must wear the righteousness of Jesus always, daily growing in grace and beauty of character, until at last we become altogether like Him when "we see Him as He is."

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A Happy Family

A True Dog Story

SOME remarkable stories have been told about dogs, some of them, indeed, so strange that one wonders if they can really be true. Here is one, however, that actually happened.

A few days ago, in company with some friends, I visited a large house on a big country estate. The house had a large and beautiful yard in front of it. One gate in this yard led to the farm buildings, and another opened onto the main driveway.

The lady of the house, showing us round her estate, presently took us through the gate leading to the farm buildings. Immediately, from every direction, great dogs rushed upon us. They looked something like the dogs in our picture, only much bigger, and with a little more of the bloodhound about them. I had never seen so many big dogs swarming round me before. I began to think it would be as well to get back to the other side of the gate as quickly as possible.

Then a remarkable thing happened. The lady lifted her right hand and spoke just one word to the dogs.

"Obedience!" she cried.

Instantly the dogs stopped frisking about us, and followed their mistress like a flock of lambs.

The lady told us that some of these big dogs were, in fact, only puppies six months old, but that all of them were being trained with the utmost care to obey instantly her word of command.

A little later we saw the most remarkable example of this perfect obedience that I have ever seen.

We returned to the front yard through the other gate that led onto the main driveway. The dogs had accompanied us all round the farm, and as we entered the front yard we fully expected them to follow us. But they did not.

Believe it or not as you please, those great big dogs lined up in a row across the open gateway and would not so much as put a paw into the front yard! And, mind you, there was no gate or obstruction of any kind to keep them back.

I looked at the dogs in sheer amazement. They stood there like so many soldiers on guard. Then one of them took a pace forward and crossed the line.

Instantly a voice behind me called out the magic word, "Obedience!"

Without a moment's hesitation the offending dog went to his place in the line!

And then another remarkable thing happened. A little terrier, the house dog, suddenly appeared on the scene. He came bounding into the yard, making himself quite at home. I turned in surprise to the lady.

"Oh, it's quite all right," she replied with a smile. "He is the only dog allowed in the front yard. The others know they must stay outside."

"Well!" I said, "if that isn't extraordinary!"

And the last thing I remember about that visit is the picture of that row of giant dogs lined up like a regiment of soldiers across the open gateway.

As I came away I began to think what a happy world it would be if all the children in it were just half as obedient as those dogs! What a blessing it would be if when parents

said, "Obedience!" all the children would instantly do what they were told without fuss or bother.

How is it in your home? Do you always obey pleasantly, happily, without a murmur?

Not always? Well, then, I want you to read this text, found in the third verse of the first chapter of Isaiah:

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider."

This means that, in God's sight, the animals are oftentimes more thoughtful and considerate than human beings. They remember who feeds them, but children sometimes do not. The animals try to serve faithfully those who look after them, but children sometimes treat father and mother with much rudeness and disrespect. What must God think of us when we act like that?

We mustn't let it be said that the animals are better than we, surely! Of course not! So next time mother says, "Obedience!" I want you to think of those wonderful dogs I have told you about, and, mind, you mustn't put even a paw across the line!

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Part of Our Beautiful Playground

Our Wonderful World

DID you ever stop to think what a wonderful world it is in which we live?

The fact is that Someone has packed it full of marvelous things great and small.

Just think how big it is.

Do you know? Well, it is a great ball twenty-four thousand miles in circumference. That means that it must be about eight thousand miles through the center, from one side to the other. Now just think of that. The deepest coal mine does not go down more than two miles at the most. To make a hole right through, so that we could walk along a tunnel to our friends in Australia, would be an immense and, indeed, an impossible task.

Over all the surface of the earth there are mighty oceans, lofty mountains, wide lakes, dense jungles, vast forests, and great expanses of desert. The oceans, lakes, and rivers teem with fish. The forests and jungles are alive with birds and beasts of all descriptions. Everywhere on land are plants and flowers innumerable. What a wonderful playground the world is for the people who live on it! And on that playground are 2,000,000,000 human beings.

When you think of the world in this way, you say to yourself, "What a big place it is!" and you feel as small as a little ant in the garden crawling about over a pumpkin.

But, big though it seems to us, the world is only a little speck of dust in the great, wide universe.

Did you ever think you would like to pay a visit to the

moon? On a clear evening it does not seem so very far away, and you have sometimes thought, perhaps, that a fast airplane would get you there quite soon. But it wouldn't. Even though your airplane traveled at 100 miles an hour, it would take you a hundred days of nonstop flying to get there. And so far no machine has been invented which could carry enough gasoline for such a flight.

As for a journey to the sun, even though you traveled at 100 miles an hour nonstop, you would be a gray-headed man over 110 years old before you got there.

And if you were to try a trip to the nearest of the stars, you would die of old age scores of years before you began to get anywhere near it.

The stars, too, are bigger than our sun, while the sun is many times bigger than our world; yet all are moving swiftly and silently in mighty orbits through the realms of space.

Have you ever looked up in the sky on a calm, cloudless night? Of course you have. The heavens seem full of stars. But you can see only three thousand all together. But look through a small telescope, and you can see three million. Look through a larger telescope, and you can see endless millions more. And all of them are suns, radiating light and heat, many of them having worlds like ours revolving round them as we revolve round our sun.

How very small, then, we really are! That ant on the pumpkin makes us seem too big and important. We are more like a speck of dust on a golf ball.

As we gaze on all these wonders of the universe, we are compelled to ask, Who made them? Who placed the stars in the sky? Who set them moving through the mighty universe? Who makes them keep perfect time so that they never

bump into one another? Who gave them the power to shine?

As we ask, we know that there can be only one answer. God made them. They did not create themselves. They did not evolve. They sprang suddenly into existence at the command of the Most High God. "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth." "For He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." Ps. 33:6, 9.

And what shall we do as we think of the greatness, the wisdom, and the power of the One who called these millions of stars into existence, set them all in motion, and keeps them all in place by His word?

"O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker." Ps. 95:6.

But the greatest wonder of all concerning this world of ours is God's care for it. By comparison with the rest of His universe, it may be very small indeed, just like a golf ball in the Atlantic Ocean, but God loves it more than all the rest.

Why? Who can tell? We only know that He does. He tells us that He so loved our world "that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

Just think of that. Think of the infinite God in all His majesty and glory. Think of that little speck of dust on the golf ball. Why should God love it? It can only be because He is infinitely wise and good and just; "because His great heart of love is so full of understanding and compassion that it reaches out and touches every little life everywhere within His vast domain.

And perhaps God loves this world best of all because it alone fell into sin and yielded to the temptations of Satan.

H. M. Lambert

God Loves Our World More Than All the Rest of the Universe

It is said that a mother loves the bad boy of the family best, not because she loves badness, but because she feels he needs the love most to bring him back to goodness and truth. So it must be with God. He loves us all, not because of our sins, but because He wants us to come back to Him.

We must never think we are too small for God to care for us. He made the stars, truly, but He painted the lily, too. He placed the great sun in the sky to send us light and heat across millions of miles of space, but He made the fireflies also. He set the moon on high to rule the night, but He gave to tiny fishes the power to light the darkest depths of the oceans. He reared up the mighty masses of the mountains, but He designed the wings of butterflies as well.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches." Ps. 104:24.

Who tells the scarlet runner in climbing always to turn to the right and the honeysuckle and the hop always to the left?

Who tells the birds how to travel back from distant continents across strange lands and unknown seas to their old haunts? Who tells the salmon how to find the mouth of the river, even the very pool where they were born? Who tells the baby turtle, newly hatched and far inland, how to find its way to the sea?

How is an apple made? Who planned a core in every one? Who put the seeds inside the grape, and gave to every fruit the power to make a tree like the one that bore it?

It is God, and God alone. "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints." Rev. 15:3.

And all this tells us that God does care for little things.

He is not so absorbed in moving the stars through space that He has no thought for us. The "dust" on the "golf ball" is precious to Him. He loves little children best of all, and He wants them to love Him, too.

And if they do, what a surprise He has in store for them! He tells us that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." 1 Cor. 2:9.

And when God starts planning surprises, we may well expect something beyond our brightest dreams. Think of it! The hand that made the stars is preparing our heavenly home! The fingers that fashioned the fairest flowers of earth are filling that home with riches untold.

So the wonders of the world we know today are as nothing compared with the wonders of the world we shall know tomorrow. And that is why we should all be glad that Jesus is coming soon. For when He who lived and died for us in the long ago returns, He will take all who love Him to His Father's gloryland. There He will reveal His choicest treasures and tell us all the secrets He has kept from us so long. Everybody will be supremely happy. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Rev. 21:4. "And they shall see His face." Rev. 22:4.

We surely must plan to be there, children, and the day draws near.

UNCLE ARTHUR'S
BEDTIME STORIES

Eighth Series

With Every Good Wish

To .....

From .....

V8A10

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Jesus Blessing the Children

Uncle Arthur's

BEDTIME STORIES

(EIGHTH SERIES)

By ARTHUR S. MAXWELL

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 18:3.

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PREFACE

IN this volume, as before, I have endeavored to keep every story true to life, with a lesson that, though well wrapped up, cannot fail to be perceived. By request I have included more stories for Tiny Tots, but I trust these will be enjoyed even by those who consider themselves quite grown up.

Again I would express my thanks to those who have written me from the ends of the earth, telling of the helpfulness of these little books. I am grateful, and send forth this new volume in the hope that this also may bring much blessing and happiness to children everywhere. THE AUTHOR.

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CONTENTS

Doggie Love - - - - - - - 7
Barbara's Talent - - - - - - - 11
"One Good Turn" - - - - - - 17
Geoffrey's Bandsmen - - - - - - 21
Why Mary Cheered Up - - - - - 27
A Tale of Two Sparrows - - - - - 31
How Donald Missed His Dinner - - - - 37
The Tale of a Tangle - - - - - - 42
Curiosities - - - - - - - - 47
Stanley's Future - - - - - - - 53
Brave Boys - - - - - - - 59

Stories for the Tiny Tots

A Page of Blessings - - - - - - 67
"Unto Seventy Times Seven" - - - - 69
Paul's Lesson - - - - - - - 71
When Daddy Phoned Up - - - - - 75
The Strange Fate of Matilda - - - - 79
Diana's Donkey Ride - - - - - - 83
While Mamma Was Out - - - - - 87
Kind People in the Bible - - - - - 89
The Tearless Land - - - - - - 93

H. M. Lambert

Who Could Help Loving These Puppies?

Doggie Love

WE all love dogs, don't we? Nice dogs, I mean. I suspect you have been looking at those two lovely little puppies in the picture and wishing and wishing that they would suddenly become real and jump into your arms.

I wish they would, for I know they would make you very happy.

Dogs can be so friendly and lovable. Of course, like most boys and girls, they get into all sorts of mischief, but you can't help loving them just the same.

Treated properly, they often become the most loyal of friends, and sometimes you find that they will not only remain faithful to their human masters but also be true to their doggie chums.

Which brings me to a very sad story. So get out your handkerchiefs. You may need them.

Some years ago there dwelt in Liverpool, England, a dog called Chubby and another known as Old Bob. They were the best of friends, eating together, playing together, and getting into mischief together. If you saw Old Bob alone you could be sure Chubby was not far away. They enjoyed each other's company like twin brothers.

And then, alas, came a very sad day. Poor Chubby became ill and died. Old Bob couldn't understand what had happened to him. All he knew was that there was no Chubby for him to play with. He looked for him everywhere but could not find him. He called to him in his own doggie language, but there was no answer.

Rural Life Photos

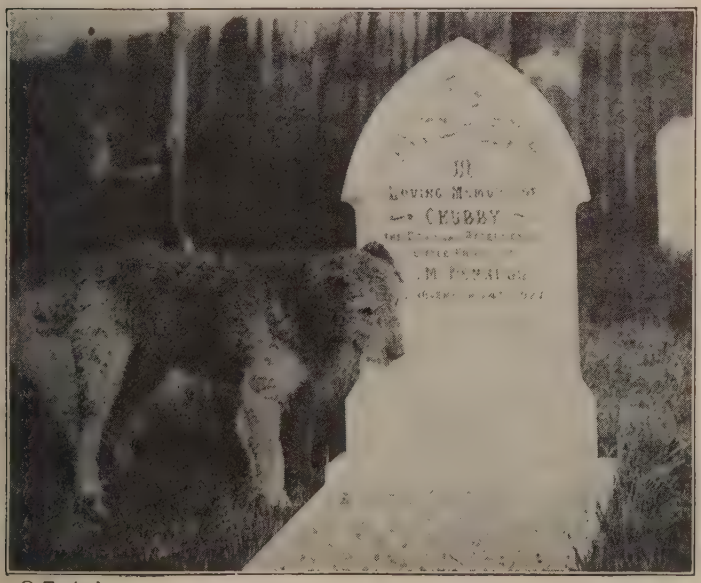
Chums

Then he was taken out to the Liverpool Dog Cemetery, where poor Chubby had been buried. There was no Chubby for Old Bob to see, but somehow he understood. Next day he visited the grave by himself. The day after he went there again. He could not keep away from the place. And every day for three years Old Bob went to that tomb to mourn for his doggie friend. For all I know he is going there still, keeping his daily vigil by Chubby's resting place.

I wonder what he thinks about when he's there, and whether he has still a little hope that one day, perhaps, he will run into Chubby again round the corner.

Poor Old Bob!

Did you ever hear of such faithful doggie love as this?



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Old Bob at Chubby's Grave

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A New Light Entered Barbara's Eyes as Mother Told Her About Her One Talent

Barbara's Talent

"MOTHER!" gasped Barbara, rushing into the dining room and flopping down in an armchair, "I've got to earn some money."

"My dear!" exclaimed mother. "Whatever is the matter with the child now!"

"Yes, I must," went on Barbara. "It's most important, and I have got to earn a lot very quickly."

Mother began to look serious.

"What for?" she asked.

"Well," said Barbara very excitedly, "Mr. Walters, the new superintendent, told us in Sabbath school this morning that if we didn't give $250 for missions within the next two weeks, Mr. James would have to come back from India right away."

"Why, we've only just sent him out," said mother.

"I know; that's just the trouble," said Barbara. "Mr. Walters said that everybody thought there would be enough money to keep him there. But there isn't. Something's gone wrong, he said, and the Mission Board is very hard up. So there, if we don't raise the $250 in two weeks—well, Mr. James comes home."

"That sounds very serious," said mother. "But Barbara dear, *we* can't raise $250 in just two weeks."

"Oh, no," said Barbara, "not we by ourselves. Each class has agreed to raise $25. Each one in the class has promised to raise $2.50."

"Have you promised $2.50, Barbara?" gasped mother.

"Why, of course," said Barbara. "I couldn't do anything else, could I? And that's why I've got to earn some money. How can I do it, Mother dear?"

"Well," said mother, "it's all very well for you to promise money like that, but I haven't got it to give you, dear, even if you help me ever so much. You know daddy has not been earning very much lately."

"I know," said Barbara, on the verge of tears, "but I—surely—can—earn it—somehow. Er—er I must keep my—er—promise, now I've made it."

Barbara began to cry.

"Never mind, dear," said mother, "we'll find some way out, surely. But you have taken on a difficult task, and no mistake."

"I did so want to help," said Barbara.

"I'm sure you did," said mother, putting her arms round Barbara's neck. "Let's think it over awhile and see what can be done."

That evening, as the family gathered round the fire for prayers, mother read to them the parable of the talents. As the story proceeded, Barbara's face grew more and more serious. She could see the man with the five talents trading with them and earning five talents more to give to the King. Then she saw the man with the two talents earning two talents. And then she saw the man with one talent burying it in the earth and having nothing—nothing—to give to the Lord at His return.

She became very serious.

"What's troubling you, dear?" asked mother as she closed the Book.

"Oh, I feel just like the man with one talent who didn't

earn anything at all. Only there's just this difference, that I don't have even *one* talent."

"Well, Barbara, I didn't think you would take it so much to heart. And you have talents, many of them."

"No, I haven't. I haven't any at all. I'm just no good, and I'll never be able to earn that money."

"O Barbara, don't be so sad. You certainly have one talent anyway, and perhaps God will help you to use that to His glory."

"I'm sure I haven't," said Barbara.

"You have forgotten your voice," answered mother. "You know how beautifully you can sing when you want to. Perhaps—who knows?—you may be able to keep your promise by singing for Jesus."

"Me?" asked Barbara. "How could I? No one would listen to a little girl like me."

"I'm not so sure," said mother. "You seem to have forgotten that it is nearly Christmastime, and people will listen to children then, you know—that is, if they sing nicely and reverently."

"Do you mean that I could go out and sing carols at people's houses?"

"Well, not by yourself. But I've got an idea. There's Richard with his violin, and Bessie—she can sing too. I believe that the three of you might do wonderfully well. At any rate we could think about it."

A new light entered Barbara's eyes. Hope stirred anew within her little heart. That $2.50 she had promised seemed nearer than it had since she reached home.

All next day they talked over mother's idea, and in the evening the three children had a practice together, with mother at the piano. They soon found that they could get

along very well with several simple hymns, and this made them full of eagerness to see what they could do outside.

Two evenings later they started out. And what a happy time they did have! Barbara sang as she had never sung at home. She felt she was using her one talent for Jesus. People opened their windows to listen to the clear, musical little voice that rang out on the still evening air. Richard's violin was a wonderful help, and Bessie helped a lot as well.

A Missionary in India Tells a Group of Natives About Jesus

She knocked at the doors and told the story of how they were all trying to gather money so that their missionary would not have to be brought back from India. No one could resist her sweet little smile. At every house she received something. One lady gave five cents, another ten cents, and one happy old gentleman brought a quarter out of his trousers pocket.

When at last they all reached home, they were so excited and happy that mother scarcely knew what to do

with them. After counting up their money, they found they had collected ninety-four cents.

"Why!" exclaimed Barbara, "we shall have to go out only three or four times to get more than I promised."

"It's wonderful," said mother. "I prayed that God would bless you tonight, and I am sure He has. That one talent came in useful, didn't it, Barbara?"

Barbara blushed a little.

"Anyway," she said, "I am glad I shall be able to keep my promise, and have something to give Him after all."

H. M. Lambert

Off to Enjoy a Good Ball Game

"One Good Turn"

GOOD-BY, Ronny."

"Good-by, Mother."

"Be a good boy at school today; don't forget."

"I won't," shouted Ronny as he dashed out of the gate and down the road.

As he disappeared and mother went into the house again, her face clouded over a little.

"I do wish Ronny would be a better boy. He is so very selfish. He always wants everything for himself, and it's so hard to get him to do anything for anyone but himself. I wonder what I can do to make him different!"

That afternoon, just after dinner, Ronny joined in a baseball game in the field near the school. It was a fast, rough game, with lots of good pitching and hard hitting. At last it came Ronny's turn to bat.

There was nothing he loved so much as a game of ball, and to hold a bat in his hand was the height of happiness. Proudly he walked to the plate. Carefully he watched the first ball, and with one mighty hit sent it right over to the wall of the playground, but it was a foul.

The next ball came across. Flushed with his first effort, he swung again, fully intending this time to send the ball clear over the wall into the street, and so make a name for himself the boys would never forget.

But something went wrong. Ronny could never tell just what it was. He thought he swung too quick and was

hit by the ball. What Ronny did know was that he suddenly felt a sharp pain in his forehead.

As he put up his hand he felt something wet and sticky. Poor Ronny turned very pale and dropped the bat.

"I'm afraid I'll have to go in," he said, making toward the school.

The boys crowded round him and helped him to a chair in one of the classrooms.

"I'll be all right," he said to the others; "you go on with the game." With that they left him.

But Ronny did not feel all right. He felt very sick. He wished with all his heart that he were at home, and that mother would come and bathe his forehead.

Just then one of the senior boys looked into the room.

"Hello, what's the matter?" he asked in a kindly voice. "Hurt yourself?"

"A little," said Ronny, trying to look brave. "Ball caught me on the forehead."

"That's too bad. Better come along with me. I'll bathe it for you, if you'll let me."

"Thanks," said Ronny. "It is looking pretty bad, isn't it?"

"Oh, we'll soon have that all right," said the senior boy. "This isn't so bad as having your head knocked off, is it?"

"No," said Ronny, smiling despite the pain.

They went into the cloakroom and there, with a tenderness only equaled by mother herself, the senior boy bathed the wound and bound it up with liniment from the school first-aid outfit. Then with a jolly laugh and a "Cheerio!" he bade Ronny good-by and rushed off to his next class.

When Ronny reached home that night he had a great story to tell.

"But wasn't he nice?" he exclaimed. "You know, Mom, I'd never spoken to him before. I can't understand why he should have been so kind to a stranger. And he is one of the big boys, you know."

"It was good of him, indeed," said mother. "I appreciate it ever so much. You will tell him so, won't you? It was a kind thing to do. I hope you will always be as thoughtful, Ronny."

"Oh, I couldn't be as good as that," sighed Ronny.

Two days passed. Again it was evening. Ronny was due home at half-past four. But he did not come. Five o'clock passed, and still no Ronny. Mother began to get angry. Then she grew anxious.

At half-past five, when mother was just about to telephone to the police station, Ronny turned up.

Mother was waiting for him on the doorstep.

"Ronny," she said severely, "what do you mean by coming home at this hour? Don't you know how late it is? I really can't allow——"

"It's all right, Mom, I—I—I had to walk home."

"Walk home!" said mother in astonishment. "Walk home, indeed! Don't you have your nickel for your bus fare? I know I gave it to you this morning before you left."

"I know, Mom," said Ronny, a twinkle coming in his eye. "You gave me the nickel all right, but I gave it away."

"Gave it away!" cried mother, more astonished still. "What for?"

"I just couldn't help it," said Ronny. "You see I—er—I met one of the little boys—you know, out of the baby's class, we call it—just as I was going to get on the bus. He looked very pale and sick, so I asked him what was the matter. He said he didn't feel well enough to walk home,

and he had lost his nickel. So, well, there was nothing else to do. I—er—well—I just gave him mine and walked instead. And here I am."

"O you darling boy!" cried mother, throwing her arms round Ronny's neck and dropping some tears down the back of his new sweater.

"Why, what's the matter, Mom? It's nothing like what that boy did for me the other day. It's nothing at all."

"O Ronny," said mother, smiling through her tears, "it's just everything to me."

Geoffrey's Bandsmen

IT happened on the way back from the band. That is, the quarrel happened then.

As a special treat, Geoffrey and his sister Anne had been taken to hear the band one evening.

They loved going to the band, and would promise their daddy that they would be good as angels for weeks if only he would take them there.

Of course, as soon as the music was over they usually forgot all about their promises.

Well, the band was over one night, and daddy, Geoffrey, and Anne had started to walk home. Unfortunately, both children wanted to hold daddy's right hand. A very silly thing, of course, for surely daddy's left hand was just as comfortable to hold as his right hand. But then most quarrels start over very silly little things.

"I was there first," said Geoffrey.

"No you weren't, I was," said Anne.

"I was, you get away," said Geoffrey.

"I was, you get away," retorted Anne.

"What does it matter?" asked daddy.

"I had your right hand first," said Geoffrey.

"No, I did," said Anne. "Anyway, it's my turn."

"No, it isn't."

"It is."

"It isn't."

"Stop it, children!" cried daddy in desperation. "What

H A. Roberts

Geoffrey and Anne Promised Their Daddy That They Would Be Good As Angels for Weeks

will the people think of you both, making all this fuss at this time of night?"

"It's my place," said Geoffrey, taking no notice, and trying still harder to push Anne away.

"It isn't yours, it's mine," cried Anne, holding on to daddy's hand still more tightly.

"Will you stop it, Geoffrey?" said daddy firmly. "Come round and take my other hand at once."

"Don't want to," said Geoffrey sulkily, suddenly dropping behind. "I'll walk by myself then."

"All right," replied daddy. "And we shall not forget this next band night."

So the procession moved toward home, with Geoffrey dropping farther and farther behind, and shuffling his feet along in a manner that must have made the angels weep.

It was long past bedtime when they were all indoors, and mamma hurried the children up to bed without making too many inquiries as to what had happened.

Geoffrey was soon between the sheets, and it was not long before he dropped off into a troubled slumber.

Hello! What was this? He was at the band again. Surely it could not be! But he was. And to his utter amazement, he was the conductor. Behind him were hundreds of people, many of whom he recognized. Lots of boys from his school were there too. He felt very proud of himself. Fancy being the conductor of the band in front of all his school friends. My! wouldn't they all like to be in his shoes? He made up his mind that he would make their very ears tingle with the wonderful music he would bring from the band that night.

Then he looked round at his bandsmen. Yes, they were all there. Were they ready to play? Yes. He tapped his

baton smartly on the music holder, and swelled up with pride. But nobody moved.

He tapped again. No one seemed to take the slightest notice.

"Start!" he shouted. "Can't you hear me? Start!"

At this the drummer banged his drum and the man with the trombone blew one great long note. The people behind him laughed. He could hear his school friends tittering.

"Play!" he cried again. "Start! All of you start!"

He tapped furiously on the music holder.

The man with the piccolo blew a piercing blast and stopped. Then the cornets began, but they all seemed to be playing different tunes. Geoffrey was in despair. He waved his arms in an endeavor to beat time, but there was no time. Rather, there were all sorts of time. The clarinets had begun now, all on different notes. Geoffrey shouted to them to look at their music, but they took no notice. Now all the rest of the players began, and the confusion became terrible. It seemed as if each one was playing a tune of his own. No one took any notice of anybody but himself. Geoffrey could hear "Three Blind Mice" and "Home Sweet Home" and "Old Man River" and "America" all mixed up together. Every man was playing just what he liked and how he liked and in any time he liked.

As for Geoffrey, the players took no notice of him whatever. He might as well not have been there. And yet he felt that he was responsible. The people behind him were expecting great things of him. And this was all he could do! It was terrible, and as the din increased, Geoffrey became frantic.

"Stop!" he shrieked at them all. "Stop! Stop it, I say! Can't you hear me? Do what you're told, will you! Oh,

why don't you listen to me? Stop! Stop, I say! Stop!"

"There, there," said mamma, putting her hand on his forehead. "It's all right, dear, don't worry any more."

Geoffrey sat bolt upright in bed.

"So I'm not at the band, after all," he said.

"At the band?" laughed daddy. "You're in bed."

"Oh!" said Geoffrey. "You should have heard them. They just wouldn't do what I told them, Daddy. They were so obstinate. They just played their own tunes as loud as they could, and wouldn't take a bit of notice when I shouted at them."

"Who?" asked daddy.

"The bandsmen, of course. Didn't you hear the noise?"

"Well, no, I can't say that I did," said daddy. "I heard a noise, and I also heard someone acting like that on the way back from the band last night."

"Oh—er—yes," said Geoffrey, waking up fully at last. "I wonder if that's why I dreamed that dreadful dream."

"I should think it was," said daddy.

"Well, of all things," said Geoffrey as he dropped back on his pillow and went to sleep.

Geoffrey's dream was not forgotten in the morning, and daddy found it very useful later on when the old trouble began to come back again.

For whenever Geoffrey showed any signs of grumpiness or disobedience after that, all daddy had to say was, "How about your bandsmen, Geoffrey?"

It always had a wonderful effect!

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Shackleton's Famous Ship, the "Quest"

Why Mary Cheered Up

"THERE," said Mary, flinging her school satchel down on the kitchen table, "I'm never going to try again."

"Why, Mary dear, what has happened?" asked mother. "You were so happy when you went off to school this morning."

"Maybe I was," replied Mary sadly, "but I'm not now."

"But why, dear?"

"Teacher put up the examination results today, and I'm twelfth again. I did so want to be at the top this time."

Mary buried her face in her hands and began to cry.

"Cheer up," said mother, coming over to Mary's side and putting one arm around her. "It might have been much worse, you know. Why, you might have been at the bottom, and that would have been terrible, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose it would," said Mary, "but I'm never anything else but twelfth. I simply can't get to the top. I've never had a prize, and I suppose I never shall. I'm just a dull, stupid dunce, that's what I am, and I shall never be any good at all."

"Why, Mary dear, you'll be lots of good someday. And there are some subjects in which you have had nearly perfect marks. Didn't you get ninety-five per cent in botany the other day? That should cheer you up."

"It doesn't. Nothing cheers me up," wailed Mary.

"Let me tell you a story, then," said mother. "You've heard of Mr. Baldwin, once prime minister of England?"

"I'm not sure," said Mary.

"Well, do you know, when he was a boy and took the entrance examination at this famous school known as Harrow, he failed?"

"Did he?" said Mary.

"He surely did," said mother. "And another boy who failed in that same examination was called Freddie Smith. When he grew up he became Lord Birkenhead, one of the greatest lawyers of his time."

"Perhaps there's hope for me yet," said Mary, brightening up a little.

"Let me tell you some more," continued mother. "You've heard of Clive of India. Teacher may have mentioned him at school sometime."

"Yes."

"Well, it is said of him that he was the despair of his teachers. As for Nelson, the great admiral, when he went to school, he was a very poor scholar. I don't suppose his teacher ever thought he would win Trafalgar or the battle of the Nile."

"I don't suppose he did," said Mary.

"Then there is Sir Ernest Shackleton," went on mother, "that noble explorer who went to the south pole. You would hardly believe it, Mary, but as a boy he never rose high in his school, and couldn't apply himself to his books at all."

"Fancy all those great men being like me," said Mary, a smile beginning to curl round the corners of her mouth, and a merry twinkle showing in her eye.

"There are many more people like you, dear. Abraham Lincoln himself had a big struggle when he was young. Nobody in those days dreamed that he would ever be President of the United States."

"Well!" exclaimed Mary. "I thought all these great people were always at the top in school."

"It's a strange thing," said mother, "but few of them were. Many of the most useful men who have ever lived simply couldn't get on well at school. Being at the top in school doesn't mean that you are going to be at the top in everything all your life."

"But the top girls and boys seem so bright," said Mary; "they always get good marks and can answer so much more quickly than I can."

"Yes," said mother, "but remember the tortoise and the hare. It isn't always the fastest that gets there first."

"I'm sure I'm as slow as a tortoise, anyway," said Mary.

"Then cheer up and keep on pegging away," said mother. "You're bound to win someday if you do."

"Oh, well," said Mary, springing to her feet with new hope in her heart. "I suppose I'll have to try a bit harder next term." And she did.

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Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow Looking for a Home

A Tale of Two Sparrows

MR. and Mrs. Sparrow were just married, and they were looking for a nice place where they could build their nest.

They flew about for a long time without any success. Mrs. Sparrow was rather hard to please. Whenever Mr. Sparrow found a nice little corner that he thought would do, and came swooping down through the air to tell her so, Mrs. Sparrow would say, "Oh, that's not at all suitable for me, Mr. Sparrow. I must have something much better than that for my home."

At last Mr. Sparrow got so discouraged that he said he wouldn't look any more, and that Mrs. Sparrow, if she were so particular, had better look for herself.

Mrs. Sparrow took him at his word and said that if she couldn't find a nice place in half the time that Mr. Sparrow had taken, she would know the reason why.

So off flew Mrs. Sparrow to see what she could do.

In a little while she returned.

"I've found a wonderful place," she said. "It's warm and cozy, well protected from the weather, and the way in is so small that no one else will ever be able to find it; so we shall be quite by ourselves, with no neighbors to annoy us. You'll be able to sleep late in the morning, for there will be no other birds around to start singing too early."

"My dear!" cried Mr. Sparrow, "where can it be? Do show me at once. I'm so glad you have been so successful."

"Ah," said Mrs. Sparrow, "it takes me to find a home. I'll show you. You come along with me."

With that Mrs. Sparrow hopped off her perch and flew high in the air, with Mr. Sparrow following meekly at a respectful distance behind.

On and on they flew.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Mr. Sparrow, getting alarmed.

"You'll find out in a minute," said Mrs. Sparrow.

They were approaching a lofty church tower, and Mrs. Sparrow seemed to be flying to the very top of it.

"My dear, do be careful," called Mr. Sparrow. "This is very dangerous."

Mrs. Sparrow flew on as if she had not heard him. At last she alighted where a small window had been broken at the top of the tower. In a moment she had popped inside.

Poor Mr. Sparrow followed, very much alarmed and wondering what terrible thing would happen to them.

"Look," said Mrs. Sparrow. "Isn't this ideal? The very thing we have been looking for! Dry, fairly clean, and very private. I told you, Mr. Sparrow, that I would find the right place."

"But, my dear," said poor Mr. Sparrow, greatly agitated, "do you think it's all right? Is it safe?"

"Safe!" cried Mrs. Sparrow. "Of course it's safe. Now please get busy and bring all the straw you can find. We might as well make ourselves comfortable as soon as we can."

Very meekly Mr. Sparrow obeyed. In a little while he was back again, bringing a few pieces of straw in his beak. By this time Mrs. Sparrow had selected an attractive spot for the nest in between a number of wooden pipes. Mr.

Sparrow put down his pieces of straw and went out in search of more.

It did not take them very long to build their nest, and in a day or two they were settled down, ready to enjoy a well-earned rest.

All at once something terrible happened. It was on a Wednesday evening about seven o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow were settled comfortably in bed when suddenly they were awakened by a terrific noise. Groans and roars came from the big pipes, whines and shrieks from the little pipes. The whole place rocked and shook.

"My dear! My dear!" cried Mr. Sparrow. "What's the matter? What can have happened? Are you safe?"

But Mrs. Sparrow was not there to hear. Already she was at the broken window, shrieking at Mr. Sparrow to escape for his life. And without another thought they both jumped from the top of the tower out into the dark, cold night.

Probably those poor little sparrows will never know what really happened that terrible evening. As long as they live they will tell their friends how they lost their beautiful home, recounting in awed whispers the terrors they suffered in the haunted tower.

The fact was, of course, that they had merely tried to make their nest in the church organ loft. And the awful sounds they had heard that Wednesday evening were really the hymns the organist was playing for the prayer meeting.

To the people in the church the music was beautiful. "How lovely!" they all had said. "What delightful harmonies! What a wonderful organist!"

But to the poor little sparrows in the loft it had seemed like an earthquake and a hurricane combined.

Illus. London News L. P. Robert, Artist

Sparrows at Home

All of which goes to tell us that things are not always what they seem. And sometimes children, like the sparrows, are frightened merely because they do not understand. And sometimes, too, they grumble and growl because they are not yet old enough to appreciate the meaning of things beyond them.

Perhaps you have heard a little boy say sometime, "I don't like going to church. I never can understand a word the preacher says, and some of the hymns have no tune to them at all." Someday, however, he will understand the preacher and rejoice in his inspiring words. And someday the hymns that have seemed to have the least "tune" in them will be loved and prized most of all.

Perhaps, too, you have heard a little girl say, "I don't know why I have to put up with so much. I don't have the nice things other children have, and I'm always getting sick."

That *is* hard to understand, I admit. But when you feel like that, just think that Someone is playing on the organ of your life. To you the notes sound harsh and discordant, but the Organist knows what He is playing, and someday you will understand how lovely was the tune that He composed.

So when things go wrong and you are tempted to judge quickly and unkindly, just wait a little while and think of the sparrows in the tower.

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Donald—While Daddy Was Calling Him

How Donald Missed His Dinner

DONALD!"

No answer.

"Where *is* the boy?" asked daddy.

"It is so tiresome," said mamma; "dinner will be all spoiled."

"Well, we will go without him if he doesn't come soon," said daddy.

Donald was always forgetting something. In the morning he would forget where he had left his shoes the night before. Then he would forget where he had laid his cap. He would leave books at home which he should take to school, and leave books at school which he should bring home. But his chief trouble was in keeping time. Although he had been given a fine new watch on his last birthday, still he forgot to look at it when it was most necessary that he should.

Just now he was wandering far away along the shore, intent only on his shrimping net. Nothing else interested him at all. He had been told to return without fail by a quarter to one, so that the family could all go back in the car for dinner. But Donald was so happy and contented that he completely forgot his promise to return. He was out of sight of the rest of the party, and no one knew where he had gone. Father, mother, sisters, brothers—all called their loudest, but in vain. No Donald could be seen or heard anywhere.

"Where can he be?" asked mamma, somewhat alarmed. "Do you think he can have hurt himself?"

"No, I don't," said daddy. "It's just a little more of his old trouble. He has become interested in something and forgotten his promise. I'm going home."

"What, and leave him behind?" asked mamma.

"Poor Donald," said sister.

"Serve him right," said brother.

"I want my dinner," pleaded little brother.

"Jump in the car," said daddy.

"Oh," said mamma, "I don't like to go and leave him behind."

"I don't either," said daddy, "but he will have to learn sometime that he must do what he is told and keep his promises."

"Won't you have another look for him?" pleaded sister. "It will take just a moment."

"All right," replied daddy, "I'll look once more."

Leaving the others in the car, daddy searched again and called for Donald at the top of his voice. But no Donald appeared. When daddy returned to the car, there was a very determined look on his face. Not a word more would he say on the subject. He stepped on the gas and made for home and dinner.

It was a very nice dinner, but somehow no one seemed to enjoy it very much. Every now and then someone said, "I wish Donald was here," or "Wouldn't Donald like this?" and little brother kept repeating, "We must save some for Donald, mustn't we?"

It was two hours later before they all got back to the beach again. As the car drew up in the parking place, little brother shrieked, "I see him, I see him."

Donald was there all right. He had come back in his own good time, and found everybody gone. Never in all his life had he felt so desolate and lonesome. And they had all gone to dinner! Dinner! The very thought of it had made him ravenously hungry. He had pictured all the good things the others were eating, and had become hungrier and hungrier.

It was too bad of them to go, he had thought. Then he had looked at his watch. Twenty minutes to two. "Well," he had said to himself, "I guess I couldn't expect them to wait all this time." Then, supposing that they would all probably return after dinner, he had gone and laid himself down beside a boat and tried to forget his troubles.

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The Tunnel With a Gate
(See story on p. 50)

H. M. Lambert

A Merry Time by the Sea

Donald was still gazing up into the sky when he was roused by the joyous rush of feet toward him.

"So here you are, after all," said sister. "I am so glad you are all right."

"We had a fine dinner," said brother. "You missed something, I can tell you, by being late."

Donald tried to look as if that didn't matter at all, and that he had never felt the slightest pang of hunger.

Daddy now appeared on the scene.

"We were sorry to leave you, Don," he said, "but you'll have to learn someday that keeping promises on time is a most important matter."

"It seems so," said Donald.

"It is most important," repeated daddy.

Just then little brother crept close to Donald and whispered in his ear.

"I've brought you some of my dinner," he said. "It's done up in my handkerchief in my trouser pocket."

"You dear!" exclaimed Donald. "I shan't forget that, anyway."

And the fact is he didn't forget the lesson either.

The Tale of a Tangle

IT was holiday time, and George wanted a kite.

It was not the only thing George wanted, by any means, but just for the moment it was the thing he wanted most.

"Dad," he said, "do come and look at the lovely kite they've got in the corner store. It's just the one I want."

"I believe it," said dad, not very interested.

"Do come and look at it," begged George.

"I've seen lots of kites," said dad.

"But this is a new kind," persisted George, "and I really must have it. And if we don't go soon, it may be gone."

"Oh, don't be so impatient," replied dad. "There's no great hurry."

"But there is, really. You see, someone will buy it if we don't. I saw a boy looking in the shop just now, and I'm sure he wanted it."

"Let him have it," said dad.

"Oh, no, I couldn't," said George, getting desperate. "I simply must have that one. And after all, Dad, it's only a dime."

Dad pricked up his ears.

"Only ten cents? And who is going to pay for it?"

"Oh, I am, of course. That is—er—if you will lend me the dime."

"Ah!" said dad, "I seem to have heard that before."

George returned to the attack. He said that he had never had a kite in all his life, that other boys always had kites. Some had two or three. If he had a kite he would

be supremely happy. He would never worry anyone again. Dad would be free to read his paper without any interruption. Dad would not be asked to fly the kite nor wind in the string, unless he really wanted to do it. The kite would indeed become the greatest boon to the whole family that had ever been purchased. And all for ten cents, to be paid back, under solemn promise, during the next twelve months.

Either from rising interest or utter desperation, dad at last gave in and found himself being escorted to the corner store.

"That's it, that's the one!" cried George. "It's still there. How fortunate that no one bought it while you were making up your mind, Dad."

"What a pity, you mean! By the way, it's rather small and very flimsy."

"Yes," admitted George. "A large one would really be better, but it would cost more money, you know."

"Yes, I see."

They discussed kites for twenty minutes with the lady in the store, and at the conclusion dad found himself the poorer by fifty cents.

They had decided to take a larger kite, and the ten-cent one was put back in the window.

George was frantic with delight.

"I'll pay you back the fifty cents," he said reassuringly.

"Yes, of course," said dad, having a vision of the debt being spread over two years instead of one.

They were just leaving the store when dad noticed something.

"Where is your string?"

"String?" repeated George, in dismay.

"Yes, string," said dad with emphasis. "Got any?"

"Why—er—no," said George ruefully, "I can't say I have. I really never thought about it. Don't they give us the string with the kite?"

"Not usually. The string will cost you another twenty-five cents."

George's face fell. "I'm afraid I shall have to borrow that as well," he said.

Dad laughed. "I'll give you that too, son. But mind, whatever you do, don't undo that ball of string until you are ready to use it. Then wind it on a thick round piece of wood."

"Oh, I know what to do," said George, "I can do it all right."

They left the store and returned home. Dad had left seventy-five cents there instead of a dime. But he had gained something he did not expect.

At dinnertime there was no sign of George.

"George!" called dad. "Where are you?"

Mother came in.

"It's all right," she said, "George has had a little accident, and he'll be along soon."

But George did not come along soon. Dad went to find out what was the matter. He found him in the other room with the ball of string on the floor. To be more correct, it was a *pile* of string. Indeed, it was one appalling, heart-breaking tangle. Poor George sat on the floor beside it, picking, pulling, twisting, winding, his face meanwhile the very picture of gloom.

"What does this mean?" asked dad. "Is that the lovely ball of string we bought this morning?"

George turned his tear-filled eyes upward. Then without saying a word he returned to his seemingly unending task.

"George, how did this happen? Did you undo the ball before you were ready to wind it on the stick?"

George nodded, and the nod threw a tear out on the floor.

"Well," said dad, "that was deliberate disobedience. You are a most impatient boy, and you deserve to be punished."

"I am," said George.

As for the tangle, well, mother had a go at it, auntie had a go at it, sister had a go at it, and, of course, dad had a go at it; and it was not until two days later that dad's fifty cents soared into the air at the end of that ball of string.

And now every time George sees a kite in the sky he remembers his mistakes and determines to be a better boy.

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A Bottleful of Curiosities

Curiosities

HUNTING for curiosities is a great game. It will keep you amused for hours. That is, of course, if you find some now and then.

Perhaps you will say, "What is a curiosity?" Well, it is something different from the ordinary, like a stone with a hole in it on the beach. There are millions of pebbles on the beach, but only a few of them have holes. That's why we like to find them, isn't it?

Of course, if you live near the seaside, you can find all sorts of curiosities if you start to search for them. Strange shells, starfish, anemones, and funny little bits of seaweed.

If you live in the country, there are curiosities without number in the fields and woods—quaint little birds, peculiar flowers, hollow trees, and the like.

And if you are not so fortunate as to live in the country or by the sea, you can get lots of fun looking for strange things on the streets or in the parks. There are hundreds of curious-looking people about, you know, and all manner of strange dresses. Then there are queer dogs and cats—dogs with long bodies and short legs, cats of strange colors, new types of cars, unusual advertisements, and—all sorts of things.

If you want to have a real exciting competition sometime, get your friend to go for a walk with you in search of curiosities. Take a notebook each and make a list of all the curious things you see, everything that you feel is out of the ordinary. Of course, don't put your little friend's name at

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Cutting an Elephant's Toenails

the head of your list. And don't compare your lists till you get back home. Then the one who has the longest list of *real* curiosities will have won the game.

The only difficulty you may find will be in deciding whether what you have put down is a "really-truly" curiosity. If you two don't agree, at least be sure you don't quarrel about it. The best way is to let your friend have the benefit of the doubt, even though you do lose the game yourself.

As you grow up, if you always keep your eyes open, you will see all sorts of curious things, and life will be so much more interesting than if you go along all the time with your eyes shut.

Just look at that elephant in the picture. There is a curiosity for you! Have you ever seen an elephant having his toenails cut? I don't suppose you have. To be quite exact, this elephant's toenails are really being filed down, not cut. I reckon he looks far happier about it than you do on bath night when mother gets busy with the scissors!

Now look at that great fir tree growing out of a roof! Isn't that one of the strangest things you ever saw? It's a real photograph, and if ever you pass through the village of Kilmersdon in Somersetshire, England, you will see the tree itself—that is, if it hasn't been blown down by then. By the way, the roots of this tree do not reach the ground, so it must draw all its life and food out of the roof itself.

Then here is another funny thing. Children who live in the city of Dundee, in Scotland, may often have seen this strange young man up among the chimneypots in Preddie Street. "What is he doing there?" you say. He has an interesting story. For many years he rode proudly at the bow of a sailing ship. He may have traveled all over the

world. Then when the ship was broken up at last, a ship's carpenter hoisted him up to the chimney pots of his house, where, instead of being washed by the waves of the sea, he

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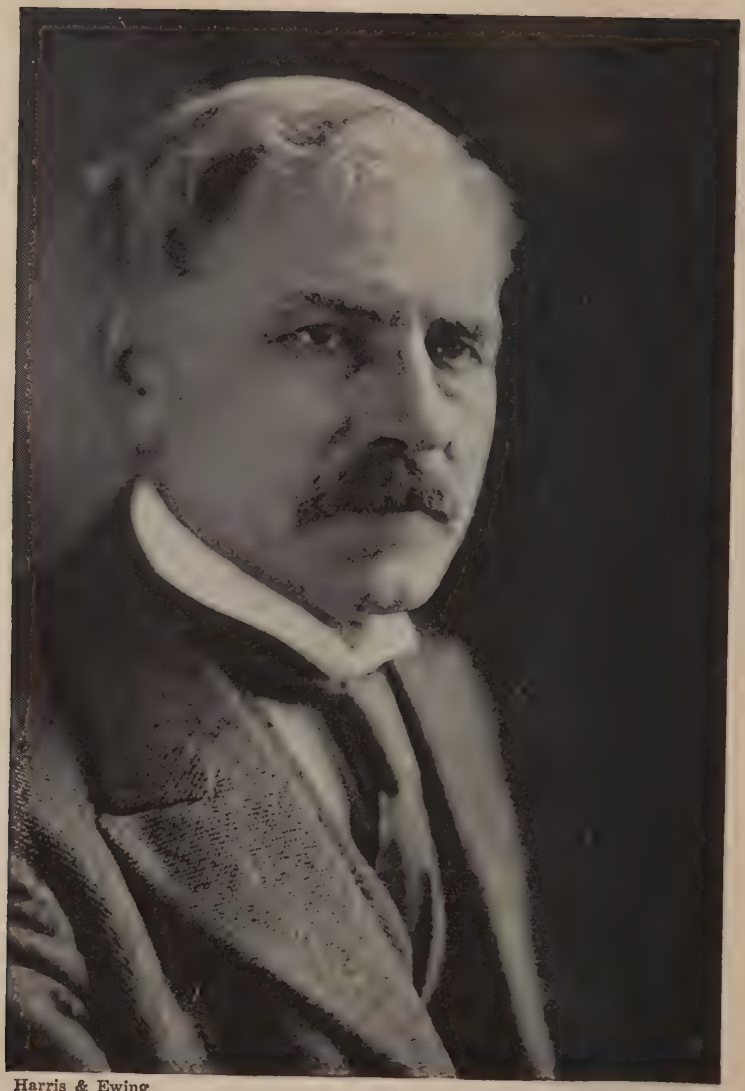
The Tree That Grows on a Roof *The Boy Among the Chimneys*

has been blackened by the grime and soot of the great city through half a century.

Ever seen a tunnel with a gate to it? That's a strange thing, isn't it? Fancy a train having to stop while the driver gets out to open the gate! But that doesn't really happen in this case. This tunnel was actually built by the famous

engineer George Stephenson in 1832. It is so narrow that car windows had to have bars placed across them to prevent passengers from hitting the tunnel with their heads should they lean out. The tunnel was closed some time ago, and trains will never rumble through it again. (See picture on page 39.)

Well, this gives you a good start for your new game, doesn't it? Now keep your eyes open, and see how many curiosities you can find yourself.



Harris & Ewing

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

Stanley's Future

"COME and sit on my knee, Stanley," said daddy.

Stanley jumped up from his seat and ran across the room. He still loved to sit on his daddy's knee, even though he was getting to be quite a big boy.

"Well, Stanley," said daddy, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"Me?" said Stanley. "I don't just know. I used to think I would like to be an engineer, but now I think that job would be too cold in winter."

"Well, what else?" asked daddy, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, if I had my way," said Stanley slowly, as if thinking it over very carefully, "I think I should like to have lots of money and do nothing at all."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed daddy. "That would be nice, but where would you get the money?"

"I hadn't thought of that," said Stanley. "I suppose I should get it from somewhere, and then I should buy a very fast car and a motorboat, and have a toy steam engine in my back yard big enough to carry us all."

"O son, you make me laugh," said daddy. "Cars and motorboats do not come so easily as that. Do you know the only way most people get those nice things?"

"No, I'd like to," said Stanley.

"Then I'll tell you," said daddy. "By hard work."

"Oh," said Stanley. "Isn't there a better way than that?"

"It's the best way there is," said daddy. "There's an old saying, Stanley, 'Easy come, easy go.' It means that those who get money without working for it soon lose it. The things we appreciate most are those we work the hardest for. You know how you like to get a dime for cutting the lawn, don't you?"

"I'll say I do!" said Stanley. "By the way, did you pay me for cutting it last time?"

"Indeed I did," replied daddy. "And I was going to tell you a story or two about some men who have worked hard for the good things they have. You remember hearing of Sir Thomas Lipton?"

"You mean the man who built the yacht *Shamrock* and raced so often for the American Cup and failed to win it?"

© Topical

Where Mr. Ramsay MacDonald Was Born

"Yes. He was a very rich man, and you would hardly believe it, but he started work as an errand boy at sixty cents a week! Once when he asked for a raise he was told by his employer that that was all he was worth, and probably more than he was worth. But young Thomas would not let himself become discouraged. He made up his mind that he would work harder still. And it was because he worked so hard all his life that he was able to afford the money to build *Shamrock*."

"Tell me some more," said Stanley, getting interested.

"Well, there's the story of the famous ship owner, Lord Inchcape. In 1874 he was a penniless young clerk in an office."

"How much did he get?"

"I don't know," said daddy. "It wasn't very much. But that poor boy worked himself up and up until he became the head of one of the largest shipping companies in the world. There came a day when he owned a nice car, but I am sure he put in many years of hard, wearying work, with long hours and little pay, before he got it.

"Mr. H. G. Wells, who has written a great many books, was once an assistant behind the counter in a small dry-goods store. And Bernard Shaw, who now has a world-wide reputation, used to be a telephone operator!"

"How do you know all this about these people, daddy?" asked Stanley. "Are they friends of yours?"

"Well, not exactly; in fact, I don't know them personally," said daddy honestly, "but I've read a great deal about them, you know."

"Tell me some more then," said Stanley.

"All right. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, once prime minister of England, was born in a little Scottish fishing village.

When he was only twelve years old he was sent to work on a farm. At nineteen he went to London, where he earned his living by addressing envelopes by hand. He had a hard life indeed, but he finally won the highest office his people could give him.

"One day perhaps you will hear of the great scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge. Very few people know, however, that he once worked as a poor lad in the potteries, and attended night classes after his hard day's work was over!

"Another man you should know about is Henry Folland. He was a Welshman, and while still a boy had the misfortune to lose an arm. It must have been a great discouragement to him. Probably he told himself often that he would never be any good at all. But he was full of courage. He found a small job and did it well. With his one arm he worked harder than other boys with two. Gradually he worked his way up until at last, when he was still under thirty years of age, he became manager of the Raven Tinplate Works, one of the largest tinplate works in the world. When he died, it is said that he left a fortune of over five million dollars."

"And all with one arm!" exclaimed Stanley.

"Yes," said daddy. "And you have two arms, thank God. What may you not be able to do with them!"

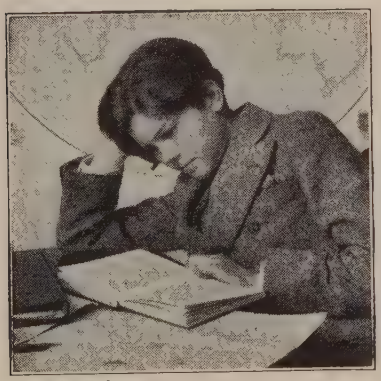
"It looks as if I shall have to work hard too, after all," said Stanley.

"Yes indeed," said daddy. "And remember that these great men did not merely work for money. They loved their work, and became deeply interested in it. They put their work first, and the money came afterward. It is the secret of success in life, Stanley."

"Well," said Stanley with a smile, "I'll have to think it

over. I'm not sure now whether I shall be a lawyer or a merchant or the President of the United States."

"Anyway," said daddy, "you still have a little time to decide."



H. A. Roberts

Success Comes by Study and Work

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"And When Did You Last See Your Father?"

Yeames, Artist

Brave Boys

NOT long ago two young boys were playing on the bank of a river. All of a sudden the smaller one fell in and was swept away by the current. Instantly, without a moment's thought for himself, the other boy jumped in to save his brother. Neither could swim, and both were drowned.

Terribly sad, wasn't it? But what a noble boy was that older brother!

Every day the papers tell us about brave boys—boys who jump into an icy pond to save a friend who has fallen in; boys who dash through a fire to save a baby sister; boys who stand up against bigger boys who are bullying at school.

Somehow in almost every boy there is a quality of bravery which rises up within him in the moment of emergency.

Look at the little chap in the picture. His father was a cavalier in the days of the great civil war in England. The Roundheads have captured the father's castle, and are searching for the father himself. They are very anxious to find him, as he is an important man, and his capture will mean much to them.

Everyone in the castle is questioned as to the knight's whereabouts, but no one seems to know. Then one of the soldiers has a bright idea. "Ask the children," he suggests. "If they know they will surely tell."

So the two children are sent for. They are terribly frightened, and the poor mother is even more afraid, for she does not know what the children will say. But the boy is very brave. He doesn't say a word.

© Topical

Bryan Untiedt With President Hoover

The soldiers ask him, "And when did you last see your father?" But he will not reply. Nothing will persuade him to betray his daddy. How proud his mother must have been that day!

But boys can be as brave today as ever they were in the days of old.

Some years ago, in the Rocky Mountains, a busload of happy children left their school one day and started on their homeward journey. It was wintertime and snow was falling. They had not gone more than a few miles when the bus became stuck in a snowdrift and would not move either forward or backward.

Just then a terrible blizzard descended from the mountains, and the bus was soon covered with snow. The driver did his best to keep the children warm. At first he got them to tear up all their schoolbooks and notebooks, and with these he made a fire in a tin can, round which they crowded for warmth. When all the books were gone, they broke up the wooden seats and fed the fire with these.

At last the fire went out, and the driver tried to keep the children warm by getting them to box and wrestle, sing and dance. They managed to keep themselves alive all through the afternoon, evening, and night, until the morning; but then they found that one poor little girl had died.

At this the brave driver decided to go out and search for help. But the snow was so deep and the blizzard so fierce that he lost his way, fell in the snow, and died.

Before he left the bus he had told one of the older boys, Bryan Untiedt, that he must take charge and keep the children awake at all costs. Bryan was only thirteen at the time, but he rose to the occasion and showed a heroism that stirred the world.

J. C. Allen

Many Boys and Girls Go to School in Busses

The children were now all huddled together at the back of the bus. Suddenly it was noticed that yet another one had died of the awful cold. This made the children frantic, and in the excitement one of them broke a window, and thus left them quite open to the wind and snow. Bryan tried to keep up their spirits, and started the boxing and wrestling again. But they were all getting exhausted now, and could not keep it up for long.

Noticing that his own little brother had become unconscious, this dear brave lad actually took off all his own clothes, save only his underclothes, and wrapped them around his brother. But the little brother died also, and then

they all, one by one, fell down on the floor of the bus and lost consciousness.

It was not until late that afternoon that a farmer stumbled accidentally upon the bus. He was horrified to find the heap of unconscious children inside, and as fast as he could he carried them to his home. Many did not recover, but Bryan was soon well again. For his bravery he was sent for by President Hoover, an honor he well deserved, and was entertained several days at the White House.

Not all brave deeds are noticed and written about in the papers as was this one. Many are done out of sight, and only God sees them. Yet some of these are the bravest of all.

It is a brave deed to speak the truth when it may bring us suffering. When teacher asks at school, "Who has been talking while I've been out of the room?" it is a brave deed to hold up your hand if you are guilty, and say, "I did, sir."

The teacher may look very solemnly at you, and tell you to stay in for half an hour after school, but in his heart he will admire you for your honesty and courage.

It is a brave deed to resist a temptation to do wrong. When someone would lead you to steal or to lie or to swear, and you say, "I cannot do that," you have done a very noble deed—one that takes more courage sometimes than jumping into a river to rescue a drowning friend.

And it is a brave deed to break away from a companion whom you know is leading you in the wrong way. It is sometimes a very hard thing to do, and calls for the highest courage.

It is a brave deed also to refuse to laugh when the laughter would cause suffering to others; or to refuse to laugh at an unholy jest or an impure story. The boy who can turn

away at such a time, or better still say, "Stop it, boys; this isn't right," is brave indeed.

The world needs more brave boys like these. There is room for them everywhere. They are wanted at school, on the playground, and in the great battles of afterlife. God bless them!

© S.W.P.

It's a Brave Boy Who Gets Up as Soon as Mother Calls

Stories for the Tiny Tots

© Franz Hanfstaengl H. Hofmann, Artist

Jesus Blessing the Bread at Emmaus

A Page of Blessings

WHEN Jesus lived on the earth, before He would eat bread He first blessed it. And from this example of the Master has come down to us the beautiful custom of "saying grace" before meals.

I wonder what you say when you "ask the blessing" or "say grace." I know one little boy who used to say, very simply, and with his eyes tight shut: "Thank God for this good food. Amen."

That's very brief, isn't it?

When I was in Birmingham, England, once, I heard a little girl say this blessing, and I thought it was very beautiful indeed:

"Thank you! for the world so sweet,
Thank you! for the food we eat,
Thank you! for the birds that sing,
Thank you, God, for ev'rything."

One that children often say is this:

"For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen."

You may have said that very often, but if you think a little more what the words mean, perhaps you won't say it so fast as you have done.

Here is another beautiful little blessing:

"Bless this food which now we take
And make us good for Jesus' sake.
Amen."

And here is yet another:

"Dear Jesus, as our heads we bow,
For this good food we thank Thee now.
Amen."

And if you do not wish to say your blessing in poetry, you can say this:

"We thank Thee, dear Lord, for this good food. Bless us now. Make us strong for Thy service. Remember the poor and needy. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

And now you won't forget to say your blessing next mealtime, will you?

"Unto Seventy Times Seven"

YOU will remember that the Bible says we should forgive our brothers when they annoy us "seventy times seven."

That sounds like a lot of times. If only the Bible had said seven times, it would have given us a chance to be cross now and then, wouldn't it? But seventy times seven! Dear me! That is four hundred and ninety times!

I am sure Jesus made it all that number so that we should lose count and so go on forgiving all the time.

Well, I saw a beautiful illustration of this the other day. There were two boys in it. So that you won't know who they really are, I will just call them Tom and Tiny.

Tom was the big brother and Tiny, the little brother.

Now Tom was a big tease. Nothing pleased him more than to worry his little brother until he was well-nigh frantic. He would tread on Tiny's train lines, tip the engine over, tilt the signal down when Tiny wanted it up, block up the tunnel just as Tiny was sending the engine through it. They were all very little things, but they just made poor Tiny mad.

In desperation Tiny left his train and started to paint in his new paint book. Tom poked his arm and the brush made a nasty smudge right across the page. Poor Tiny! It seemed as if he couldn't have peace to do anything.

They went into the garden. Tiny got onto his tricycle. Before he had gone two yards Tom jumped in front so that Tiny couldn't move another inch. Tiny backed and started off in another direction, but still Tom stood in the way.

"O Tom, do stop!" cried poor little Tiny, getting fairly desperate.

But Tom took no notice. The more worried Tiny became, the more Tom seemed to enjoy the fun.

"Do get out of my way!" cried Tiny again. "You are just a horrid boy, Tom, and I'll never love you any more."

Just then a voice called from the kitchen. Tiny ran indoors.

"I've brought you something nice from town," said mamma.

"Have you? What is it?" asked Tiny, all excited.

Mamma opened her bag and brought out a bar of chocolate. "What do you say for that?"

Like a flash Tiny's arms were round mamma's neck. "Thank you lots and lots," he said.

As he turned to go back to the garden, he stopped and looked round.

"And some for Tom, too, Mamma?" he asked.

From the depths of mamma's bag came another bar, and Tiny ran off happily to find his brother.

"Some for Tom, too." Dear loving little heart! All the teasing forgotten and forgiven so soon!

What a lesson for us all!

Paul's Lesson

PAUL'S great ambition in life at the moment was to make a sailing boat. He had found a piece of wood about two feet long and six inches square, and was proceeding to hollow it out with a mallet and a chisel.

If you have never done this, you have missed one of the joys of life. At any rate, Paul enjoyed it. He became so interested that he could think of nothing else. As soon as he returned from school every evening, he would rush off to his little workshop and start on his job again.

Gradually the piece of wood took shape. Little by little, chip by chip, the hole became deeper and deeper. There was not much left to do now, and soon he would be able to nail on the deck and start to work on the mast and sails.

Then came the Sabbath. From his earliest years Paul had learned that this was a day to be kept holy. He had been to church on this day as far back as he could remember. Ordinary work was always laid aside. He kept his very best books to read on this day. To all the family it was a time of rest and peace.

This week, however, the Sabbath seemed to Paul to have come at the wrong time. More than anything else he wanted to finish his boat. There were only a few days left before the holidays, and he feared that he would not have it ready in time. If only he could work just a little while longer, he would be able to finish hollowing out the hull at least.

In the morning he went to church as usual. In the after-

noon, however, he told mother that he would rather not go out for a walk with her. He would look after the house while mother went out, he said.

Mother had not been gone long, however, before Paul closed the book he was reading and got up out of his chair. He knew that he had not really read a line of the book. All the time he had been thinking about the boat. Something seemed to be shouting in his ears, "Boat, boat, boat!"

He wandered about the house for a little while, still uncertain what to do. Very faintly another voice said to him, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

Then the first voice started again, "Boat, boat, boat!"

Gradually Paul moved toward his workshop. He opened the door and looked in. There could be no harm in looking in, of course, even on the Sabbath day, he told himself.

Yes, there was the boat, just as he had left it the evening before, almost finished. Another half hour's work, thought Paul, and the hull would be ready for the deck. What a pity to have to wait another whole day before he could touch it!

He went in, shut the door behind him, and walked over to the boat. Admiringly he stroked his hand over the smooth surface of the wood.

Then, before he quite realized what he was doing, he had picked up the mallet and given one bang to the chisel. The noise resounded through the stillness of the house and made Paul just a little frightened. He looked round to make sure the door was shut.

Bang! He gave the chisel another hit.

Again he felt afraid. Would mother hear? What would she think of him? But there, mother was bound to

be out for another half hour. She always did go out for at least an hour's walk on Sabbath afternoons.

Bang! out flew another chip of wood.

Paul became bolder. Every hit was a little harder. But he was still very nervous.

"Oh!" he cried, all of a sudden. The mallet had missed the top of the chisel and had come down on his thumbnail.

Tears filled his eyes, and he danced round the room for a minute until the pain had eased. He began to wonder whether he should have stayed, but now there was only such a little bit left to do he thought he might as well finish it.

Bang!

"Oh!" cried Paul in dismay. This time he had hit the chisel a little too hard, and it had gone right through the boat. His beautiful work was spoiled. He could have wept, for now it would be difficult to make the boat watertight.

He was almost persuaded to stop, but the misfortune had made him desperate.

Bang! Bang! Bang! He hammered away faster than ever, very fearful now that mother might return any minute and find him there.

"Oh!"

The chisel had slipped and cut his hand. It was a bad cut, and Paul knew it. He wrapped his handkerchief around it and ran from the room.

"Mother, Mother!" he cried, "I've cut myself badly. Mother, where are you?"

Fortunately, mother was nearing home. She heard Paul's cries some distance away, and came running to him as fast as she could.

As mother entered the front door, Paul fell over in a

faint, and it was some time before he was well enough to explain what had happened.

When he opened his eyes again, he found himself sitting in one of the armchairs in the dining room. Mother was bathing his forehead with cold water.

Paul began to stare at something on the wall.

"What's the matter, dearie?" said mother soothingly. "Don't look so worried."

"Look," said Paul, "to think of that being in front of me now."

"What?" asked mother, very much puzzled.

"That!" said Paul.

Mother looked and at last began to understand. For there she read the old familiar words:

"A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content
And strength for the tasks of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

When Daddy Phoned Up

MASTER JOHN was the idol of his daddy's heart. Everything that Master John did was perfectly all right—to daddy.

Mamma would sometimes tell daddy at nighttime about some of the mischief Master John had been up to during the day. But daddy would say, without the least sympathy for mamma, "Poor little dear, he had to amuse himself somehow, didn't he?"

Even when Master John had wiped his coalblack fingers all over mamma's newly washed clothes, all that daddy said was, "Ah, but he's a bright boy; he must have known those clothes were clean, or he wouldn't have done it."

But one day daddy had a little experience for himself.

He was in the city, and in a terrible hurry to get an important document which he thought he had left at home. In a frenzy of anxiety lest he might have lost it on the train, he went to a telephone and called up his home.

At last he was put through. And this is what happened next:

"Is that Henford 4242?"

"Yaaaaaaaa."

"I say, is that Henford 4242?"

"Heeeeeeee."

"There's something wrong with the phone. Is that you, Maggie?"

"Dad-dad-dad-dad-dad-dad."

© Fox Photos

"What *is* the matter? I want that document I left on the hall table this morning."

"Goo-goo-goo-goo-goo-goo."

"Can't you understand what I say? I've lost that document. At least I haven't got it. Is it at home? Can't you hear me? Is that Henford 4242?"

"Dad-dad-dad-dad-dad-dad."

Daddy hung up in a towering rage.

When he reached home that night he demanded an explanation. Something had got to be done about it. He could not afford to waste good money like that on telephone calls. And when he did call, why did not someone answer him in an intelligent way? Whoever dared to say all that gibberish when he was anxiously awaiting news of an important document? And so on.

Mamma waited until it was all over. Then she burst into peals of laughter.

"I came in just as you hung up," she said at last, "and what did I find but Master John trying to talk into the phone with the earpiece held up as if he had used it for years."

"Well!" exclaimed daddy. "So it was Master John, was it? A remarkable boy, my dear. I always did say he was a most intelligent child. I must go up and kiss him for that right now, even if he is asleep."

"Well, of all things!" said mamma, as daddy bounded upstairs.

© Philips

"I Want to Hold the Dollie," Said Jean

The Strange Fate of Matilda

IT was Dorothy's birthday. The postman had brought a wonderful brown paper parcel, and mother had put it on Dorothy's chair at the breakfast table.

When Dorothy came into the dining room her eyes opened so wide mother thought they would never shut again. She rushed across the room and started to open the parcel at once. Off came the string and the paper and the lid, and then—

"What a lovely dollie!" she cried. "How good of uncle! He knew just the very thing I wanted. Isn't she a perfect beauty? I believe she even has a wax face. I am going to call her Matilda, and I'm sure I shall love her forever and ever!"

Just then little sister came running into the room.

"What a booful dollie!" she cried. "Do let me hold it just a minute."

"Oh, no indeed," said Dorothy. "You must never touch Matilda. I will let you look at her sometimes, but mind, you must always leave her alone."

"I want to hold the dollie," cried Jean stretching out her little arms. "I won't hurt it."

"Get away," said Dorothy angrily. "You must not touch her."

Jean turned away, but there were tears in her eyes. A little later she came back to Dorothy, who was still hugging the dollie, and begged to be allowed to hold it "just for a minute."

"No," said Dorothy. "You may look at her, but you must not touch her. You might break her head, and then what should I do?"

Jean followed Dorothy around all the morning, begging for Matilda. Dorothy went into the garden and put Matilda into her dollie carriage. Still Jean begged.

"I want to hold the dollie," she cried. "I won't hurt it a bit."

"You are not going to hold Matilda," said Dorothy. "She's mine, and I don't want her broken."

"You are a mean girl," said Jean, tears rolling down her cheeks. "I only want to hold her just a minute."

"Do leave me alone," said Dorothy. "I want to enjoy Matilda all by myself."

But still Jean begged and begged. At last Dorothy rushed indoors and upstairs, Matilda in her arms. Opening a cupboard door, she pushed Matilda inside, intending to keep her out of sight till Jean should have forgotten about her.

Jean was waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs. "Where's that dollie?" she asked. "Do let me hold her just a minute."

"I won't," said Dorothy. "She's gone, anyway."

And so she had, too.

If only Dorothy hadn't been so bad-tempered she would have noticed which cupboard it was that she had put Matilda to sleep in. But being so very angry she had failed to see that it was the cupboard which had the hot-water tank in it. Consequently the longer Matilda lay there the warmer she became. And after a while little tears of wax began to roll down her cheeks. By and by she had no nose left at all and her eyebrows had fallen off.

When at last Dorothy opened the cupboard door again, it was a sorry sight indeed that met her eyes. What she said and what she did had better be left unrecorded. But as she wept and wailed, one thought kept coming to her mind, "If only I had let Jean hold her, this would never have happened!"

And all her life she never forgot this lesson—things that are shared often last longer than those one tries to enjoy alone.

H. A. Roberts

"Dear Mr. Donkey," Said Diana

Diana's Donkey Ride

DO let me have a ride on a donkey," begged Diana for the fifth time that afternoon.

"No," said mamma. "I've told you, Diana, that you cannot have anything else today. You want everything you see, and if there's a new way to spend money, you find it. So please don't let me hear anything more about that donkey business."

"But, Mamma——" pleaded Diana.

"No!" said mamma.

Diana walked away. Evidently she thought it was no use worrying mamma any more. She strolled away toward the donkeys.

There were a dozen of them, all standing together, waiting for children to come and ride on them. Even while Diana watched, a group of children came up, paid their pennies to the man in charge, and went off gaily along the sands.

There was only one donkey left, and he stood there, good as gold, even though his master had gone away. Diana went up to him and stroked his nose.

"Dear Mr. Donkey," she said, "you'd like to give me a ride, wouldn't you, if I had enough pennies?"

"Hee-haw," said the donkey.

"You are a dear," said Diana. "I believe I could ride you all by myself. It must be easy. Look at all those other children."

As Diana looked at the other children, she realized that

both they and the man in charge of them were a long way off and that she was alone with this donkey.

At once a great idea came into her mind. She would have a little ride after all, even if she only just sat on his back and moved around in a circle. Surely the man wouldn't want any pennies for that.

Near by were some steps on which the children stood when getting up onto the donkeys' backs. Very cautiously Diana led her donkey over to them and climbed up. Nobody seemed to notice her, and she felt very much pleased with herself.

As for the donkey, he seemed quite used to this sort of thing, and stood there just as quiet and gentle as a lamb. Diana was delighted. She was on a donkey at last, even though mamma hadn't given her any money for it.

Suddenly, however, something happened to Mr. Donkey. He seemed to realize that he had been left behind by the others. While he had been standing alone, it had not mattered, but now that he had someone on his back he felt that he should be with his friends. So, turning round, he jogged off at a smart pace across the sands.

Diana was never more frightened in her life. What would the man say? She had no pennies to pay him. And what would mamma say when she found out?

Gladly would she have jumped off, but she dared not. She took hold of the reins, but the donkey only moved the faster.

Donkeys do not usually run very fast, but to Diana this one seemed to be rushing away with her at a terrible speed. He seemed to hear the others in the distance, and wanted to catch up with them.

Bump, bump, bump, bumpety, bump! On went the

donkey, with Diana rolling from side to side, expecting to fall off any moment and almost panic-stricken with fear.

"Stop, donkey! Stop, donkey!" she gasped.

But Mr. Donkey had no intention of stopping.

"Oh, why didn't I do what mamma said?" thought Diana. "This is terrible. Won't he ever stop?"

Bump, bump, bump, on across the sands, over the breakwaters, went the donkey.

And now, oh horrors, the donkey was taking her past the very place where mamma was sitting quietly knitting in her deck chair.

"Mamma!" shrieked Diana.

Mamma looked up from her knitting. In an instant she took in the situation and started running after Diana.

"Stop that donkey!" she cried. "Stop that donkey!"

Other people heard her cry and saw her running. They took up the chase as well. Presently there were more than a dozen people rushing along the sands behind the donkey. As for him, he thought it was one huge joke, and ran faster than he had ever done in his life. Bump, bump, bump!

Poor Diana! What she suffered! She felt sure she would never be able to sit down again.

By this time the other donkeys had reached the end of their course and turned back. The driver soon saw what had happened, and came running toward Diana.

"Hi, hi!" he called out very angrily. "What does this mean?"

But Diana did not care what it meant.

"Take me off, take me off!" she cried.

He took her off and told her what he thought of what she had done.

And after mamma had paid the driver what he asked

for Diana's ride, she also told her some things which she will not forget for some time.

And every time Diana sat down during the next two weeks she remembered her sins and passed a new resolution never again to disobey mamma.

Her Pets

While Mamma Was Out

MAMMA must go out for just a little while. Baby will be a good boy, won't he?"

"Yes," said Baby, as though anything else was quite impossible.

"And Baby won't try to get out of his chair?"

"No," said Baby, as though he would never dream of attempting anything of the kind.

"And Baby won't touch anything on the table?"

"No," said Baby very solemnly, but casting his eyes over everything on it, nevertheless.

"And Baby won't do anything naughty at all?" said mamma, as though to cover all possibilities.

"No," said Baby, with a smile that was brimful of mischief. "Baby be very good."

"Mamma will come back ever so quickly. By-by, darling. Mamma's only going down to the garden."

"By-by, Mamma."

For a moment or two His Majesty was content to bang his spoon on the arm of his chair. It made a nice loud noise. But, alas, the spoon slipped from his fingers and went clattering on the floor.

There was nothing to do but to find something else interesting. The table seemed to provide a source of attraction. But everything had been moved rather a long way off. It is too bad, thought Baby. Why should big people move things so far away when they go out?

But there was a way out of the difficulty. He could at

least reach the tablecloth, and he found that by pulling this toward him the things he wanted came too. Unfortunately, some of them, including knives, forks, spoons, plates, cups, and saucers, came toward him quicker than he had intended, and went over the edge of the table to keep company with the spoon on the floor. They made a perfectly wonderful noise as they fell, and Baby chuckled with great glee.

As the tablecloth kept coming toward him, more and more things fell over the side. Each one made a different sound. It was just lovely.

Coming toward him now was a large pot of something. It looked red inside. He caught it just in time, and managed to lift it over onto his chair.

What could this be? It looked nice. In went one chubby finger. Ah! lovely, he thought. In went a hand. Then in went the other hand. Before long he had swallowed quite a lot of strawberry jam. What he did not swallow stuck to him in various places. He was just going to dip into it again when the door opened and in walked mamma.

"Baby!" she cried. "You naughty boy! What have you been doing?"

Baby smiled a smile of perfect innocence.

"Baby sorry," he said.

"Sorry!" exclaimed mamma, going down on her knees to pick up the broken china. "I should think you ought to be sorry, my boy."

Perhaps I had better draw a veil over what happened next. Suffice it to say that Baby had his first lesson in the value of obedience.

Kind People in the Bible

WHEN a little boy at school opens his bag of candy and says to you, "Please take one," you like him very much, don't you? And when you get home, you tell mamma that you met a very kind boy today.

Everybody loves kind people, and if you want to be loved by everybody, you must learn how to show kindness to others all the time.

Let me tell you where you can meet some kind people you may not have seen before. They live in those wonderful old stories we read about in the Bible.

Once there dwelt together an old man and his nephew. They occupied quite a lot of land with their cattle, and the young man wanted to divide it. So the old man said to him, "Choose which you would like. If you take the left hand, then I will go to the right." That was a very kind thing for the old man to say. And yet when the nephew took the very best piece of land for himself, the old man was just as kind. He kept his word and went in the opposite direction. That generous old man was Abraham.

Later on in his life three strangers came to his house one day. He had never seen them before, and had no idea who they were, but at once he begged them to come in and make themselves at home. He gave orders to his servants to bring them the very best food he had, and would not let them go until they were rested and refreshed. He must have been a very good man to have been so kind to strangers, for it was

not until afterward that he discovered that he had entertained angels unawares.

Now we come to a kind woman. You remember the story of the two spies? Joshua sent them into the city of Jericho, and while they were there someone recognized them as foreigners. They were in deadly peril. But Rahab, the innkeeper, took them onto the roof of her house and covered them over with straw so that they should not be found. If the soldiers had discovered the spies, both they and Rahab would have been put to death. But they did not see them, and at night this kind woman let the two men down over the wall through a window in her house.

Another kind soul we meet in the Bible is the one who gave up her last crust of bread to Elijah. The prophet was very hungry and came to the widow's home seeking food. She had nothing left for herself and her son but a little flour and oil. She was very poor, and as there was a famine in the land, there was no way of getting any more food. But she did not think of that. Gladly she made a little cake with the flour and oil, and gave it to the hungry man at her door. That was kindness indeed, but she was rewarded for it. The prophet assured her that she would never want for food while the famine lasted. And after that, every time she went to the barrel of meal there was something in it, and her cruse of oil never ran dry. What a good time the angels must have had filling them up every night!

Yet another kind woman meets us in the story of those early days. This one was quite well-to-do. She owned a nice house. But her money did not make her proud or hard-hearted. When she came to know Elisha, and learned that he traveled a good deal up and down the country, she set apart one of her rooms for him and entertained him every time

he passed that way. It was very kind and thoughtful of her, and Elisha appreciated it ever so much. She, too, was rewarded. Her greatest desire was to have a little son all her own, and because of her kindness of heart God gave her a baby boy.

And now I want to tell you of a very kind colored man. He was a friend of Jeremiah the prophet. When Jeremiah was put in prison by the king, this colored man, who was a servant in the court, was very sorry. Probably Jeremiah had been kind to him sometime. Anyhow, when he heard that Jeremiah had not only been put in prison but had also been dropped down into a horrible dungeon, he went in to see the king and asked him to take Jeremiah out of that terrible place at once. The king agreed and sent thirty men with him to see that it was done. They came to the pit and let down a rope to poor Jeremiah, so that they could haul him out.

Just then this kind colored man showed himself kinder still. He threw some old rags down in the pit and called to Jeremiah to put them under his arms so that the rope would not hurt him as the men pulled him up to the surface. Wasn't that thoughtful of him?

Now we come to the story of a very kind boy. We do not know his name, but he was Paul's nephew. One day when Paul was in Jerusalem the people became very much excited, and those who did not like Paul said they would kill him. To protect him the captain of the soldiers took him into the castle. But the wicked people laid a plot to take Paul's life. Forty of them said that they would eat nothing until they had done so. Somehow the news of the plot reached Paul's nephew. Immediately he rushed to the castle and asked to see the captain. He was taken in, and the soldiers were very kind to him. On hearing of the plot,

the captain arranged for Paul to be sent out of the city that very night, so his life was saved by the kindness and bravery of his sister's son.

But who was the kindest of all? Surely you know. Yes, Jesus Himself. He came down to this earth to show people how kind they always should be to one another. So we see Him healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind, making the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak. We hear Him cheering the poor, comforting the sad, and telling everybody to be more loving and friendly.

Especially was He kind to little children. He loved them best of all. And when the big people told them to go away and be quiet, He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Nobody could make Jesus unkind. He had many enemies, and they were very cruel to Him, but He never said one unkind thing about them. Indeed, even when they had crucified Him, and He was dying there in fearful agony on the cross, He prayed that they might be forgiven. "Father," He said, "forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Shall we ask Jesus just now to make us as kind as that?

The Tearless Land

I SUPPOSE everybody cries sometimes. Little boys cry when they are spanked and little girls cry when they are disappointed. Even mothers and fathers cry now and then, I believe, when they are very, very upset.

But someday nobody will ever cry again. It seems almost too good to be true, but it is really so. There is a tearless land where everyone will be supremely happy. Sweet smiles and joyous laughter will light up their faces every moment, and nothing will dim their happiness through the eternal years.

Jesus Himself tells us about this glorious country. "In My Father's house," He says, "are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John 14:2, 3.

A home prepared by Jesus! Can you imagine any tears there? Can you picture anyone weeping in His presence? No indeed! Nobody cries where Jesus is. It is His supreme joy to make people happy. Where He is all tears are forgotten.

And here is another picture of that lovely land: "I saw a new heaven and a new earth," writes John the apostle, "and I . . . saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven. . . . And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any

more pain: for the former things are passed away." Rev. 21:1-4.

I want you to notice that it does not say that we will wipe our own tears away, or that mother will wipe them away for us, but that God will wipe them away. Could you think of anything more beautiful? The great, the infinite, the all-powerful God, Creator of the heavens and the earth, He—He will wipe all tears away!

And once He has wiped them away, they will never flow again. In that tearless land there shall be no more sorrow, crying, pain, nor death—nothing to make us want to cry again. Forever and ever we shall feel radiantly happy. No more quarrels, no more disappointments, no more partings, no more saying good-by.

What a wonderful home it is that Jesus has prepared for us! Surely we must be ready when He comes to take us there. There is not long to wait now. Let us give our hearts to Him today.

P. J. Rennings, Artist

The Glorious Home

TOPICAL INDEX

BEDTIME STORIES

Volumes 5-8

MORAL LESSONS (58)

Lesson	Title	Volume	Page
Courage (3)	Brave Boys	8	59
	Faithful Unto Death	7	53
	Why Mary Cheered Up	8	27
Duty to Parents (4)	Burglar, The	7	21
	Letter to Mamma, The	7	71
	Starving Mothers	6	41
	Storm, The	7	17
Forgiveness (2)	Coals of Fire	6	69
	"Unto Seventy Times Seven"	8	69
Good Temper (2)	Geoffrey's Bandsmen	8	21
	How Cross Katie Became Katie the Kindhearted	6	65
Helpfulness (2)	Barbara's Talent	8	11
	Cry in the Night, A	7	13
Kindness (6)	Feeding the Animals	7	59
	Gladys Greatheart	6	29
	How Grandma Came for Christmas	6	9
	Muriel's Customer	6	33
	"One Good Turn—"	8	17
	The Twins' Desire	6	7
Obedience (14)	Agatha's Apple	5	29
	Chick Tragedy, A	7	75
	Cutting the Wrong Grass	7	73
	Diana's Donkey Ride	8	83
	Helping Daddy	7	65
	Mixing in the Love	6	89
	Perlie's Pennies	5	15
	Robert's Mistake	6	47
	Rosalind's Medicine	7	33
	Tale of a Tangle, The	8	42
	Teddy and the Tools	6	81
	True Dog Story, A	7	87
	While Mamma Was Out	8	87
	Winnie's Watering Can	6	85
Patience (2)	Land Where the Tears Get Dry, The	6	79
	When Daddy Phoned Up	8	75
Self-Sacrifice (3)	Change of Plan, A	7	7
	Four Pots of Jam	7	79
	"Man Overboard"	7	27
Unselfishness (3)	Selfish Sandy	5	35
	Strange Fate of Matilda, The	8	79
	Teresina	5	7

Lesson	Title	Volume	Page
Miscellaneous (17)	Angel of the Book, The	6	53
	Boisterous Bimbo	7	29
	Curiosities	8	47
	Daddy and the Ducks	6	82
	Daddy's Discovery	6	37
	Doggie Love	8	7
	How Donald Missed His Dinner	8	37
	How Toby Made Peace	5	23
	Lighthouse Children, The	6	57
	Reggie's Idea	6	19
	Scene in the Classroom, A	6	76
	Stanley's Future	8	53
	Tell-Tale Topsy	6	73
	Those Gooseberries	6	43
	Tom's Slippers	7	67
	Tom's Thoughtlessness	6	61
	When Dick Ran Away	7	47

SCRIPTURAL LESSONS (30)

God's Love and Care (6)	Baby a Princess Found, The	6	83
	Locket of Love, A	5	81
	Man Who Tried to Run Away From God, The	6	87
	New Clothes for Old	7	83
	Rich Gems for Children	5	77
	Tale of Two Sparrows, A	8	31
Prayer (7)	Cat That Paid the Bill, The	6	15
	"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"	7	37
	Man Who Always Said His Prayers, The	7	41
	Page of Blessings, A	8	67
	Prayer Jewels	5	73
	Twins' Evening Prayer, The	6	91
	Twins' Morning Prayer, The	6	86
Miscellaneous (17)	Beautiful Things	6	93
	Coronet of Hope, A	5	91
	Doreen's Jewel Box		
	1. Five Minutes to Ten	5	41
	2. Ten O'Clock	5	43
	3. Seeking Goodly Pearls	5	47
	4. Diamonds and Rubies	5	50
	5. Emeralds	5	53
	6. Searching for Sapphires	5	57
	7. Jasper and Onyx Stones	5	61
	8. More Jewels Discovered	5	65
	9. Gathering Chalcedonies	5	69
	Kind People in the Bible	8	89
	Necklace of Sympathy, A	5	85
	Our Wonderful World	7	91
	Paul's Lesson	8	71
	Poor Priscilla	6	25
	Fearless Land, The	8	93